VOGUE

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what you wear with what

the kinds of clothes
America loves best

the accessories
that make everything work—
shoes, belts,
jewelry, bags...
and all the rest

the new hair look
4 experts show you
how to wear it

the makeup
you'll need this fall—
keyed to clothes

from Paris & Italy:
the 15 prettiest knitted looks

food surprises
from famous people who love to cook

how you sleep
and how it affects your sex life

love in the afternoon:
the places, the facts, the rates

Aziza demonstrates how to handle a Frosted Shadow Trio once you get it home.

1. Start by highlighting the eye with the lightest shade. (The colors you see here are Claret/Bronze/Pink, so Pink is the color you will use.) Put a dab of Pink at the inner corner of the eyelid. Extend this color up and outward under brows.

2. Next, stroke the lid color, Claret, over the rest of the lid from lashline to top of lid crease, creating a rounded arch. Smooth the edges with your finger.

3. With the pointy end of the applicator, line the crease with Bronze, the contour shade. For added definition, draw a thin line of Bronze under lower lashes. Then because lashes like color too, finish with a flurry of Aziza Mascara in Brown.

AZIZA
eyes
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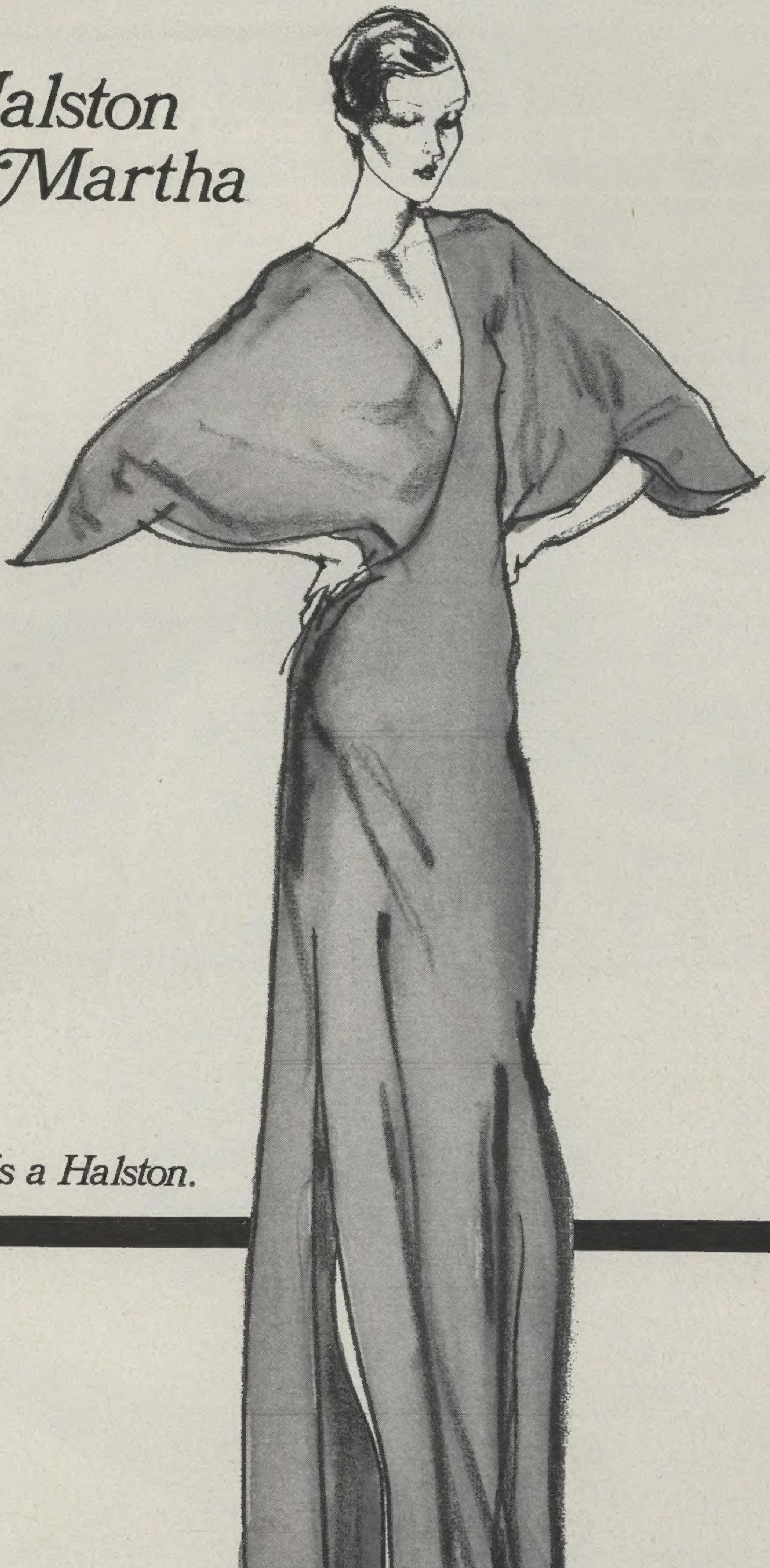
It's that easy. And now that you see how subtle eyes can look in full color, we have a kaleidoscope of 17 other tantalizing Frosted Shadow Trios to play with. And every one is pure, dermatologist-tested.

If you have any questions about how to put on eye makeup, write to Aziza, 29 East 19th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Because Aziza knows all about eyes.

Halston for Martha



Drawing: Sandra Leichman

Happiness is a Halston.

Martha

Palm Beach New York Bal Harbour

Rena Rowan for Jones New York.

AUGUST, 1973 (INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE

PERRY L. RUSTON, Chairman ALEXANDER LIBERMAN, Editorial Director

AVEDON

COVER: Casual with a snap—Lauren Hutton in a this-year kind of sweater-dress . . . loose on top, touching on the hip, uncluttered at the neck. By Anne Klein, in beige angora jersey (details, page 74). Jewelry by Bulgari at Danaos, Hotel Pierre. . . . The lighter, brighter makeup keyed to this kind of muted, heathery coloring: pale peach and soft lavender eye shadows—Melone Espagnolo and Patina Lavanda—blended on the lid. And the ripest, glossiest mouth—Coralina lipstick. All, Eve of Roma. Hair by Rick Gillette.

FASHION

71 Vogue's Point of View: What to Wear with What
72–81 Casual with a snap—the kinds of clothes America loves best, worn by Lauren Hutton: The perfect pullover; the narrow-skirted sweater-dress with an oversized top; the oversized coat over a lean sweater and skirt; leaner pants with an oversized top; the jacket over a slim skirt; the tailored suit for day; the new accessories
82–93 Ready-to-wear from Paris and Italy: The best knitted looks in years!
112–119 Casual comes to town: The new fall clothes everyone will want . . . sweaters with everything . . . the nifty tops for pants . . . the dress as a sweater, as an oversized shirt . . . the new sweater sets
122–129 Fashion Essentials: What to wear with everything—the look of accessories for day, for evening . . . the right jewelry, the bag, the belt, the perfect shoe and stocking . . . what goes on underneath
136 On-the-body nightdresses
138–141 Glamour! The way it is today—starring Lois Chiles
142–145 Greece—a shopping tour with Zouzou

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

32 Ready Beauty: Beauty aids—far and near
36 Ready Beauty: Masques for a finer skin
42 Beauty Checkout: Early grooming
44 Beauty Checkout: Barbara Walters—how to be an early bird
130–137 Beauty Now: Coloreidoscope; The Perfect Length of Hair—Four Experts Show You How to Wear It; The Year of the Body. By Shirley Lord

FEATURES

94 People Are Talking About . . .
96 Who Broke the Watergate Story . . . and How? By Allene Talmey
98 Anna Akhmatova: A Woman in Touch with Her Feelings. By Olga Carlisle
99 Poems and a Memoir—on page 22, Modigliani: Young and in Paris. By Anna Akhmatova
100 Flower Watching. By May Sarton
100 Who's Gigi Now? Terese Stevens
102 Secretariat: We Got the Horse Right Here. By Charlotte Curtis
104 Love in the Afternoon: No Place To Take a Lady. By Allan H. Mankoff
110 How Famous People Cook: Virgil Thomson. By Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale
120 How Your Sex Life Affects the Way You Sleep. By Ellen Switzer and George Langmyrh, M.D.

FASHIONS IN LIVING

26 Silver for the Cook
106 Living with Space, Art, Plants—the Wakhevitches' Loft in SoHo

REGULAR FEATURES

24 Fast Talk About Art. By Barbara Rose
40 Buying Time. By Bess Myerson
46 Washington Fast Talk. By Sandra McElwaine
50 Horoscope. By Maria Elise Crummere
56 Travel: Shipboard à la Russe. By Olga Carlisle
61 Health: By Melva Weber
63 The Neighborhood Shopper
65–67 Vogue Boutique
69 Vogue Observations
149 Vogue's School Directory
154 Travelog

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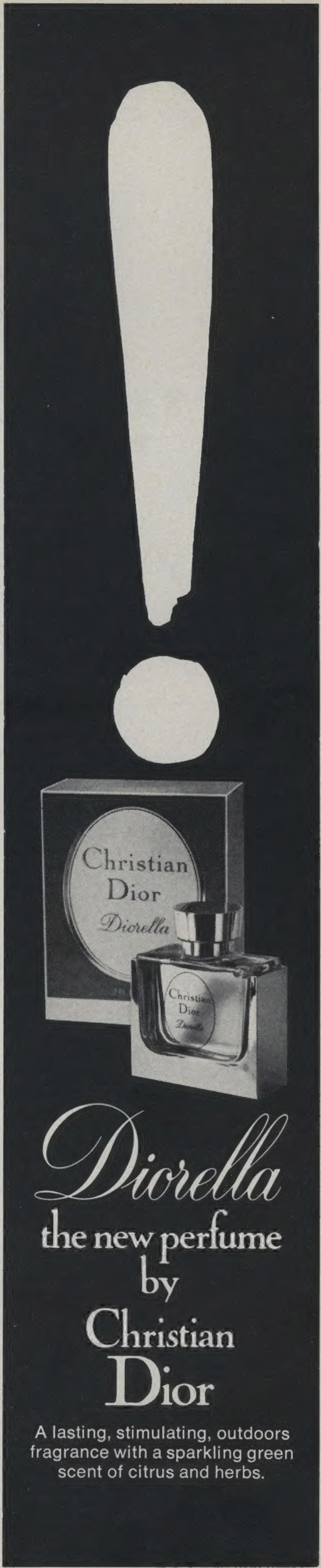
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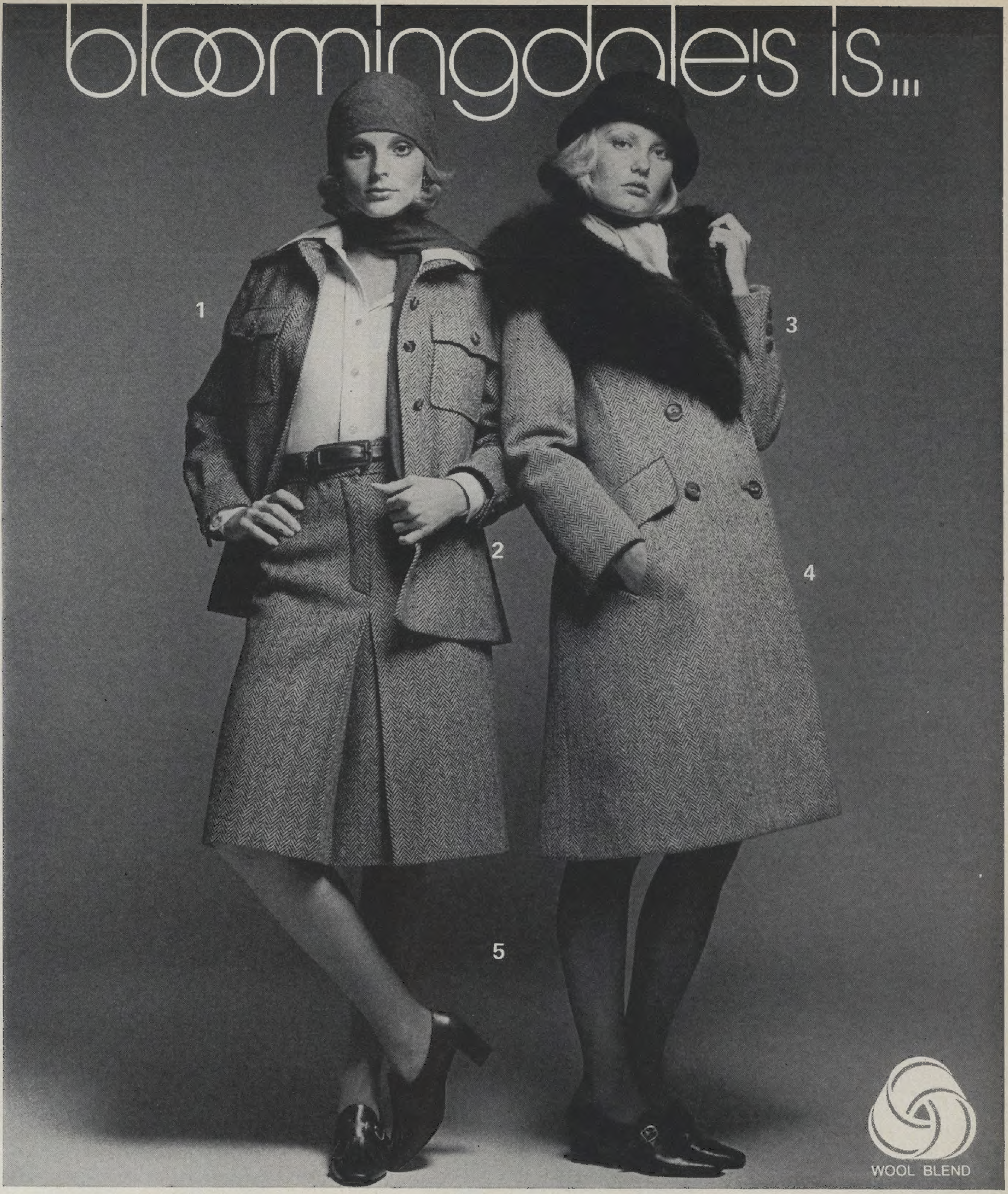

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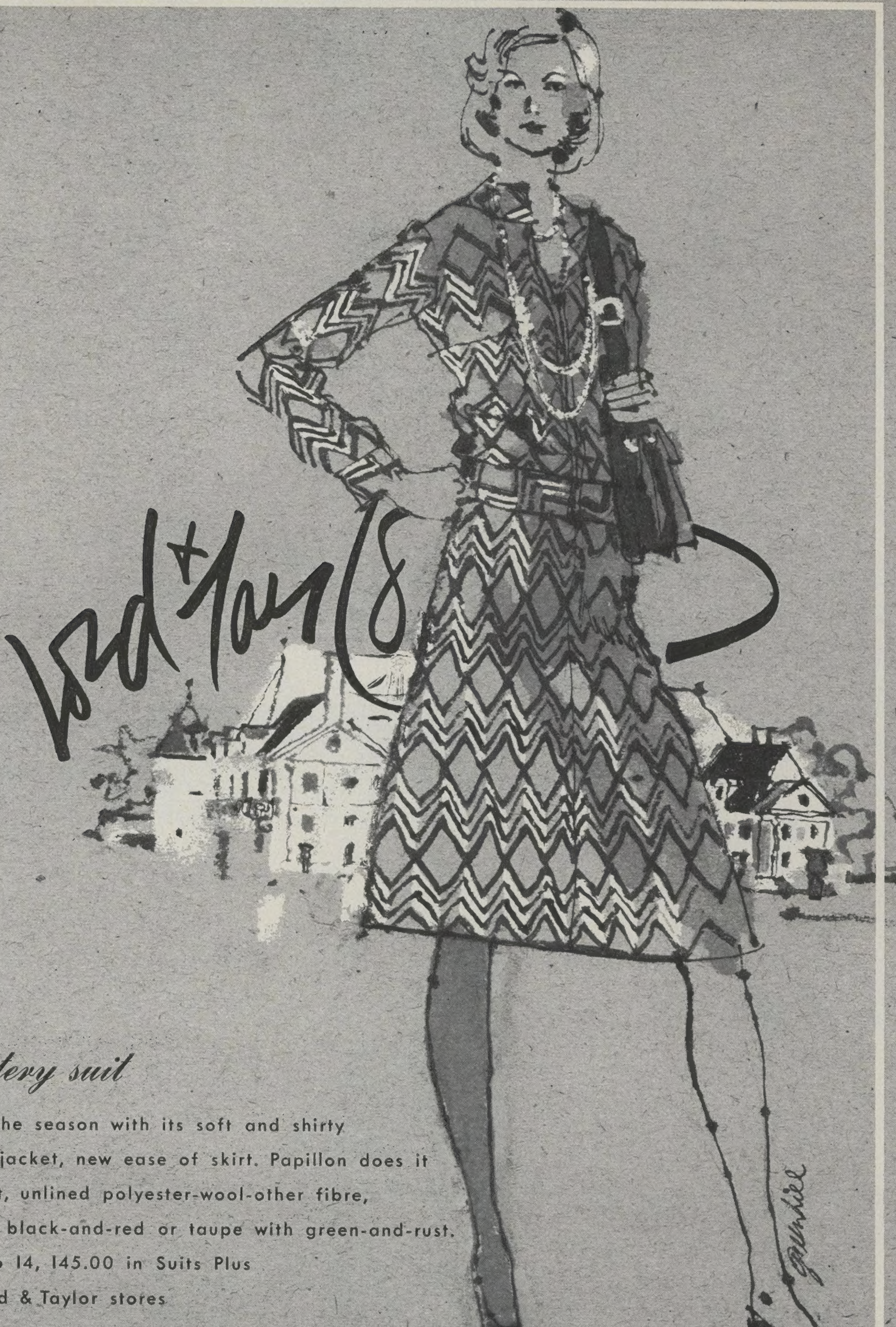

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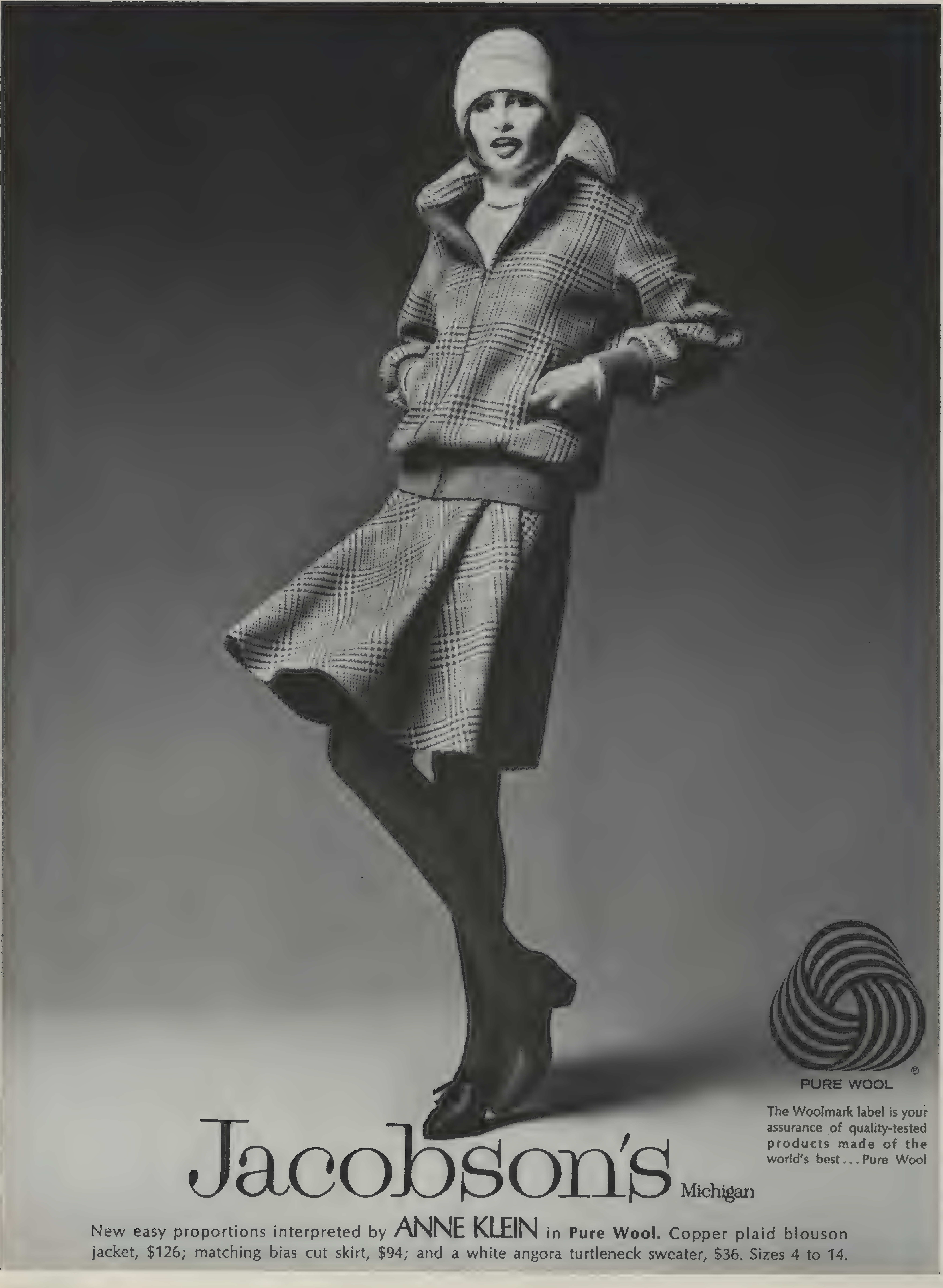

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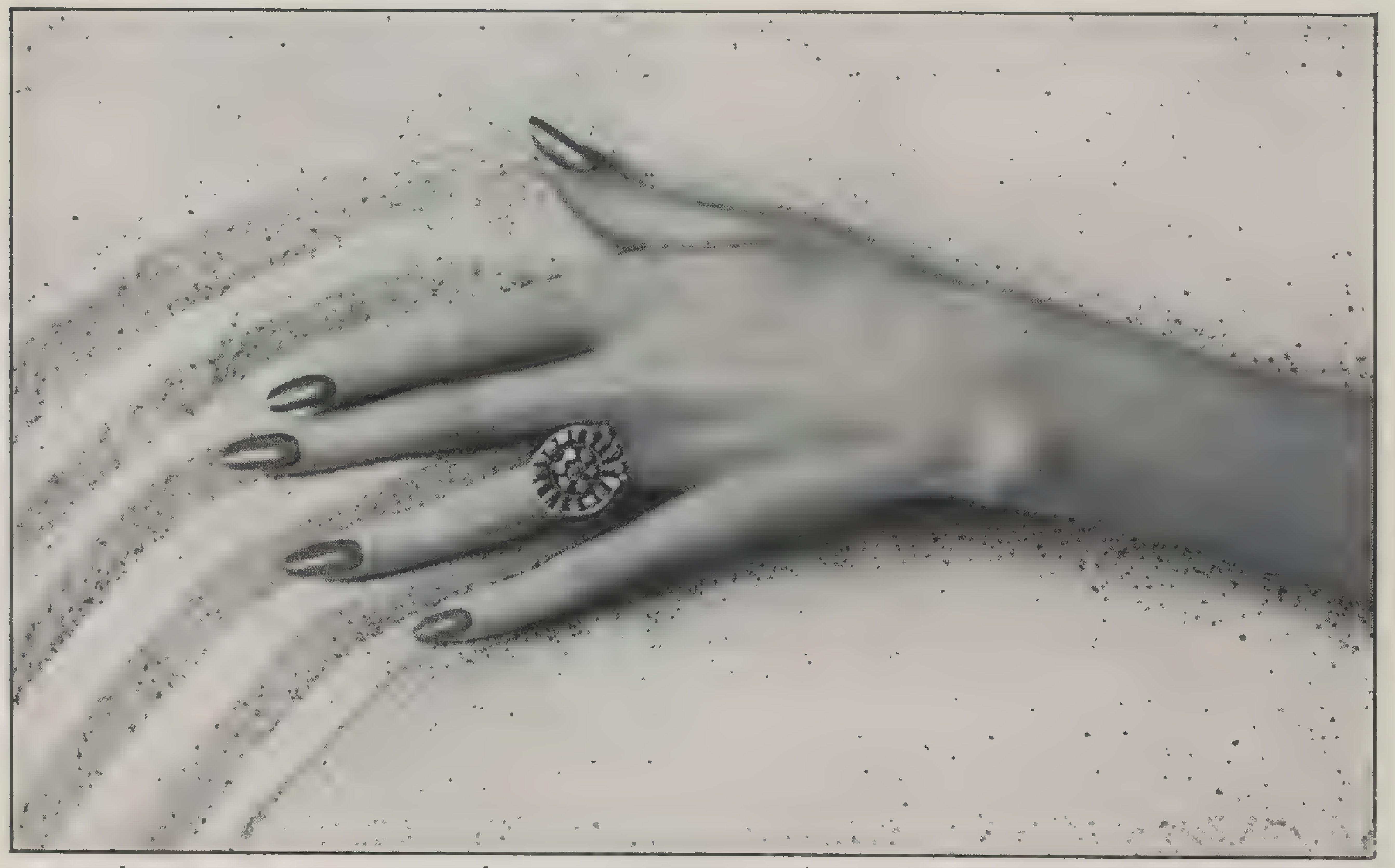

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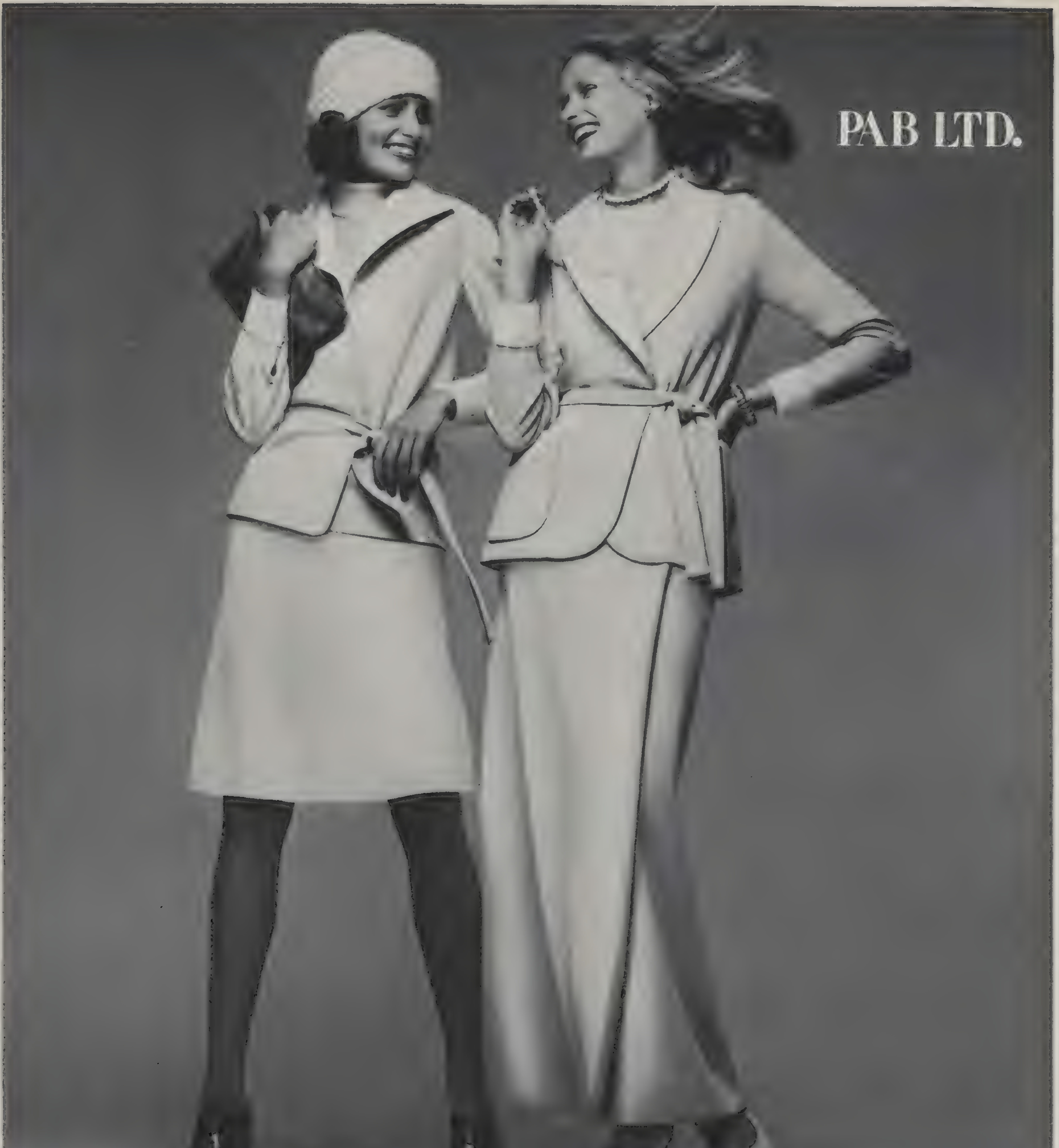

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Estée Lauder

azurée
single application
natural shampoo

©1973 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski. Sweaters: Calvin Klein

By Anna Akhmatova

Young, in Paris, and Headed Toward Fame

Russian poet Akhmatova and Italian painter Modigliani were together in France in the "prehistory" of their history-making careers

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Here, Olga Carlisle has translated and edited a memoir—given her by Akhmatova near the end of the poet's life—about her friendship with the young artist Modigliani. His drawing of Akhmatova, and more about her, on pages 98-99.*

In all probability we both failed to understand that everything that was happening to us then was essentially taking place in the prehistory of our two lives—his, so very short, and mine, so very long. Art had not yet scorched and transformed our existences; we were experiencing life's lightest, predawn hour. But the future, which has a way of casting its shadow a long time before entering, was at the window. It was hiding behind Parisian lampposts, stalking our dreams, and frightening us like Baudelaire's terrifying Paris looming near.

All that was heavenly in Modigliani gleamed through a kind of darkness. He resembled no one else on this earth. Somehow, his voice has stayed in my memory forever. When I knew him, he was a pauper, and it was unclear just how he lived—he had had no trace of recognition as an artist.

In 1911, he lived in Impasse Falguière. He was so poor that, in the Luxembourg Gardens, we always sat on a bench and not, as would have been more acceptable, on rented chairs. He never complained about his evident poverty, nor about his lack of recognition. Only once did he say that things had been so bad for him the winter before, in 1910, that he had not even been able to think about what was dearest to him.

To me he seemed surrounded by a circle of loneliness. I do not remember that he ever greeted anyone in the Luxembourg nor in the Latin Quarter, where people usually knew each other. I did not hear him mention the name of a friend or of a fellow painter, nor did he ever make a joke. I never saw him drunk. He did not smell of wine. He must have started drinking later, although hashish already figured in his stories. No woman companion was in evidence. He never told tales of past loves, something that unfortunately everyone tends to do. He never spoke of earthly matters with me. He was respectful, but it seemed less a matter of manners than of nobility of soul.

At that time, he was doing sculpture. He worked in the small yard near his studio, where, in the deserted Impasse, the sound of his small hammer could be heard. The walls of his studio were hung with portraits of unbelievable height (it seems to me now that they reached from the floor to the ceiling). I have never seen them reproduced—have they been preserved? He called his piece of sculpture *la chose*. As I remember, it was shown at the Salon des Indépendants in 1911. He asked me to go look at it, but he did not come up to me at the exhibit because I was there with a group of friends. At the time of my great losses, the photograph of this work, which he had given me, disappeared.

In 1911 Modigliani was madly in love with Egypt. He took me to the Egyptian section in the Louvre; he assured me that everything else—*tout le reste*—was unworthy of attention. He drew my head in the headdress of an Egyptian princess and in that of a dancer. He was fully absorbed by the great art of Egypt: evidently this was to be his last involvement. Soon afterwards, his style became so personal that one is reminded of nothing else at all as one looks at his canvases. Nowadays, that period of Modigliani is called "Période Nègre."

Speaking of my African beads he said: "Jewels must be savage," and he drew me wearing them.

He took me to see *le vieux Paris derrière le Panthéon* in moonlight. He knew the city well but, nonetheless, we got lost once. He said, *"J'ai oublié qu'il y a une île au milieu."* It was he who showed me the true Paris.

When it rained—it often rained in Paris—Modigliani went around with an enormous, very old, black umbrella. Under it we sometimes sat on a bench in the Luxembourg Garden. A warm rain fell, nearby *le vieux palais à l'Italien* slumbered while we recited Verlaine's poems in unison. We knew many by heart. We were happy because we remembered the same ones.

Once, probably through a misunderstanding, I stopped by for Modigliani at his studio while he was out. I decided to wait for him for a few minutes. I had with me an armful of red roses. The window above the locked door of the studio was open. Having nothing better to do, I started to throw the roses one by one into the studio. After awhile, as Modigliani did not return, I left.

When we met again, Modigliani expressed great bewilderment as to how I could have gotten into the locked studio, since he had taken its key with him. I explained what I had done. He said, "It can't be—they were laid there so beautifully!"

Modigliani loved to walk around Paris at night. Often, hearing his steps in the sleepy silence of the street, I went to the window and through the shutters saw his shadow lingering under my windows. . . .

By the 'twenties, the Paris of those days was already called *"vieux Paris"* and *"Paris d'avant guerre."* Horse-drawn carriages were everywhere. Their drivers frequented their own small taverns, called *"Rendez-vous des cochers."* My young contemporaries, who were to perish on the Marne or at Verdun, were still alive. All the avant-garde painters, except for Modigliani, were already recognized. Picasso was no less of a celebrity than he is today,

(Continued on page 146)

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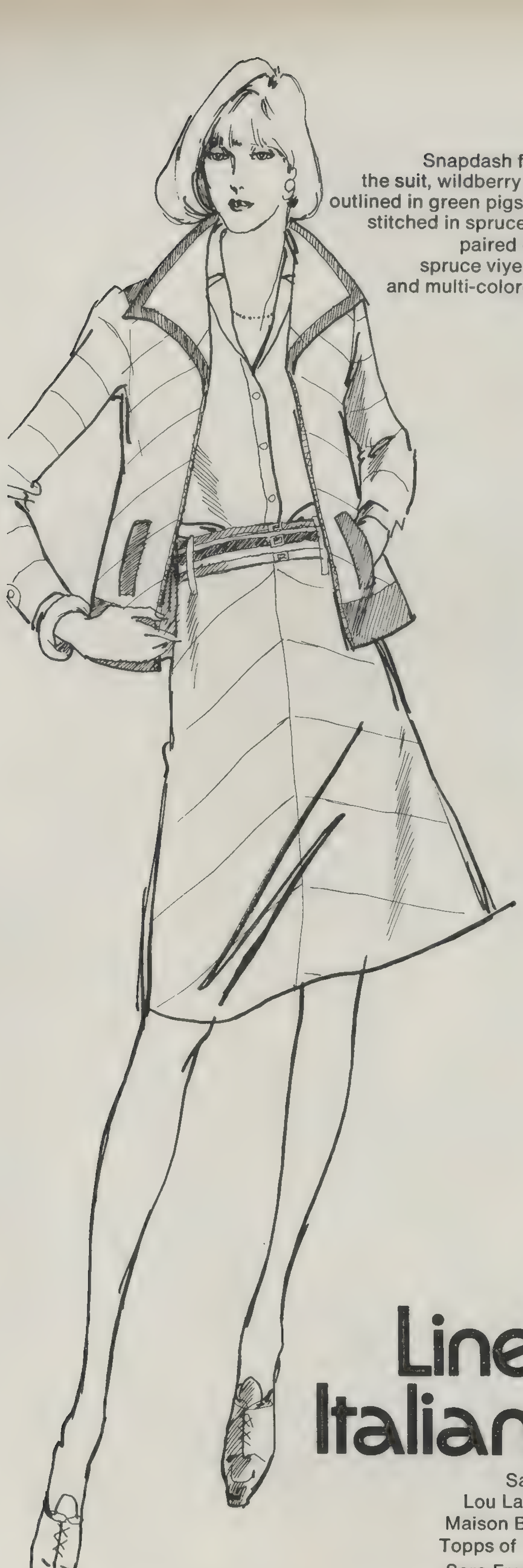

Snapdash fashion:
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stitched in spruce green,
paired off with
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By Barbara Rose

Fast Talk About Art

Rome—New York: New masters... old schools...big money gets bigger

Philosophers say we only experience by contrast. Coming back from Rome to New York this summer, I had a chance to compare mentally works one would not otherwise see together. ROME's eye-opening summer art attraction is the first retrospective of Italy's leading contemporary master, GIORGIO MORANDI, at the Galleria Nazionale d'Arte Moderna. On first glance, Morandi, an intimist painter of landscapes and still lifes, famed for his sensitive studies of bottles (the same bottles painted over and over), seems an alien spirit in these tough industrial hard-edged times, a relic of soft, domestic nineteenth-century nostalgia. Yet Morandi looked to me more thoroughly modern, both in spirit and in content, than much of the "new talent" displayed in New York's galleries in their traditional summer group shows. Morandi's obsessive repetition of identical themes springs from the same desire to refine and distill that inspired MONET and MONDRIAN to develop many different versions of the same themes. Today's New York serial painting—usually consisting of a whole room of minimally reduced, nearly identical paintings—looks banal and empty by comparison. A product of the mass-production mentality Americans invented, the vast quantity of canvases creating storage problems in New York cannot compete with the quality of one small, modest, but perfectly painted Morandi still life.

A relatively forgotten area of recent art is being emphasized in NEW YORK in the Whitney Museum of American Art's major exhibition of "American Drawings: 1963-1973." There are lots of surprises, some disappointments, a few glorious moments of high achievement—mainly in the large graphite and ink drawings by JASPER JOHNS, surely one of the master draftsmen of the century. An attempt to survey trends in the medium, rather than any effort to isolate the best of modern American graphics—which might have been more commendable—the Whitney show concentrates on such fashionable addenda to the medium as projects for EARTH WORKS and blueprints for CONCEPTUAL ART. These have the same labored art-school preciosity and art-historical second guessing that make so much of the latest New York art look instantly stale. Perhaps what we need is not so much a moratorium on art, as some disgusted critics have suggested, as a moratorium on art schools. The NEW ACADEMICISM of American art is just the old academicism with pretentious pseudo-intellectual overtones. All is not lost, however, when we still have CLAES OLDENBURG's brilliant flourishes and baroque facility, JACK TWORKOV's elegant abstract studies, MARK DI SUVERO's tough sculptor's sketches, and NANCY GRAVES' delicate pointillist moonscapes and Mars maps decomposed into scintillating colored points. Look for these on exhibition at the Whitney Museum.

At The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, I found "GOLD," the collection of precious objects made of that standard of all materialism, the yellow metal itself, one of the most offensively topical shows imaginable. Crammed together in display cases duplicating store windows were examples—some really extraordinary, some simply mediocre—of the goldsmith's craft from ancient times to the present. Because arts of all types and periods—including dresses, jewelry, weapons, medals, ceremonial cups, ancient seals, Renaissance automata, etc.—were indiscriminately juxtaposed, all sense of history, not (Continued on page 49)

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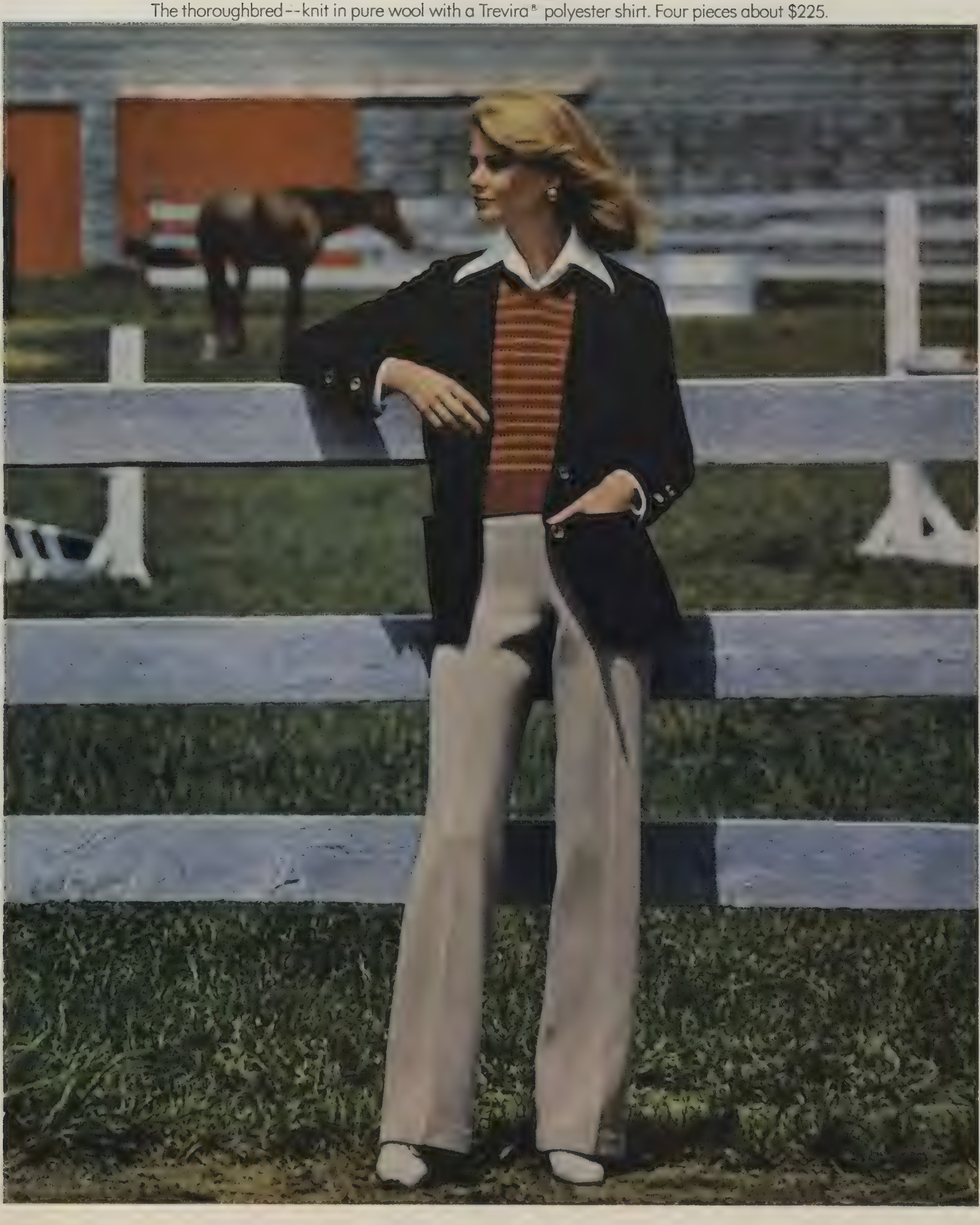


SILVER FOR THE COOK

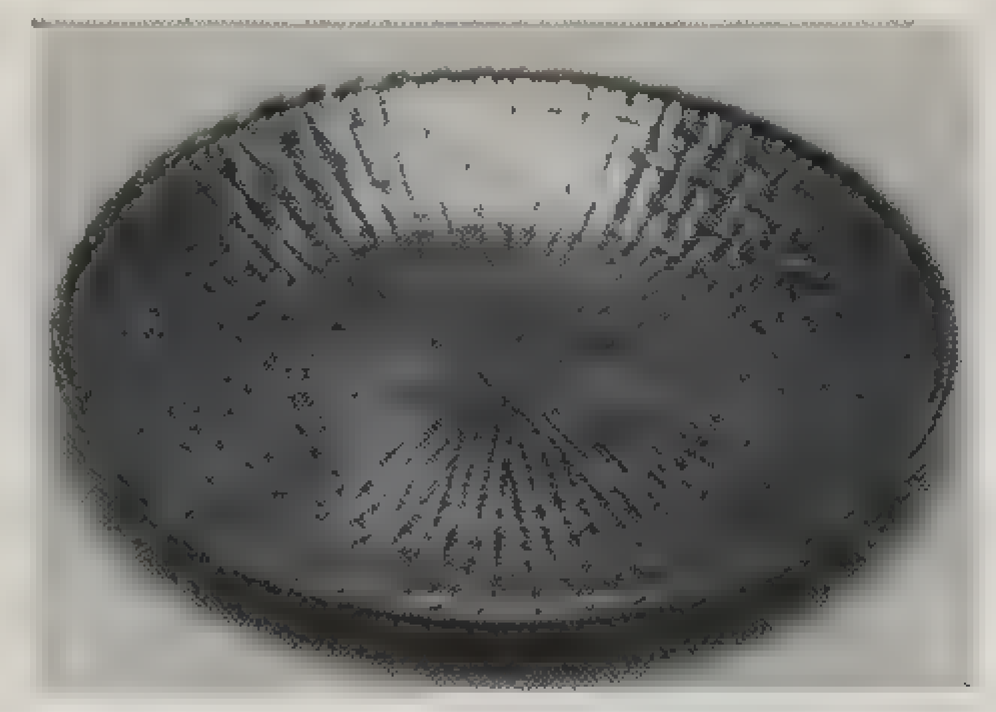
Who's cooking these days? You, your husband, some gifted friend or relation? Cooking, with meals often served in the kitchen, is a celebration to share. So . . . nothing is too good for the cook and the cook's clique. Silver, one of the world's undiminished beauties, works for its keep, serves an astonishing range of purposes from oven to icebox. FOR ICE, right, an ice-keeper disguised as an Italian silver bulldog; $150, Bloomingdale's Cul de Sac. Corkscrew with a good grip of English silver and ox ivory; $135, Garvin Mecking. A stir-and-chill silver-plated golf club, $12, Bloomingdale's. Oneida's silver-plated tankard (left), $15; sterling reproduction of an old English mug, $87.50, James Robinson.

FOR THE LOVE OF WINE

serve it with a flourish (above) even if it came in a demijohn. Decant it into cut crystal. Mark it, perhaps, with a rare antique label of heavy silver gift; $900 a pair. Decanter and label, S. Wyler. Decant through a silver funnel; this, dated c. 1794; $300, at James Robinson. Wine-bottle coaster in silver plate, by Lunt; $9.95. Gilt-lined silver-plated beaker, by Oneida; $9 each, boxed in fours. Pocket corkscrew; $15, Bloomingdale's.

BASKET-WEAVING IN SILVER

(right). About as convincing as Marie Antoinette playing farm girl, silver adapts to almost any texture—rope, bamboo, or wickerwork—adding richness to its elegant shine. This plate might hold crackers, fruit, sandwiches, or jelly beans; $73, at Tiffany.

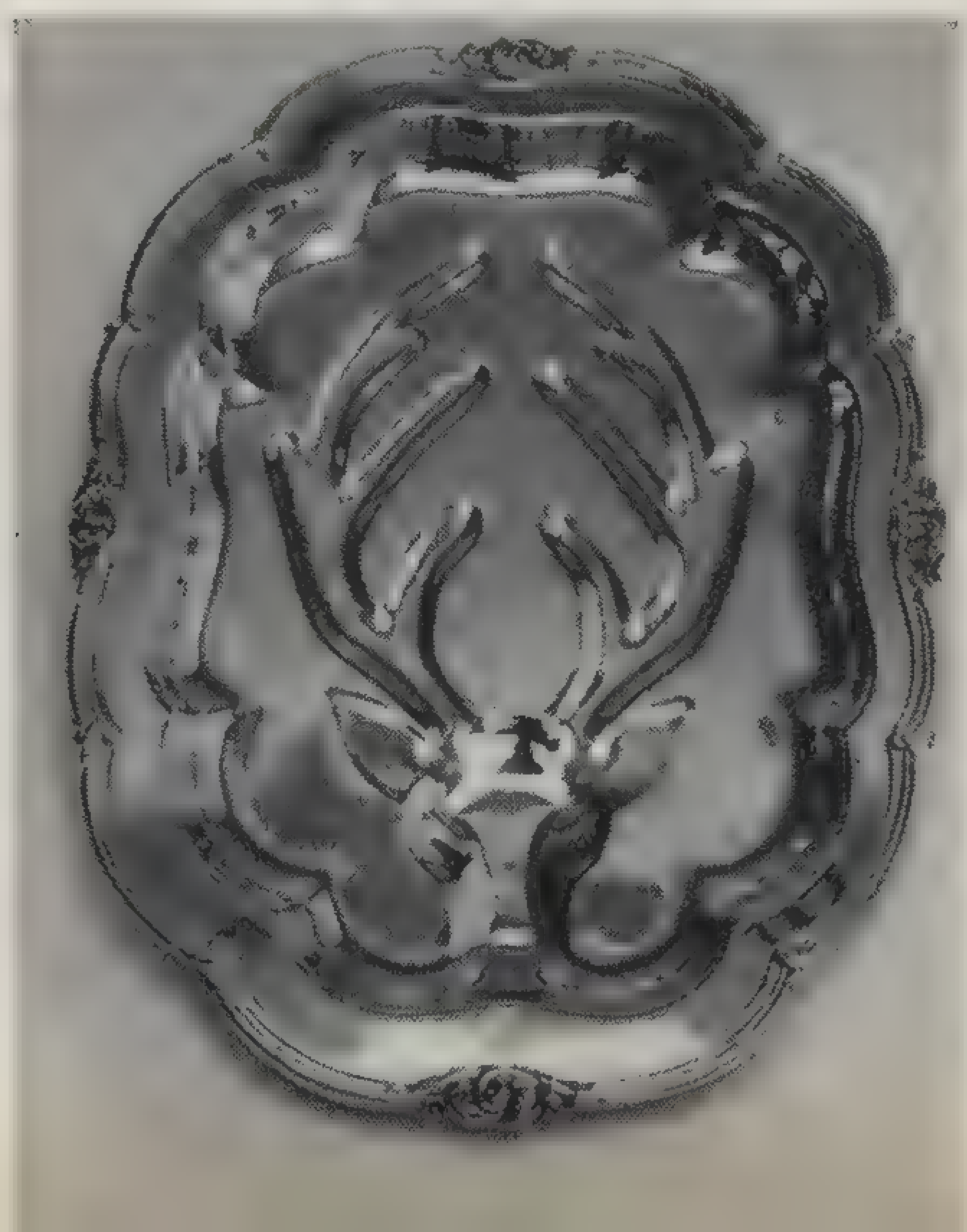


THE "ANYTHING" SERVICE, COLLECTED

If you didn't inherit the whole silver tea-service shebang (or didn't want it, anyway), you might sneak up on what you need, adding pieces as you find them, starting, perhaps with a great coffeepot. Who said everything had to match? If each piece is beautiful, it will stay beautiful in any company. From the left: plump, skittle-ball-shaped pot; $345 with sugar and creamer at Tiffany. Eighteenth-century milk jug reproduced in sterling by Lunt; $195. Popular octagonal Queen Anne reproduction, made in England for James Robinson; $750. Creamer and sugar, in foreground: simple dairy shapes in silver plate by Reed & Barton; $25.

KITCHEN SILVER: WHY NOT?

If cooking is good enough for you, it's good enough for silver . . . a silver-plated skillet (for hotting hors d'oeuvres?); $27.50 at S. Wyler. Silver-plated baskets hold anything from parsley to eggs. Oval basket, $22; egg basket, $35. Butter goes in a silver-plated butter tub—where else?—by Gorham; $15. The butter knife and the fork in a pattern that hasn't dated in two centuries, Old English Tipt by Gorham. At the left, a few surprises in silver plate: a set of three measuring spoons, $25; a cake tester, $5; a cookie cutter with four shapes, $12.50. All, at Bloomingdale's. Behind them, a handsome, hard-working pepper mill; $84 at Tiffany.



SILVER HUNT

The point, when all is said and done, is that silver is something to buy because you like it, use it, and know its worth. You don't *have* to have a silver well-and-tree platter—other materials work as well—but when the well-and-tree is shaped like a graceful stag's head, wouldn't you prefer to see that around for the next few generations? Buying silver is one impulse that never lets you down. The platter, left, in silver plate by Oneida; $95.

Unless otherwise specified, all pieces are sterling.

ARMEN KATCHATURIAN

HERE'S A PAGE WORTH TEARING OUT. **RONA.**

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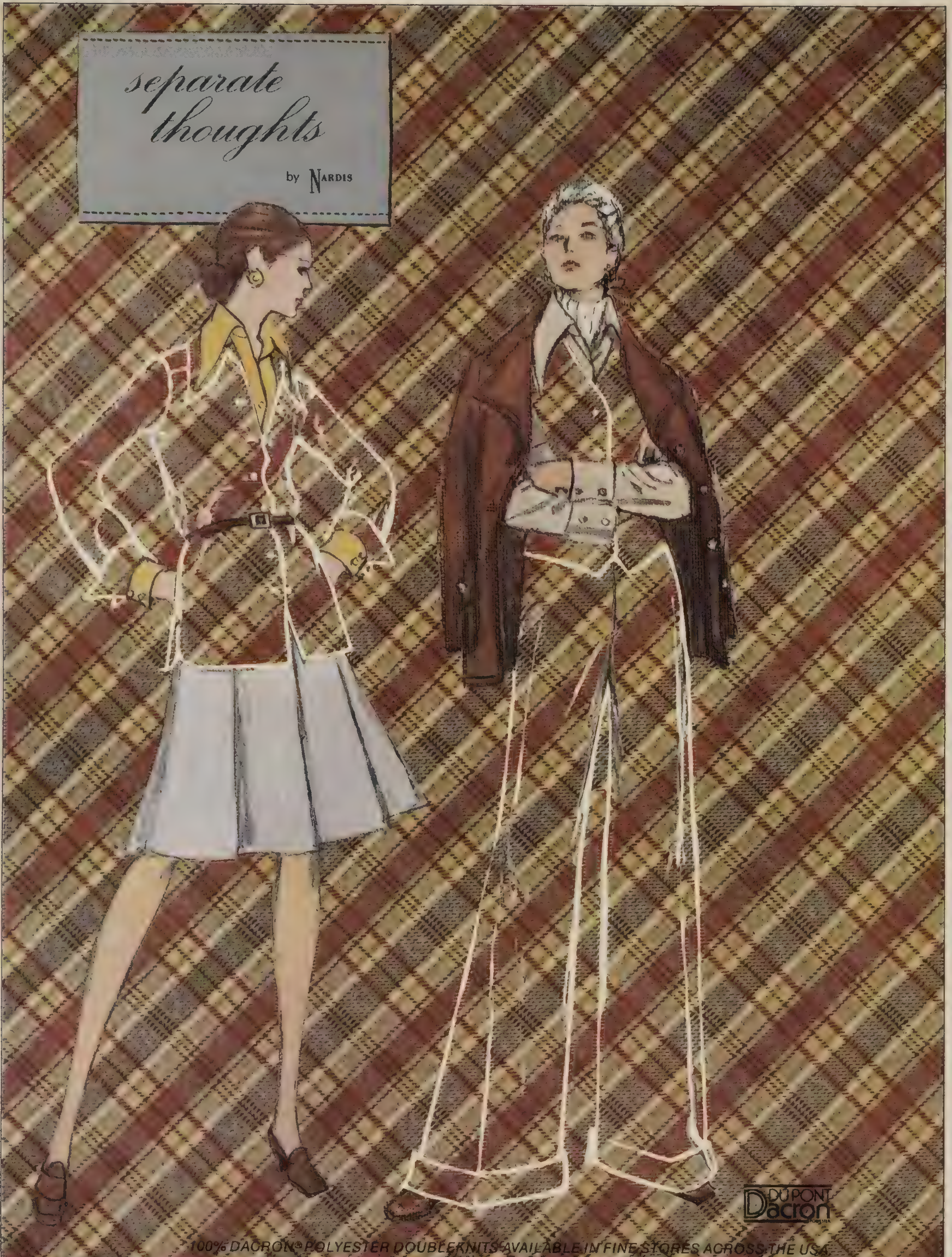
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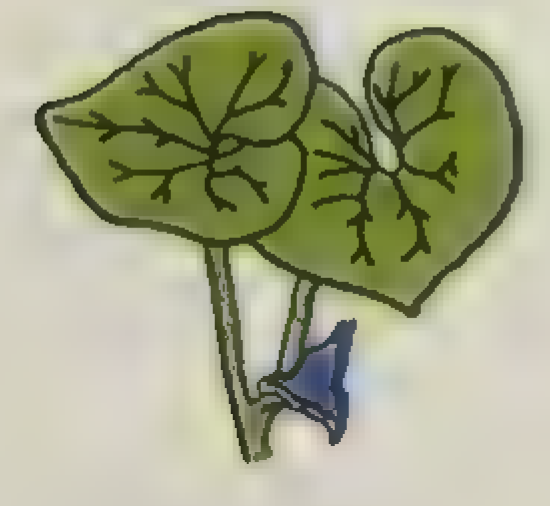

Wild Ginger

Yarrow

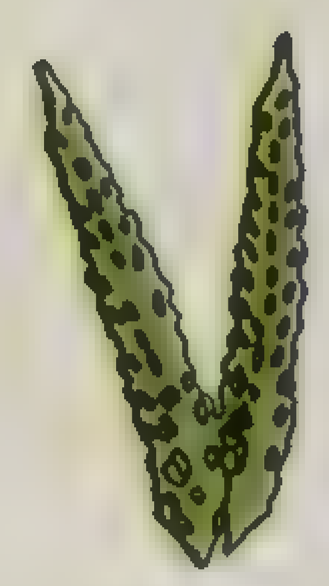
Birch

Speedwell

Camomile

Nettle

Rosemary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FACE FACTS ABOUT WRINKLES

They start quietly, when you're not looking for them. Whispers that are barely there to begin with. Fine little lines that ever-so-gradually deepen into (face it!) wrinkles. What can you do when it happens to you? Care. Care a lot. Care for your skin constantly. Cleanse. Tone. Condition. And above all moisture. Since lack of moisture is one of the main causes of crinkly dry skin lines, you'll want to take special care to provide moisture for your thirsty dry skin. Lots of moisture. Continuously. Day and night. Try 2nd Debut! It contains a secret ingredient called CEF to help your skin obtain moisture and retain it long enough to help smooth and soften dry skin lines. Wear 2nd Debut with CEF 1200 during the day with or without makeup. Also during the night to keep up a constant supply of moisture. You'll find that 2nd Debut's moisture magic really works on dry skin and dry skin lines. 2nd Debut. For a younger looking you. At fine cosmetic counters everywhere. $6.00 (4 oz.) and $10.00 (8 oz.).

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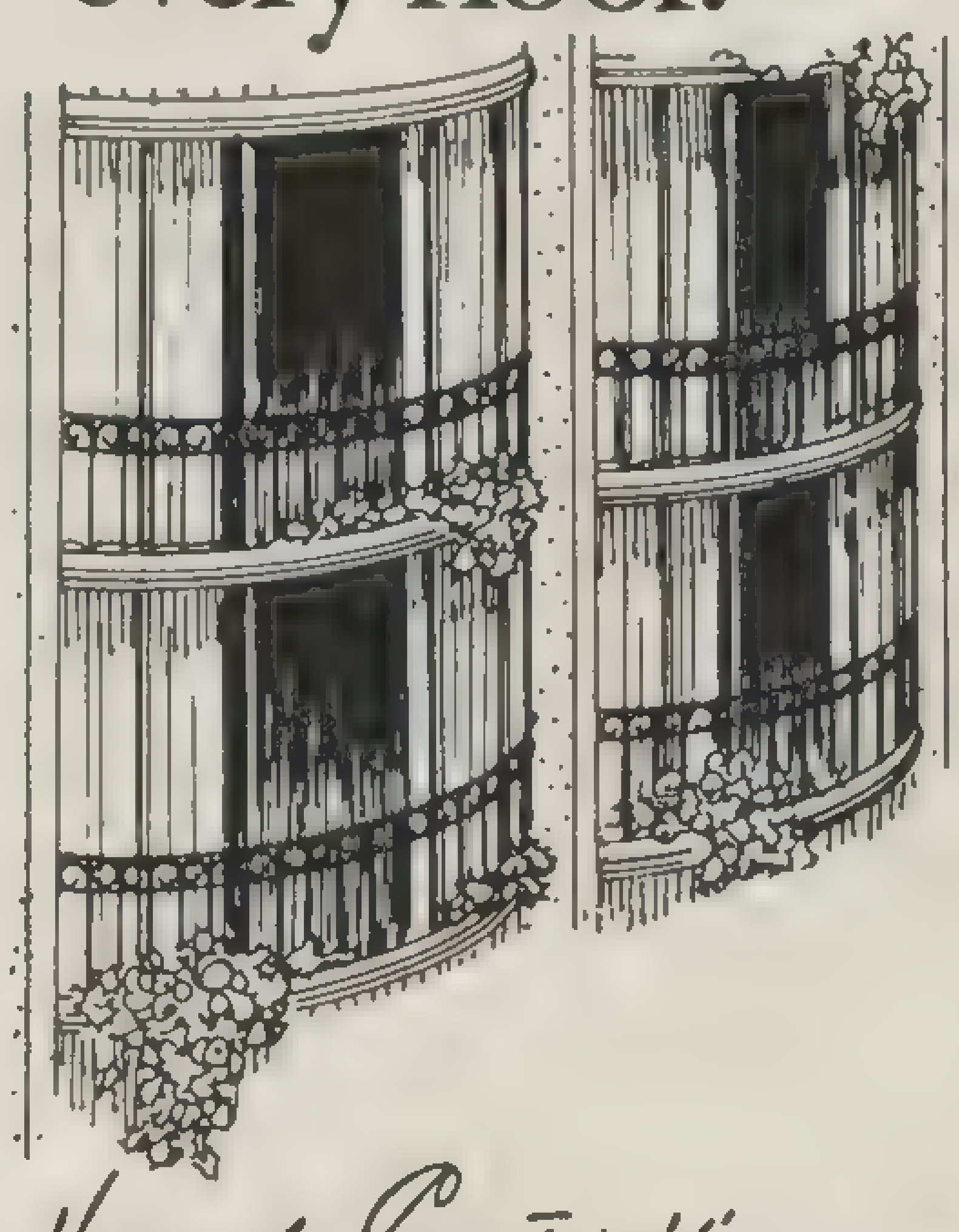

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READYBEAUTY

Beauty aids far and near

If you've ever wanted the world to be your oyster, look to the cosmetic counters—where more and more pearls are to be found

One day, buying and bringing home special cosmetic goodies from abroad will be a thing of the past: they will all be here, along with the great American products we may occasionally take for granted—because they're so near at hand.

From Rome: On the way at last, Princess Irene Galitzine's special skin things, already off and running in Italy. They include a great foundation, cream eye shadow (including Irene's own favorite color, brilliant emerald green), day and night creams all with their own small spatulas, because, Irene Galitzine says, "I hate to get makeup under my fingernails" . . . a softer than soft eye pencil that draws a thin line or thick smudge of shadow with equal ease, lipsticks with their own core of moisturizer, and a five-day tan-plan in a stack pack of see-through jars, each jar containing a one-day supply of different sun oil, graduated in strength. In October, exclusive to Lord & Taylor.

Emilio Pucci's latest success is his perfume, "Zadig," based on ancient Chinese recipes, sprinkled with flowers, and proving his theory that a fragrance should cling to a woman like the silk jersey clothes that are his fashion signature. To make sure you get the connection, perfume, cologne, spray mist—and new perfume oil—all are boxed in Pucci prints.

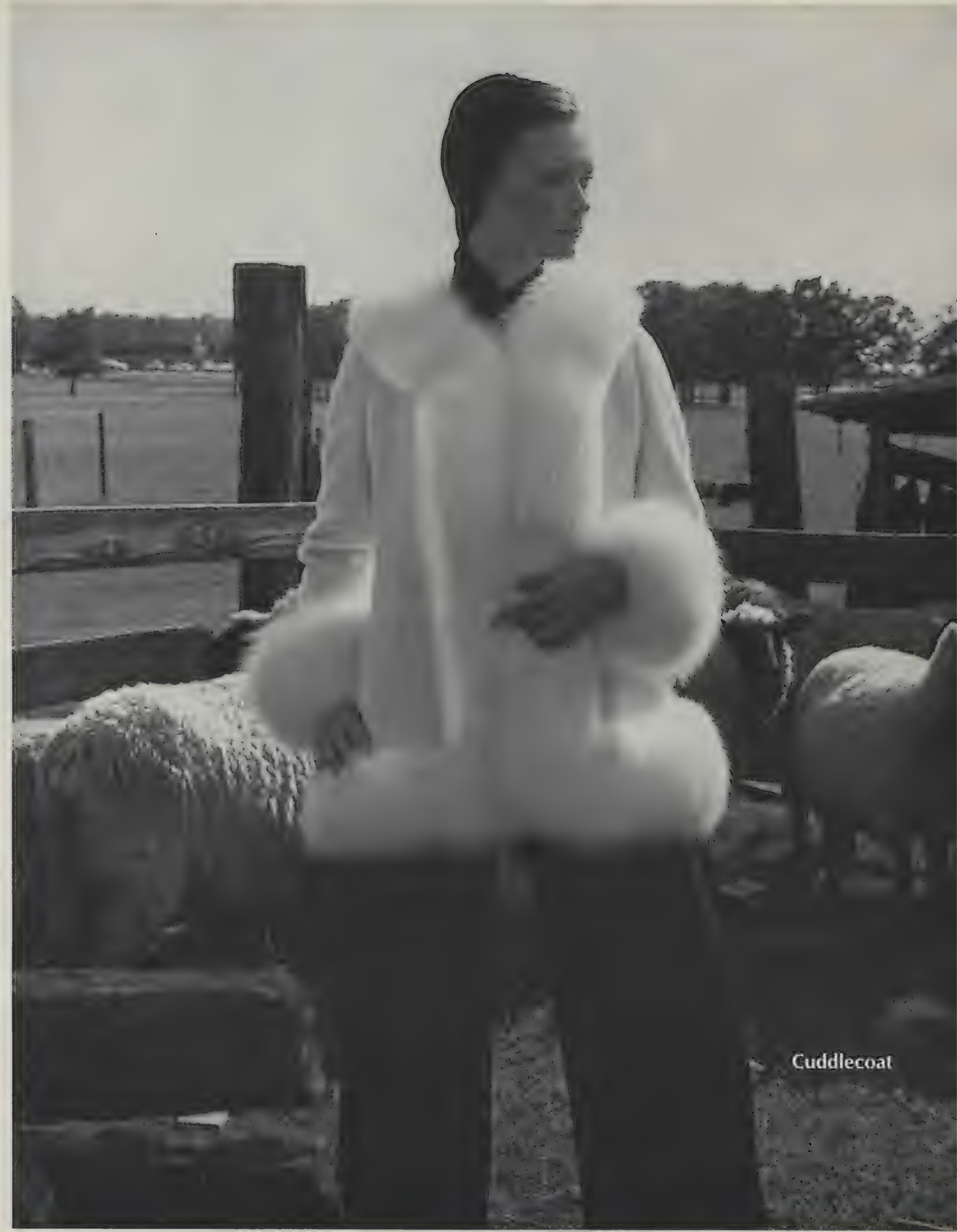
From Paris: If the original Daisy Buchanan of *The Great Gatsby* wore a particular fragrance, it would have been Jean Patou's "Amour, Amour." Created in 1925 (the year F. Scott Fitzgerald's book was published) "Amour, Amour's" mixture of fruit and flowers with underlying sensual notes easily matches Daisy's own richness—and touch of wildness. After almost fifty years of being "bootlegged" here by Americans, it will make its official debut here this month.

From London: Biba makeup is always smack-bang-up-to-the-minute, with colors constantly changing to go with the clothes Biba people wear. Hence the enormous popularity of her Denim Makeup in London, scheduled soon for Bloomingdale's. Biba Products made an immediate impact here because of offbeat ideas that work—such as yellow gloss foundation, which either calms down natural pink in skin, if there's too much—or warms it up if there's too little. Find Biba at Bergdorf Goodman's and Bloomingdale's in powder tints, face glosses, lip colors and nail polishes in "bright" colors—Royal blue, Matisse green, Purple, Magenta—and a "Toffee" range especially for dark skins.

From New York: Leaned on to extend versions of her delightful fragrance, Aliage, Estée Lauder has just introduced a lighter version of this tingly, sport scent, called Country Fragrance. Extra plus: the full fragrance is now presented in a streamlined flask, slim enough for a jeans pocket.

From Monaco: Lancaster, a Monaco-based company, next month, introduces its cosmetics (already a rave in Europe) at Bloomingdale's. Especially fascinating is the new glossy eye cream, in colors ranging from a muted brown rose to a startlingly bright blue and a chameleon-like yellow. ■

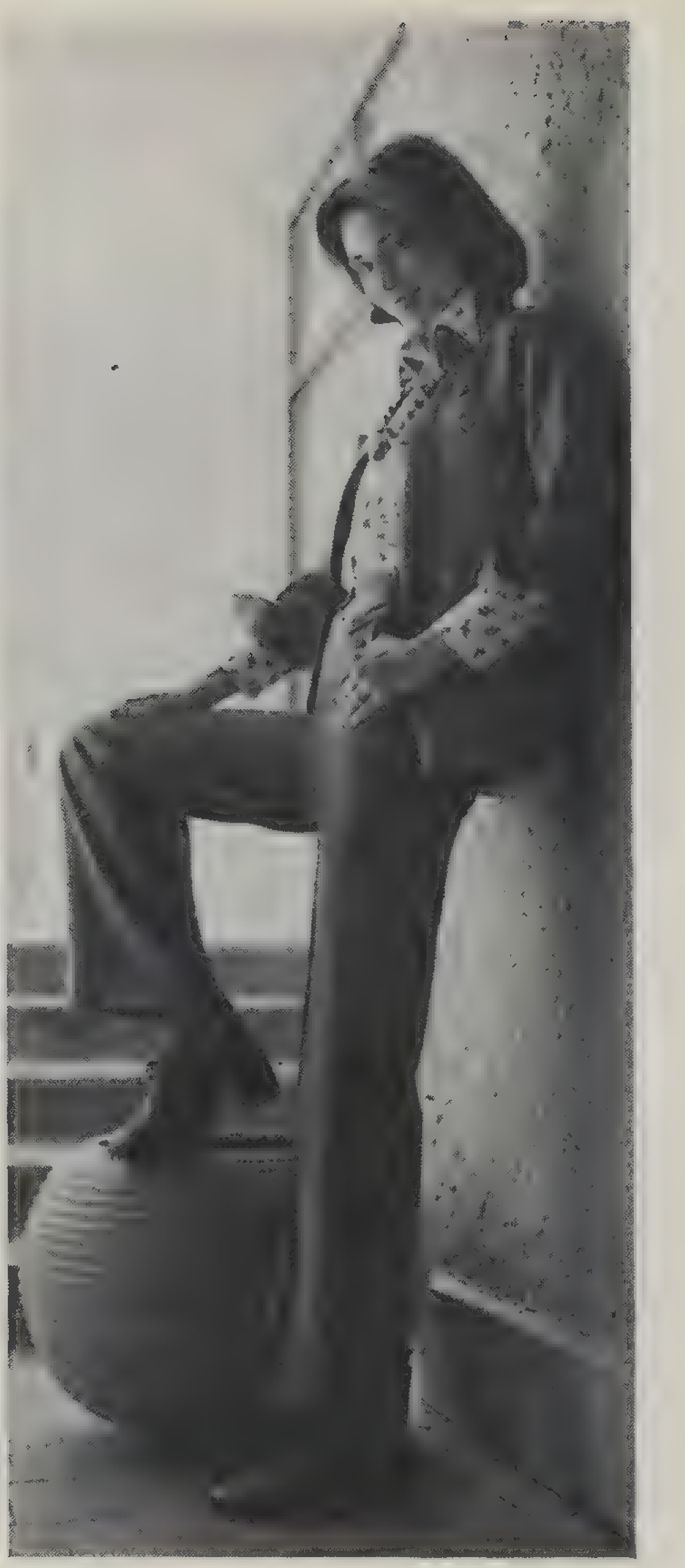
ADELE SIMPSON
Little lady with big ideas.



Cuddlecoat

Schrader Sport

Sequel I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The scene: Texas, Number 1 sheep state. Reason: year-long grazing for a multi-million sheep flock in the vast grassland surrounding the historic Pecos valley. Trailing bands of sheep across the Rio Grande, early Spanish Dons founded flocks and formed the heart of modern Texas sheep country.

The fabric: Soft fleece, wool gabardine, flannel: J. P. Stevens made it all.

The clothes: Above, left: Suit like Texas—easy, free, evolving. Jacket, about $68; skirt, about $46. Schrader Sport. Center: Dinner blazer and skirt in black wool. Blazer, about $100; skirt, about $75. From Sequel I. Right: Rangy flannels. Jacket, about $30; pants, about $25. Koret of California. Opposite: the topper you want—white wool, fox furbished. About $800. By Cuddlecoat. For more information, write American Wool Council, Dept. WW-173, 1460 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036.

The roundup: Wool. It's got life naturally.

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Christmas Catalogue

from The Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Metropolitan Museum's new catalogue of distinctive and unusual Christmas cards and Christmas presents. ☆ Exact copies of rare early American glass in crystal and in colors; eighteenth-century Chinese porcelain, Meissen and Delftware; bronze and silver cats from Egypt; a Byzantine necklace of pearls and emeralds; dragons, rams, deer, eagles, and scarabs in precise replicas of ancient gold and silver jewelry; a unique barrel-shaped pewter tankard made about the time of the American Revolution; a Ming dynasty lion in a needlework kit; small medieval bells of silver and gold each with a sweet and individual sound; an illuminated manuscript made for a Queen of France; an album of Chinese paintings – mountains, rivers, and flowers; an Egyptian Magic wall calendar; and the spectacular new Museum engagement calendar, *Gardens: East & West* – more than one hundred imaginative, new suggestions for Christmas. ☆ The celebrated Museum cards include forty individual designs – an unparalleled selection of paintings, drawings, engravings, goldsmiths' work, stained glass, textiles and sculpture – and ten specially boxed selections ranging from details of the Unicorn tapestries to *art nouveau* graphics. The cards are priced from 10 to 35 cents each and the Christmas presents start at $2.95. They are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon now to reserve your copy of the 88-page color catalogue to be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
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Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed

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READYBEAUTY

The Masque Way To A Finer Skin

Beauty researchers suggest future progress to skin-care products may come via facial masques—which each year offer more and more

Do not pass Glow—you've got it with a masque, one of the brightest beauty ideas around. Masques come in different forms, but all aim for the same result—to give skin a fresh glow and smoothness, plus various extra benefits. The glow comes from stimulating the tiny blood vessels in the skin. The smoothness comes from the vacuum-cleaner action—as the masque is removed, especially the peel-offs, dead cells and flakes are removed, too. The extra benefits come from the addition of moisturizers, some medicated ingredients, vitamin oils, even collagen. Here, a few of the latest masque developments. . . .

From **Charles of the Ritz,** a new **Revenescence Revitalizing Masque,** made with European clays and Revenescence moisturizers. This glides on fast and easy, rinses off. Also recent from Ritz is Perfect Peel-Off Mask, imbued with moisturizers. It comes in gel form, and its action takes about fifteen minutes. Difference in the two types, according to Dr. Thomas H. F. Smith, Director of Research Services at Charles of the Ritz: "Rinse-off masques are made mostly of some form of clay; peel-offs generally contain no clay, are held together by resinous substances that stay flexible, never harden."

Frances Denney is about to unmask its newest idea—the **Moisturizing Peel-off Mask** that's a two-stage treatment with two separate products. Reason—in the early days of peel-offs, it was found sensitive skins could be irritated from the pulling and peeling action. Enter here: the under-masque —it cushions sensitive skins. In the Denney package, it's called Step 1 Moisturizer, a fluffy cream with moisturizers and wheat-germ oil. Step 2 Peel-Off Mask goes over it—a clay pack that cleanses, refines, takes thirty minutes.

Elizabeth Arden's newest masque is also two-part—**Replenishing Lotion and Intensifying Mask.** Replenishing Lotion contains Elastigen 400—a special Arden ingredient combining hydrolized collagen with emollients. (Collagen is the basic protein in skin that accounts for its elasticity.) Intensifying Mask is a pink gel that ups the action of the lotion to add smoothing benefits—takes fifteen minutes to work before being peeled off.

Helena Rubinstein's new **Brush-On Peel-Off Mask** comes in two formulas—astringent for oily skins, moisturizing for dry skins. Both should be left on for fifteen minutes, to leave skin soft and slippery-smooth. The astringent masque is pale green, smells like fresh limes; the moisturizing masque is creamy pink, scented with herbs.

Shiseido claims the original see-through peel-off masque, called **Facial Pack**—a clear gel that spreads on over a moisturizer, stays about twenty minutes. There are two other forms of Facial Pack now—the Extra Rich formula for dry skins; the Fresh Pack that comes in two parts and helps to lighten a muddy or too-dark suntan. ■

GREECE TODAY

The land of a thousand faces...that is Greece today as it was centuries ago. Her established identity in the worlds of art, music, language, architecture and more, has endured. And now, those many faces have turned to modern-day innovations—equally as unique and enduring...and with a definite impact on today's markets. Greece is especially famous for its Flokati, thick woolly rugs made from the fleece of sheep and goats. Mostly handwoven, Greek carpets have brilliant colors and unusual patterns. Fintexport, 21 Helmou Street, Hagios Stefanos, Attikis and Athinaiki Emboriki Etairia, 3 Pagarigopoulu Street, Athens, Greece.

Vibrant...dramatic...treasured keepsakes...the exciting crafts and fashions of Greece on this and the following pages give just a glimpse of the many faces of Greece today.

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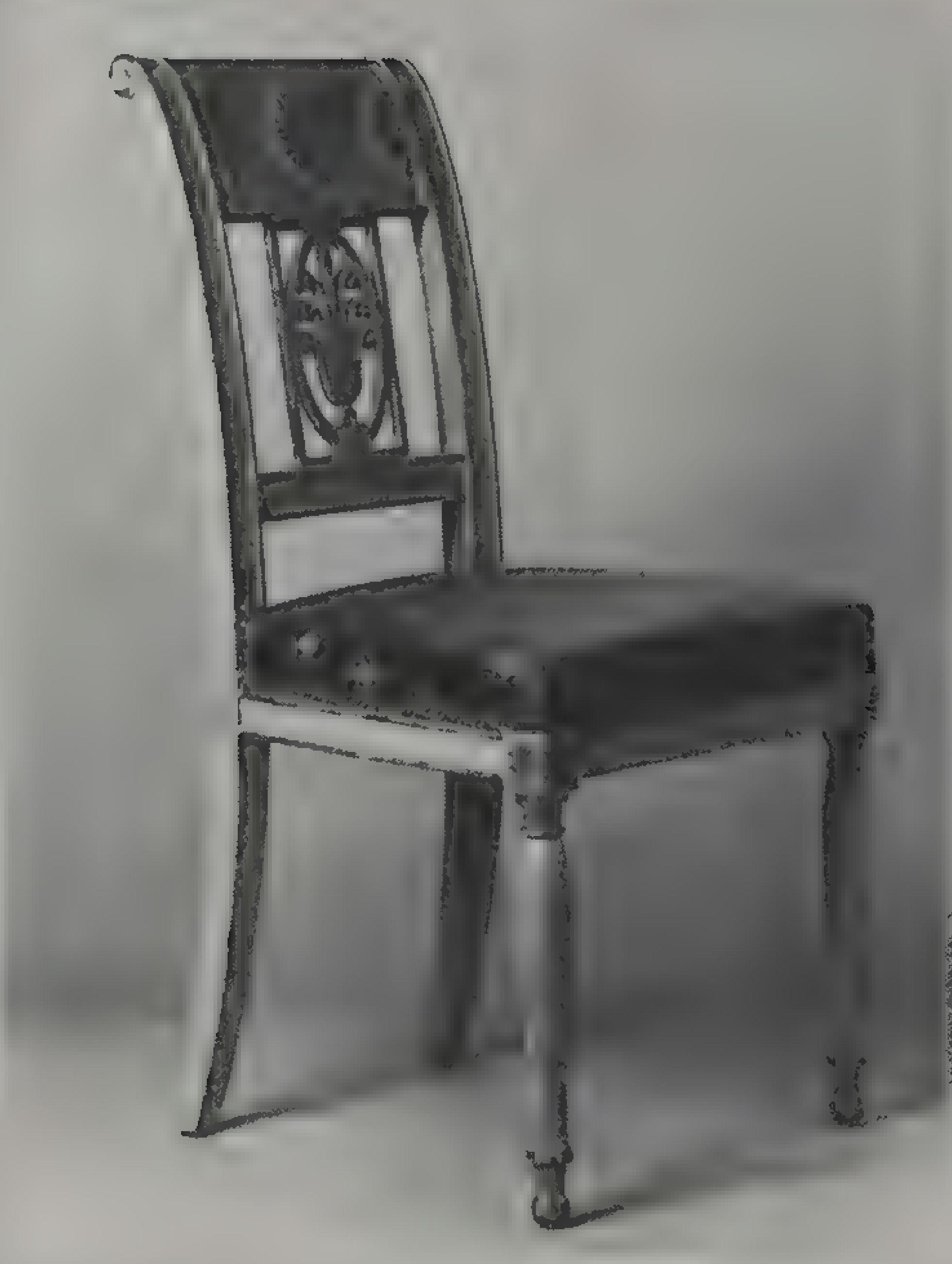
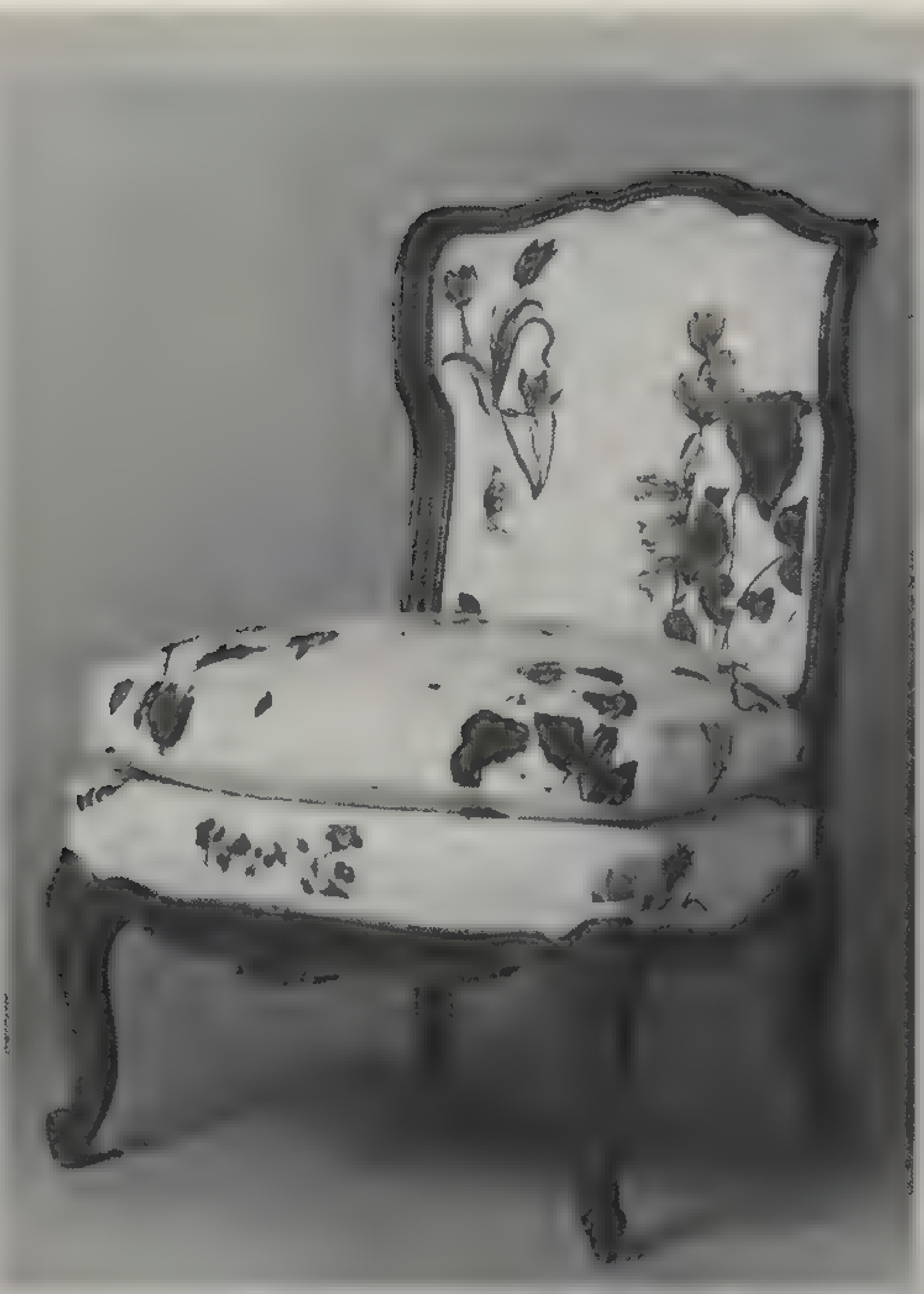
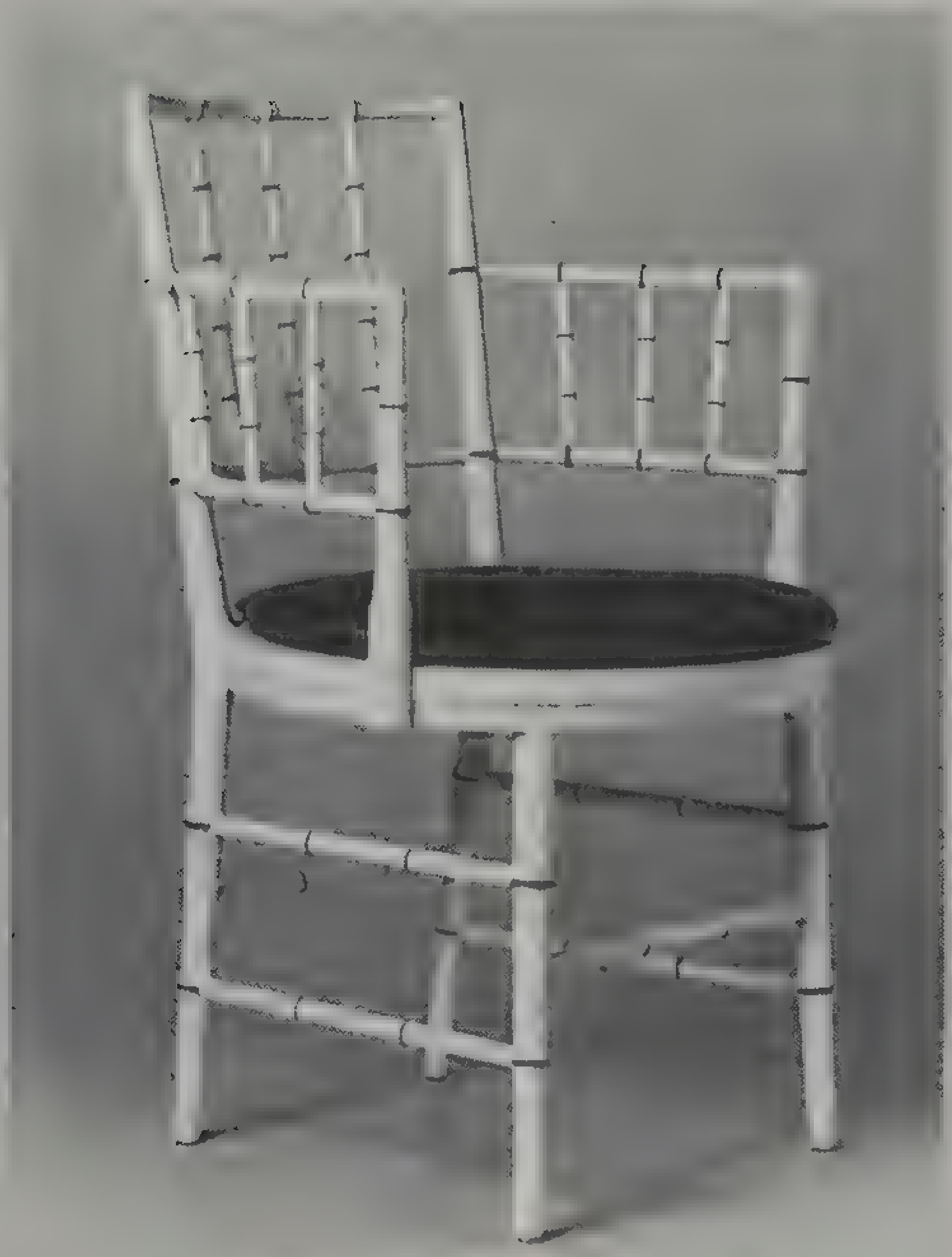
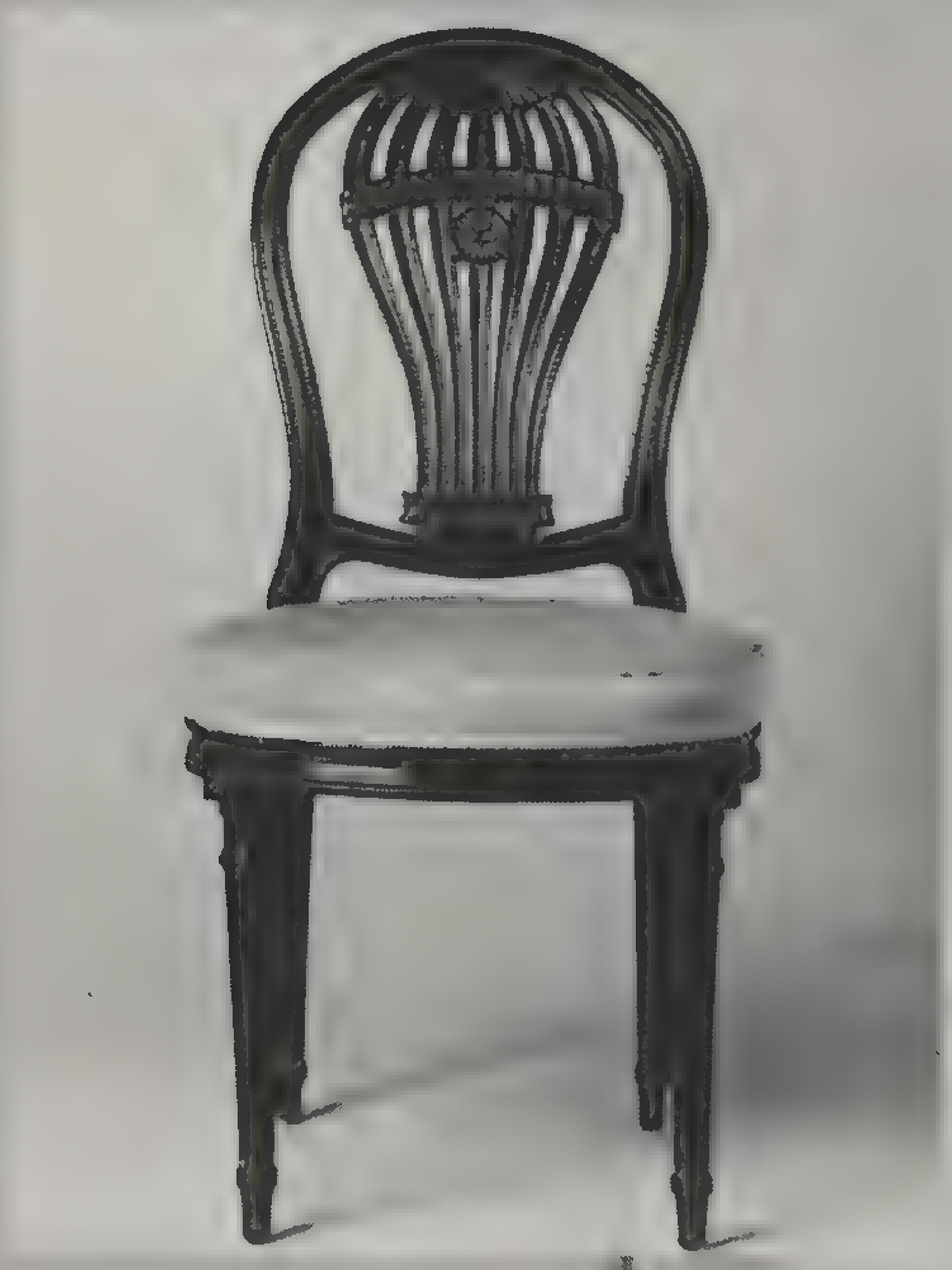
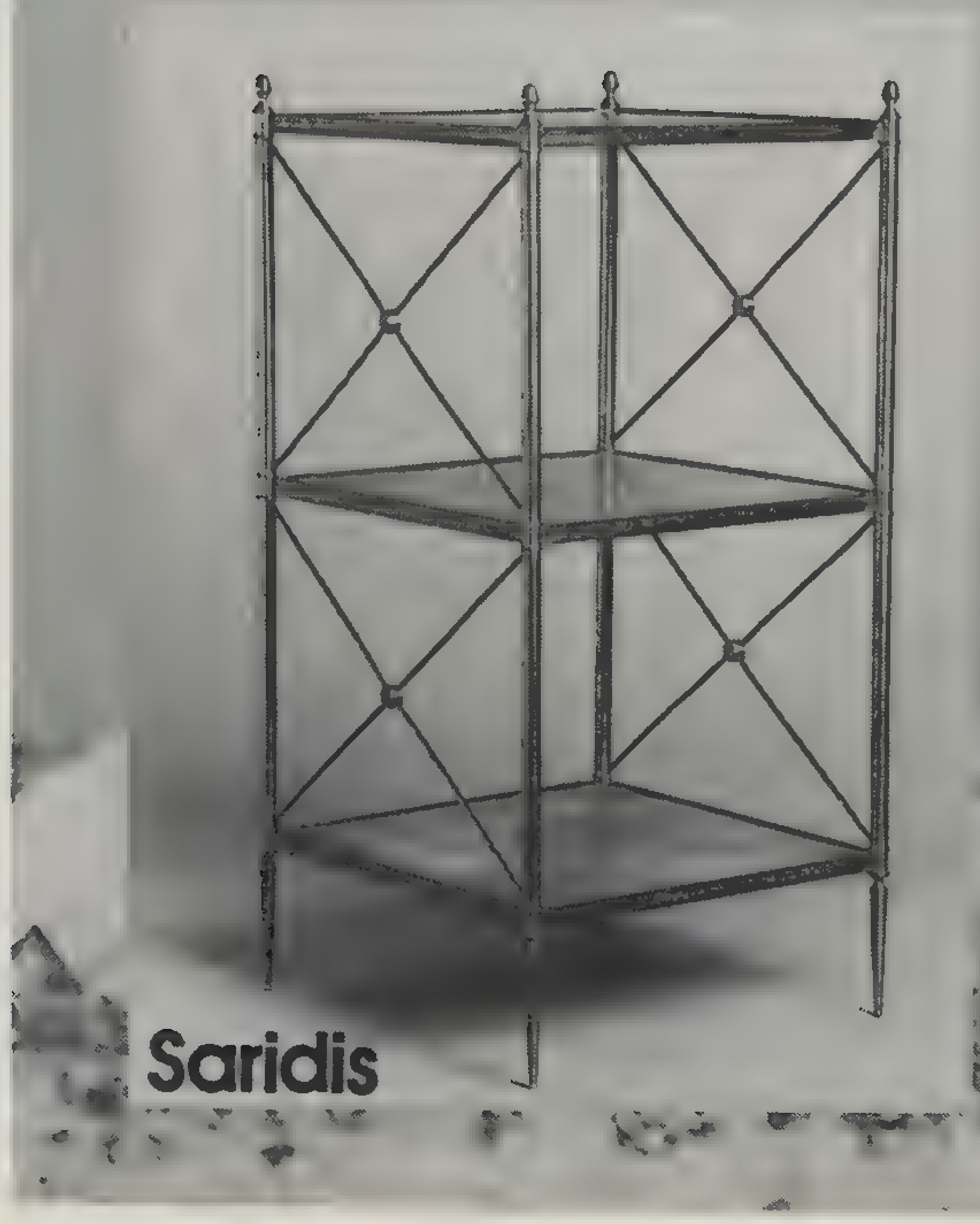


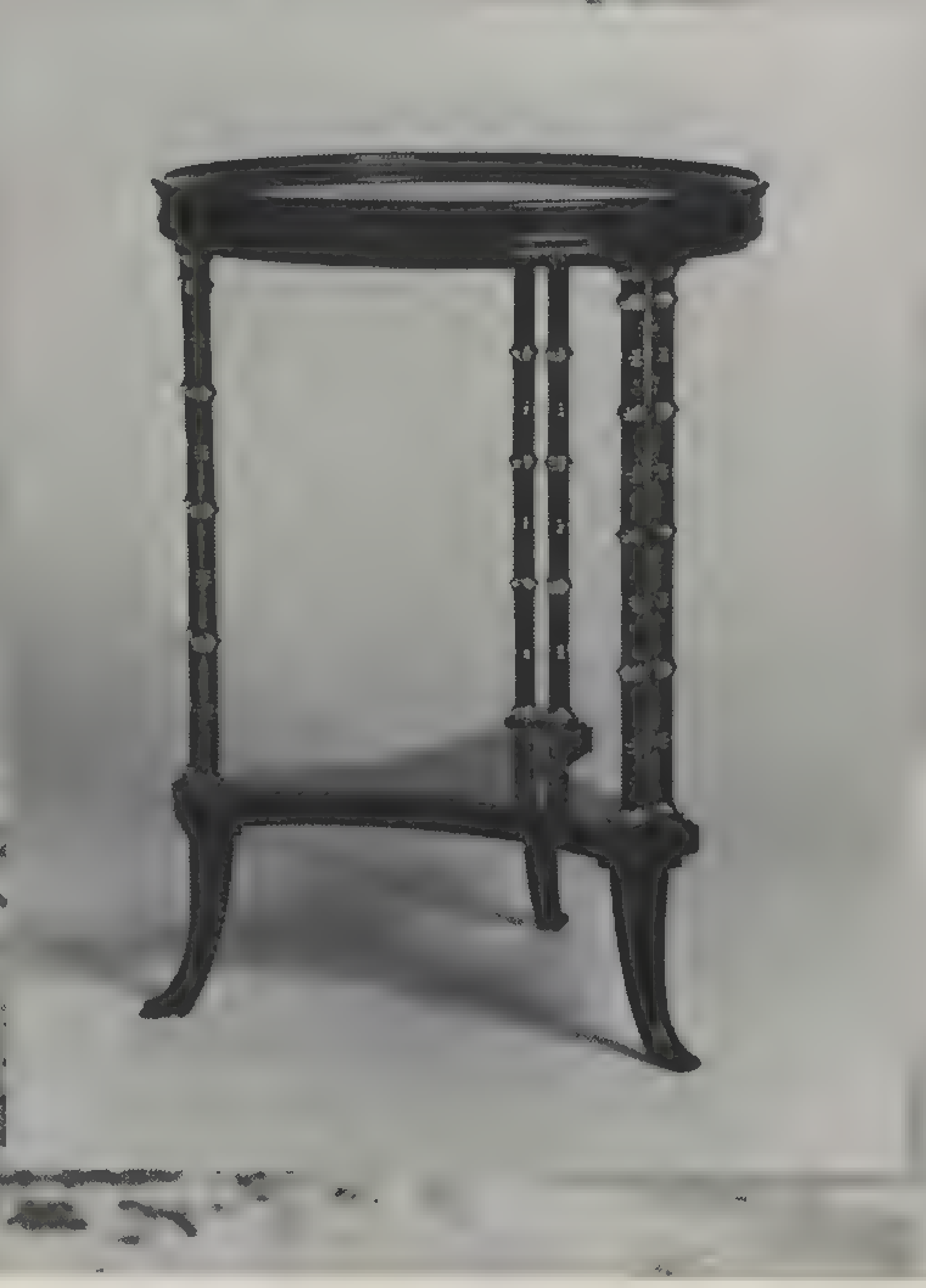








Saridis



GREECE TODAY

art forms with current interpretations

This page: the classic furniture from many great periods of design has been brought vividly alive by old-world artisans of modern Greece. The artistic heritage and graceful form of this fine furniture in gleaming Greek walnut and other cherished woods is interpreted by Saridis of Athens.
11G Frangoudi Street
(Syngros Avenue),
Athens 404, Greece.

Right: El Greco toys...a marvellously unique array of handwoven animals and dolls to please children of all ages. And, for the collector, they're a must!
El Greco toys, Terma Kynourias Street, Terpsithea, Ano Glyfada, Athens, Greece.

Right: Greek shoes, made of the best leather, are available in many unique styles and designs. Here, Athis takes a sleek fashion step with the platform and higher heel. Athis Shoes, El Chelioudakis Votsi and Faidonos Ano Haravgi, Attikis, Greece.

Oua-Oua
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BUYING TIME by Bess Myerson

Summer Perils: Be Spend-Safe

Living easy doesn't mean spending big; watch out for money traps

Bess Myerson

The basic rules of consumer self-protection apply to every day of every month; but, if you're planning to get away from it all soon, here are a few generally overlooked ways to prevent anyone's getting it all, or any part of it, away from you.

If you have a confirmed flight reservation and a delay involves a period of four hours or more, responsible airlines are obligated to provide the free meals, if normal meal hours occur during the waiting period, and free hotel accommodations and transportation to the hotel during normal sleeping hours. But the airlines, which spend millions telling us what movie is playing, seldom seem to go out of their way to tell waiting passengers about these free services. Along with the Civil Aeronautics Board, I suggest that you remind them, or you'll be paying part of your vacation money for an expense that should be theirs.

If you're traveling by car, visit your friendly neighborhood garage before you leave, because, once you're on the road, that's no friend or neighbor approaching to find more things wrong with your car than even Ralph Nader ever dreamed about. A recent survey indicated that four out of five repairmen tend to find more things wrong, and charge higher rates, for out-of-town cars than they do for cars owned by residents of their own communities, often for unnecessary parts and repairs.

If any Vogue readers are auto mechanics, please don't write a letter of protest. There are certainly many honest and dedicated repairmen. We're talking about those who are not; they should be of as much concern to you as they are to consumers, and perhaps you will join us in writing letters to Washington for a law that sets standards of responsibility and service for all repairmen.

If you do have trouble with your car away from home, it would be wise to stay with it while the checkup and possible repairs are taking place. Your alert eye may have an inhibiting effect on any repairman who wants to pay for his kid's college education on your car alone. And if you still think you're being taken, report your suspicions to the local automobile club or consumer agency—or even to the Mayor.

If you stay at a hotel or motel, check your bill before you leave. Some vacationers don't "haggle" about "pennies" —it might ruin their image as big spenders. Last summer, a Federal Court in Chicago ruled that two major hotel chains had been improperly adding an item called "sundries" or "miscellaneous" to their bills, when no services had actually been rendered—telephone calls, for example, not made or received. Consumers' class-action suits in Chicago and New York City resulted in a ruling that a total of $4,097,546.91 must be returned to former guests who had been overcharged, and other suits against those hotel chains and others are pending. The strange fact is that most consumers had paid the extra charge without question.

If you're staying at home this summer, one of the seasonal hazards that may visit your neighborhood is the home-repair racketeer. Summer is a time for fixing up the house; and there may be something appealing in a "workman" who knocks on your front door, claiming he just happened to notice that your roof needs fix- (Continued on next page)

SUMMER PERILS

Continued from page 40

ing or the paint is peeling, and he's on his way back to the office from another job in the neighborhood, and just happens to have some roofing material or paint left over, and the price is so right. In cash, of course.

The Williamson family is the best known of the home-repair gyps. There are many others. Don't ruin your summer by looking for a cheap bargain. Responsible home-repair companies will not hesitate to give detailed estimates, guarantee the quality of the material and workmanship, set a deadline for the completion of the work—and they have an established reputation to protect and an established place of business. You may still have some trouble, but at least it's with someone you can locate.

The cost of summer camps for the children is an increasingly heavy expense for the family. Some camps are excellent, some are not—but many parents do not personally investigate to determine which ones really live up to the brochure blurbs. "Prestige" is a factor in many choices, but the problem with that approach is that in many states there are no official regulations of standards for children's camps, prestigious or otherwise. Health and safety standards just do not exist—except in the personal responsibility of those who run the camps—and those "standards" range from excellent to dangerous. Until national standards are established and enforced, too many youngsters will accidentally die and be injured at camps. Parents must establish and enforce their own high standards by checking the ratio of counselors to campers, determining the safety precautions of the swimming and activity areas, demanding the highest qualifications of facilities and personnel, especially medical and food-preparation.

Bikes are more popular this summer than ever before, with both youngsters and adults, but the pleasure can be more costly than any family can afford if the biking safety rules are ignored. Safety experts warn against buying a bike with hand brakes if a child's small fingers cannot operate the brake lever while also keeping his palms around the hand grips. Also, if the child's feet do not touch the ground when he straddles the seat, the bike is too big for him. "Growing into" a sweater may be practical, but "growing into" a bike is dangerous. Experts also suggest buying a beginner a bike without a crossbar between the handlebars and the seat, so the child can leap off easily. ■

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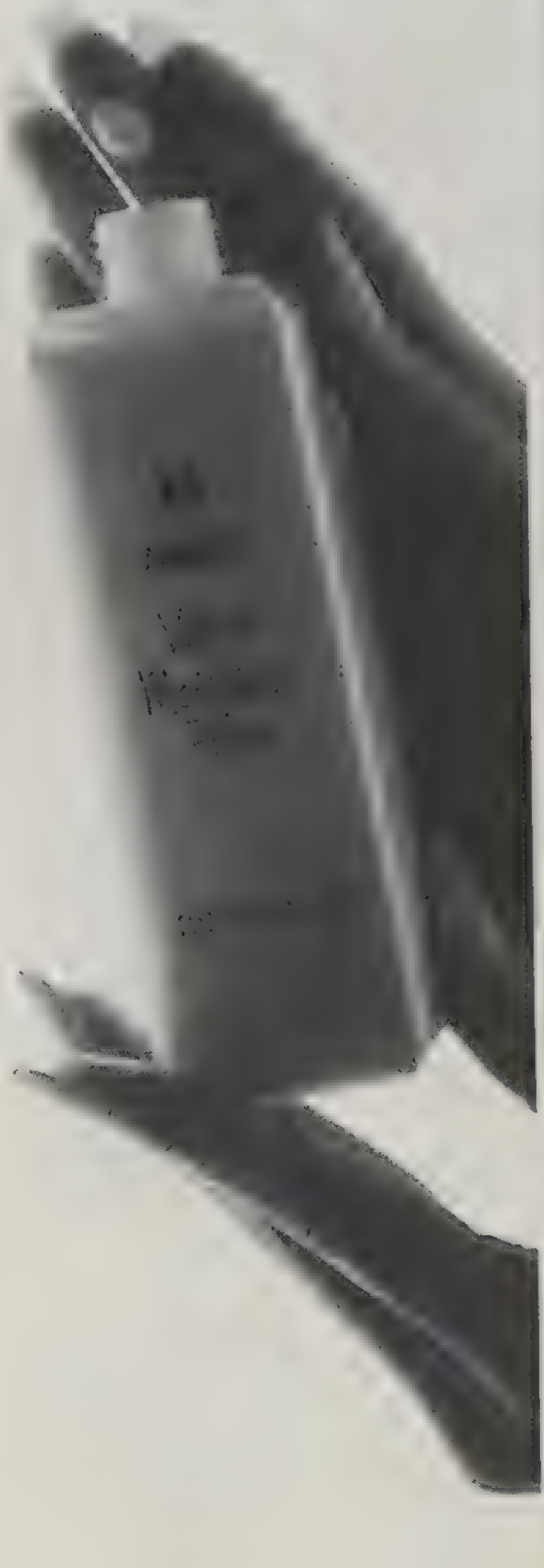

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BEAUTYCHECKOUT

Early Grooming Where to Go and Why

It's never too early to start a program of health and beauty—the reason several experts are giving some of their valuable time to the juniors in the family

Nipping problems in the bud by teaching good beauty and health habits to children (and making it fun)—that's the purpose of three women who have long been the forces behind many grown-up beauties of the world, and one bright young man with a great idea. Each is a top specialist—Marjorie Craig for shaping up, Georgette Klinger for skin care, Nena for nails, Jack King for hair. When little twigs are bent by these experts, they incline toward beauty for sure. . . .

Marjorie Craig of Elizabeth Arden puts Liza Reed, age 5, and twins Billy and Anthony Addison, age 9, through their paces.

Miss Craig at Elizabeth Arden has worked out two brilliant ways to give children a head start on beauty and health. One is her new book, **Miss Craig's Growing-Up Exercises,** carried out with the same clarity and expertise as her two previous books (the famous **21 Day Shape-Up Program**, and her **Face-Saving Exercises**). This book gives exercises for children from five to twelve. The exercises are illustrated, explained, given names with child-appeal—The Mule Kick, The Tummy Tightener, The Hip Rock. Miss Craig's other good idea is a live version of the book—**a summer session of exercise classes** for children, held at the Elizabeth Arden salon in New York. Stressed in both the book and the classes: good posture—which, according to Miss Craig, should be learned young to forestall later problems with feet, legs, and especially backs. "Back troubles start with bad posture," she says, "and bad posture starts in childhood."

Nails by Nena, a phrase that implies the best of nail care, takes place in two manicure salons of that name (in Beverly Hills, in New York). Nena takes an interest in children, too, offering special manicures that could be called Little Nails by Nena. The children (mostly girls, but also boys) come with their mothers, get the same excellent treatments including good advice. For adults or children, Nena stresses the value of protein and natural ingredients for her preparations and good general health for nail fitness. "Drink your milk" is part of her child-guidance advice about how eating habits can affect nails. She also warns how nail-biting can spoil nail shapes. Children, apparently, eat it all up (along with their milk and protein)—they like the "status" of a real-life manicure, try to preserve it, and hope for a "good grade" on their nails when they return—usually a month later. Children's manicures take about forty-five minutes, consist of cleaning, shaping, attention to cuticle, buffing. No polish, unless there's a special party—then it's colorless or very pale. Nena now has mail-order packages of her manicure preparations, good for children or mothers. For more information, write to Nails by Nena, 9463 Gregory Way, Beverly Hills, California 90402.

Georgette Klinger—who's responsible for great adult skins—also offers her expertise to boys and girls. They're usually brought to her around thirteen years old, when hormone activities can upset young skins, but she takes even younger clients if necessary. What they are given: the gentlest (thus the best) kind of care. Main thing is cleansing—thorough and frequent—with Georgette's own famous preparations. If children have dry skin, they get milder cleansing and, in extreme cases, moisturizer. Skiers or surfers get protective sun blocks and sunscreens—again, her own formulas. Along with skin care comes advice which children are more apt to take from her than from their mothers (mothers, in fact, are sent out of the room—since too often they spoil the rapport with "I told you so"). Georgette warns children about picking at their faces; mothers are also warned on this—they tend to squeeze their children's blackheads and could make them worse. More of what to avoid: harsh soaps, lotions that contain alcohol, too much of anything on a child's face. **Nothing** should be left on overnight—young skins need most to breathe. Children too far from either Klinger salon can get mail-order attention—write for a preliminary skin chart to Georgette Klinger, 501 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. (The other Klinger salon: 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.)

More child-care in California: **Jack King** is owner and top stylist of **Tipperary,** a new beauty salon in Beverly Hills, geared entirely to children. A pleasant young Englishman, Jack used to be a stylist at Saks Fifth Avenue in New York and noticed that children weren't the most popular clients in adult salons.

He decided to give them a kindersalon of their own. Now at Tipperary, boys and girls get healthful shampoos, charming blow-dry styling, manicures, plus free games, lollipops, and hair ribbons for the girls. The place swarms with pleased little clients—many, offspring of movie and TV stars. Tipperary is at 9422 Dayton Way, Beverly Hills, California 90210. ■

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BEAUTYCHECKOUT

How To Be An Early Bird

"Anyone who gets up at 4:30 A.M. to go to work never gets enough sleep, and I'm no exception," says TV's Barbara Walters.

Barbara Walters sits behind her crowded desk in her Today *show office at NBC headquarters in Manhattan's Rockefeller Plaza. It is 10:00* A.M. *and she has already been up for five and a half hours, yet she still looks peachy. How does she do it?*

"I'm a compulsive worker and a big worrier," Barbara is saying. "Every time I do an important interview, I go over it in my head fifty times a day, three days before, and five days afterwards. It's a miracle if I don't sometimes look tired."

Barbara, whose twelve years with the *Today* show have made her one of the most famous women on TV, has interviewed such people as President Nixon, former President Johnson, Prince Philip, Dr. Henry Kissinger, and the Shah of Iran.

She is also the only TV woman journalist to have covered President Nixon's visit to China last year. With *Today* and her public-affairs program *Not for Women Only*, which is seen in some eighty cities five days a week, she spends two and a half hours a day on camera.

Despite this heavy work load, Barbara always looks alert, energetic, attractive. Her peachy skin has a warm glow, her hazel-green eyes are direct, and her well-shaped mouth breaks into an easy wide smile.

For Barbara has streamlined her life and her beauty routine to fit the pressure of her "fantastically stimulating" and yet "tremendously demanding" career.

"I avoid looking tired because I have disciplined myself to take catnaps whenever I can. I've also learned to put on my face and do my hair as well and as quickly as any of NBC's makeup artists. And, by good luck, I always look less tired in the mornings than I do at night . . . even if I've had no sleep."

Barbara naps in planes, in taxis, and on studio couches. "Some of my friends complain I can fall asleep with my eyes open. That may sound rude, but it's better than closing my eyes and letting my head nod in restaurants as I did when I first joined the show.

"I have also taught myself to wake up and immediately be fully coherent. I can sleep through a plane ride and then get off and immediately start working. You can call me anywhere in the world in the middle of the night, and the second I wake up I know where I am and what is happening."

Barbara likes a natural look in beauty and she wears practically the same makeup both on and off camera.

"The difference is on camera my eyeshadow, eyeliner, and lipstick have to be a shade darker. All my makeup fits into a six-by-four-inch cosmetic bag and I carry it wherever I go."

When she gets up at 4:30 in the morning, Barbara either washes her face with soap and water or uses an astringent cleanser combination, depending on how oily her skin is that day. "I put on a little makeup base—a liquid which has a moisturizer in it—and head for the studio. Crew members always make cracks about how awful women stars look who arrive without makeup." The makeup expert then adds more base and a white highlighter under the cheekbones and around the eyes. "I hate the owly look white gives under the eyes, but I need it on camera. I have a habit of looking at the camera with my head down; that makes the area under my eyes highly visible."

Next comes dark-brown eyeliner and a brown-grey cream shadow and lots of dark-brown mascara. Then a cream rouge, a coral-tone lipstick, and finally a blotting of powder.

At night, Barbara either washes her face or uses cleansing cream. "I have a slightly oily skin and as I wear makeup all day, I don't think I need a nourishing cream at night," she says.

Barbara, naturally a brunette, had her hair lightened when the show went into color six years ago. "My hair photographs very dark; in fact, I still look like a brunette on camera, and many people are surprised to find how blonde I am when they meet me."

Her first "must" for hair is cleanliness. "No matter how bad everything is or how exhausted I am, I immediately feel better when my hair is washed."

At NBC, Barbara's hair is shampooed, conditioned, blown dry, and set with electric curlers every second morning.

"I wear it always at the same length, just to the shoulders. That way I can tie it back easily when I am really pressed for time. I never have time to go to a beauty parlor when I travel, so I always take my dryer and curlers with me, and, if necessary, a converter for electric power." Lack of time is the reason she does her own nails. She wears clear polish, so that chips don't show.

Five feet five inches tall and a size eight, Barbara doesn't smoke, drinks only an occasional glass of white wine, and although she eats anything—including cookies for breakfast—she keeps a sharp eye on her weight. "I have so much energy because I'm blessed with such good health. I never get sick. It's something my parents passed on to me. They are both in their seventies but act and look years younger." ■

—ELSA KLENSCH

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By Sandra McElwaine

Washington Fast Talk

Arts, people, parties . . . how to tell who has arrived...and who's leaving

Who are the two smartest men in Washington?

DON RUMSFELD and BOB FINCH, according to a former Presidential aide.

"But they're not here!"

"That's right!"

And so it goes. Heads roll. The White House is seething with frenzied activity, but life goes right on. The tourist season is in full swing. If you haven't got a pal to give you a pad for the night, better book a room at the WATERGATE (sorry!), Madison, or Manger Hay-Adams, pronto. The rest of the hotels, forget, except for the plush, new Loews L'Enfant Plaza, which opened June 1. "No booze," was the answer to why only eight out of eight thousand cabbies showed up at a lavish picnic arranged specially to "acquaint" Washington taxi drivers with L'Enfant's brand new location; the party turned out to be strictly an in-house fiesta, with top brass outnumbering honored guests four to one.

Parties! Are there lots of them! Happily, they're becoming more and more informal. Black tie is giving way to no tie. No more formal or "fruit salad" evenings. These are relegated to the embassies or a few stuffy cave dwellers. After-dinner segregation of the sexes has gone by the boards; though a few liberated females, subject to ART BUCHWALD's bargain-lot cigars, seem to long for the good old days.

The most "in" dinners have been held at the Georgetown tables of the AVERELL HARRIMANS, the JOHN SHERMAN COOPERS, or the JOE ALSOPS. To be included, you better have some style and the gift of scintillating gab. Who wants a Dumb Dora when there's Nancy Hanks, Jill Ruckelshaus, or Anne Armstrong to talk to? And just whom did RICHARD NIXON have in mind, when he cautioned a POW bachelor about "the dogs they make you sit next to at Washington dinner parties"?

Conversations? The ominous situation in the Middle East, the energy crisis, and The Watergate; the uneasiness of the Cambodian problem; is anyone reading BARBARA HOWAR's book? And who is that Senator she slept with? Barbara's ex-husband and family are finding it tough to laugh even part of the way!

The restaurant situation is not dazzling. The place to lunch is SANS SOUCI. Great for rubbing shoulders with Administration biggies. After that, it's all downhill. There's Jean-Pierre, Chez Camille, and the venerable but erratic Rive Gauche. Also, The Jockey Club, a former Kennedy stomping ground that has slipped, and badly. For New York-style steaks, the newly opened Washington Palm, if you can foot the bill.

The latest New York fad to establish a beachhead here is the cat-pack kiss. . . . The most dignified politicos are smooching and squeezing everyone in sight. The more addicted smackers include GEORGE McGOVERN, James Symington, Chuck Percy, Jack Valenti, and the very imposing Joe Alsop.

Embassy Row, the center of Washington social life, is in a serious decline. The leading diplomatic hostess is young, glamorous URSULA SAGAZ, wife of the Spanish Ambassador. Her party for Generalissimo Franco's granddaughter and her husband, the DUKE and DUCHESS OF CADIZ, was a strictly non-protocol, unofficial evening, so the young royals could mix and mingle with Washington's *jeunesse dorée*. Not one administration name made the list. (No entertainment was needed—just plain old-fashioned conversation, laughing and chortling, at BILL and DEEDA BLAIR'S impromptu dinner for the Duke and Duchess: Jack and Teresa Heinz, Sarge Shriver, John Brademas, and the indomitable Alice Longworth.) ZINA and SLAH EL GOULLI, from Tunisia, are known for wonderful, peppy do's at their Moorish hilltop residence, where guests occasionally take to belly dancing.

Continued on page 48

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(Continued from page 46)

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"Dignified politicos are kissing everyone in sight"

The British AMBASSADOR and LADY CROMER, former lady-in-waiting to the Queen, prefer small, intimate dinners with influential types to the big bashes favored by many of their predecessors. Everyone, however, turned out for the Queen's Birthday Celebration at the end of May, always a sure indication of who has arrived and who hasn't. It was a gigantic afternoon mélange of champagne, strawberries, and whipped cream, and—it's almost a tradition—a threatening afternoon thunderstorm.

Benefits . . . there are more than the town can handle. The same tired names and faces constantly reappear. "Under the patronage of MRS. NIXON" topping an invitation brings sheer delirium, believe it or not. The Better Benefits (if there is such a thing): The NATIONAL BALLET's Bon Marché, where hordes of clothes-happy women scrambled to pick up Norells, Trigères, and Galanoses cast off from the closets of best-dressed Connie Mellon Brown, Evangeline Bruce, and Pamela Harriman—at bargain prices, of course.

It took nerves of steel and complete indifference to pandemonium to survive ETHEL KENNEDY's pet show, held annually for Northwest Settlement House. It was a frantic scene, stuffed to overflowing with lost children—Kennedy's, Redskin football players', celebrities', politicians', neighbors'—and a half-dozen dog fights.

PANDA-monium is still with us at the National Zoological Park, too. Keeping Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing awake can be quite a problem, but The Travelers Aid Society Benefit solved the dilemma by feeding them a late "Spanish hour" dinner, so they'd be in top form to gaze and gape at the human plumage across the bars; Zoo Night got underway.

Two new bachelors are cutting a swinging swath on the capital scene—giving HENRY THE K., bachelor *numero uno*, an occasional night at home. AMBASSADOR ARDESHIR ZAHEDI from Iran and PETER MALATESTA, whose claim to fame is as Bob Hope's nephew and Agnew's aide. Zahedi, recently divorced from the Shah's daughter, entertains constantly on a grandiose scale, with mountains of crab claws and shrimp, lots of champagne. Malatesta's events are merely pizazzy pizzas and omelets, but his guests often include Frank Sinatra and Barbara Marx.

Fashion is making as many waves as Watergate. Stores are rushing to get here—and fast. The prime target area is CHEVY CHASE, where money, if not good taste, abounds. Slugging it out with the zoning board are Neiman-Marcus, Bloomingdale's, and Altman's.

No matter what the critics say, The JOHN F. KENNEDY CENTER for the Performing Arts really works. In spite of the grumbling about its architecture, interior design, et cetera, what really counts is that drama, ballet, and music lovers finally have the chance to see first-rate productions without zapping up to New York. An interesting note: an even dozen of the Broadway shows of the current season played here before heading up the Great White Way.

Black art groups are booming, spearheaded by dynamic PEGGY COOPER, a young Black lawyer who recently won the John D. Rockefeller, III, youth award, and movie-star-turned-director ROBERT HOOKS. Peggy has zeroed in on the Workshops for Careers in the Arts and, with Hooks, on The D. C. Black Repertory Dance Theater and made people sit up and take notice. Zelda Fitchandler's *Raisin*, a musical remake of Lorraine Hansberry's *Raisin in the Sun*, is a complete sellout and D.C.'s latest smash, will be heading up to New York in October.

While checking out cartons of whipping cream at the Georgetown Safeway, blue-jeaned JO HALDEMAN bewailed moving back to California.

"But you've just put down new carpets," said a neighbor, over the cash register.

"I know," Jo sighed, "we love it here, but you know——"

"Are you really leaving for good?" persisted the friend.

"Well, I guess so—the way things are going."

"We'll miss you," replied the neighbor, with grim determination, as Jo pushed her cart unsmilingly out the door.

"To make it in Washington," Ladybird Johnson's chum SCOOTER MILLER once said, "you have to have something interesting to say and be involved."

The way things are, perhaps it's better *not* to be involved! ■

ART FAST TALK

(Continued from page 24)

to say of esthetic discrimination, were lost. "Department stores are the new museums," ANDY WARHOL says. It appears that the Metropolitan is out to prove the reverse is true as well.

BIG FISH EAT LITTLE FISH: The present scenario for the art scene reads like the closing chapters in *Das Kapital.*

While Mr. Hoving at New York's Metropolitan Museum celebrates the worth of gold for its own sake, the financial structure of the art market is gradually changing, so that more and more money is being concentrated in fewer and fewer hands. Pioneer Los Angeles dealer IRVING BLUM has closed his gallery to come East to join the staff of the Marlborough Gallery Inc. FRANK LLOYD, a Marlborough adviser, has just pulled the coup of the decade by persuading the Pope to buy contemporary art for the Vatican. LAWRENCE RUBIN, as of the coming season, will be associated with the rapidly expanding Knoedler Contemporary Art gallery, where the artists formerly associated with his prestigious avant-garde gallery will show in the future.

NEWS MAKER: The upcoming Sotheby Parke Bernet auction of taxi baron ROBERT SCULL's collection of postwar American art will surely establish a new relationship between art and gold when the works are sold to the highest bidder this fall. Nerves are already jangling at the thought of the new price hierarchy sure to be established by this auction. Rumor has it that New York art dealers are taking crash courses in Japanese. ■

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By Maria Elise Crummere August 1–August 31

Horoscope

If you were born when the Sun was in Leo:

The Sun, your ruler, has given you a warm, generous nature; you light up your world with a positive approach to life. Jupiter (the joy bringer) in Aquarius—your seventh house of partners, associates, or mates—assures you many opportunities through other people, until the spring of 1974. Another happy aspect of your chart: Neptune (planet of inspiration), in Sagittarius—your fifth house of love—for many years, promises dramatic emotional fulfillment. You should begin a new cycle of drama and adventure when Neptune, starting to move on August 21, reaches the exact degree of the new moon on the 28th.

Aries March 21–April 19

Love: Your dynamic nature is aroused when you are truly in love; you might alarm a partner born in one of the quieter signs. Calm down, especially during the first ten days, or you may intimidate and lose the one you love.

Work: Cooperate with your co-workers until full moon, August 14; then take the lead in a plan for economic growth. Focus on advancing your career; earnings will increase.

Health: Competition the first two weeks may make you nervous and worn; after full moon, an even pace restores strength.

Taurus April 20–May 20

Love: Because your ruler, Venus, in Virgo may incline you to speak critically, be especially considerate of the person you love before full moon, August 14. The new moon on August 28 will give your romance a lift.

Work: Partners may seem to be pressuring you; to hurry makes you blunder. After August 19, associates will give more attention to your projects; financial affairs brighten.

Health: Uncertainty early in the month affects your well-being; excitement during the last days will bring increased energy.

Gemini May 21–June 21

Love: You are thought to be fickle, but often you are really taking time to be certain before making a choice. Your ruler, Mercury, in Cancer for the first ten days focuses on those at home. At full moon, August 14, concentrate on your love.

Work: After full moon on August 14, a new friend may stimulate a project that brings new career potential for you.

Health: Your health always improves when a new interest engages your nervous energy. Improvement in financial affairs and changes in home surroundings should benefit you now.

Cancer June 22–July 22

Love: You tend to remain faithful to your loved ones; now, Saturn enters your birth sign bringing a significant change: you recall the past; an old love may reenter your life.

Work: You will have about eleven days, while Mercury is in your sign, to improve your status by signing important contracts. Saturn in your sign indicates heavier—but more significant—responsibilities. You can alter your career notably now.

Health: Your sensitive nature resists physical change; after new moon, August 28, finances improve, well-being prevails.

Leo July 23–August 22

Love: You can love an idea as warmly as a person; before full moon, August 14, you find a distant matter—perhaps another country—enthralling. New friends are to be found.

Work: Between full moon, August 14, and new moon, August 28, communications from others will be important to your career; much depends on how you handle these proposals. Avoid confrontations; voice opinions in a low key.

Health: Since fixed signs—including yours—are tense in new situations, you may feel strain until new moon; then you win.

(Continued on page 52)

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HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 50)

Virgo August 23–September 22

Love: Though you may be too conservative to begin a new love affair, during the first two weeks while Venus is in your sign, your social life will be brilliant and romance will abound.

Work: You get best results in your work from experienced helpers. Even on social occasions, recruit those with good skills for your plan. When Venus leaves your sign for Libra on August 19, you can sign up the experts you need.

Health: The new moon on August 28 in your sign makes this a time of new beginnings, which should give your health a boost.

Libra September 23–October 23

Love: A new love affair usually restores you; but now, with Mars in opposition to your sign and Mercury square to it the first eleven days, you could be buffeted about. Wait awhile.

Work: With two business associates, an abrasive atmosphere also prevails, with opposition to your ideas until after full moon, August 14. From August 19 on, you will accomplish all that is possible, a splendid ending to a successful month.

Health: You become irritated and depressed when your efforts lag; the successes of the last ten days bring good health.

Scorpio October 24–November 21

Love: You prefer to take the lead in romance. Your ruler, Mars, in Aries shows you are in the market for a new love. You have two choices: the return of an old love or someone new you work with who takes the first steps toward you.

Work: During the first twelve days, a partner may disagree with your methods. If you resist too strenuously, the two of you may part; use patience to win at full moon, August 14.

Health: The two weeks may drain your energy unless you use good control; after that, you recover your equilibrium and health.

Sagittarius November 22–December 21

Love: You are the most idealistic lover of the zodiac, since Jupiter, the great joy bringer, is your ruler. After full moon, August 14, expect a most satisfactory affair of the heart.

Work: Early in the month you will be kept busy with pressing business, with your ruler in Aquarius promoting financial opportunities—a good time for creative ideas. These can be developed at new moon, August 28, for best results.

Health: The pressure early in the month will keep you overworked; after new moon, you will be more peaceful and healthy.

Capricorn December 22–January 19

Love: You are conservative, often regard love as a duty; this month, when your ruler, Saturn, enters Cancer for a twenty-eight-month stay, you'll concentrate on loving those at home.

Work: After full moon, August 14, you may assume heavier responsibilities because of a problem concerning a partnership; bear with this until the last week. At new moon, August 28, all turns to your satisfaction, adjustment is complete.

Health: Your sense of duty makes heavy demands on your health; at new moon, improved finances, a surprise bring well-being.

Aquarius January 20–February 18

Love: You are capricious and may feel the need of love now, with Jupiter in your sign; but wait until full moon, August 14. Then you will find love at your elbow.

Work: Mars in Taurus, against your sign, may attract co-workers who are antagonistic to your views. Appeasement is wise until new moon, August 28; make good the last four days.

Health: You should have no worries over health now with Jupiter in your sign; your bloodstream should be purified, bringing an optimism that makes for a healthy mind and body.

Pisces February 19–March 20

Love: It is your hunger for love or approval that makes you seek to be appraised. The last week is romantic, favors this quest.

Work: While Mercury (business) is in Cancer until the eleventh, go after advantages in promoting a creative idea. The possibility of success coincides with full moon, August 14. With Neptune, your ruler, in the idea sign, Sagittarius, enlist others in a position to help to develop your plan.

Health: When the new moon on August 28 starts a new cycle, uncertainty ends; a new love interest adds to good health.

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(Advertisement)

Truth or Myth:

Will Gelatin Really Help You Grow Longer, Stronger Nails?

If you've been swallowing daily doses of gelatin as a protein supplement for weak, brittle, problem nails — better check your doctor. You may be in for a disappointment. According to a prominent dermatologist, there is little evidence that this systemic treatment produces beneficial results. And even if it did work, you would still have a long waiting period for any noticeable improvement, because it takes from six to eight months for a complete new nail to grow out.

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TRAVEL by Olga Carlisle

Shipboard à la Russe

Notes from a passenger on the M.S. "Mikhail Lermontov" –Leningrad to New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Olga Carlisle, writer-painter, born in Paris of Russian parents, and now living in Connecticut, sailed aboard the* Mikhail Lermontov *especially for Vogue. Her anthology,* Poets on Street Corners, *is available in paperback. For more by Olga Carlisle, turn to page 98.*

The *Mikhail Lermontov*, a new Soviet liner linking New York to Leningrad throughout the summer, is an idealized Russia in miniature. She is well run, naturally isolated from the rest of the world, and full of courteous and smiling people—what the French call *"un bateau qui a le charme slave."* Named for a great nineteenth-century Romantic poet, she is recommended to those who enjoy a taste of Russia without being quite ready to face the stresses of a taxing journey to the Soviet Union. For a carefree Russian voyage, one may well want to go to Leningrad and back on the *Mikhail Lermontov*, disembarking for a few days of sightseeing in Peter's city, with stops at Le Havre, London, and Bremerhaven.

The M.S. "Mikhail Lermontov"

Captain Aram Mikhailovich Oganov

Left, *Olga Carlisle;* right, *ship's purser Larissa Sossina*

VALERI BARNEV

Ship's galley—the cuisine is Russian

The ship, built a little more than a year ago, is one of the happy results of the American-Russian trade agreements signed last fall. It is the very first time that a regular passenger service ever has been established between the U.S.A. and Russia.

The *Mikhail Lermontov* is fully air-conditioned and stabilized. Equipped to carry about seven hundred passengers, she is reminiscent of the one-class vessels of the 'fifties. There is easygoing emphasis put on such cultural activities as free Russian lessons, lectures on Russian literature, and Russian folk dancing. There is good, abundant Russian cuisine, the sort that might have been found in a well-to-do Russian household at the turn of the century. Discreetly, passengers who have paid for first-class accommodations are given the advantages of personal, thoughtful service. On the other hand, the public rooms, decks, lounges, gymnasium, dining room, gift shops, and bars have an atmosphere of pleasant informality. Everyone is likely to be companionable on the *Mikhail Lermontov*—a drink of Stolichnaya vodka is only twenty-five cents, and there are six bars open until the small morning hours.

The other traditional Russian delight, caviar, is scarcer. It is sold at the usual high price—one ounce, $3.75—in the gift shops, which specialize in folk- (Continued on page 59)

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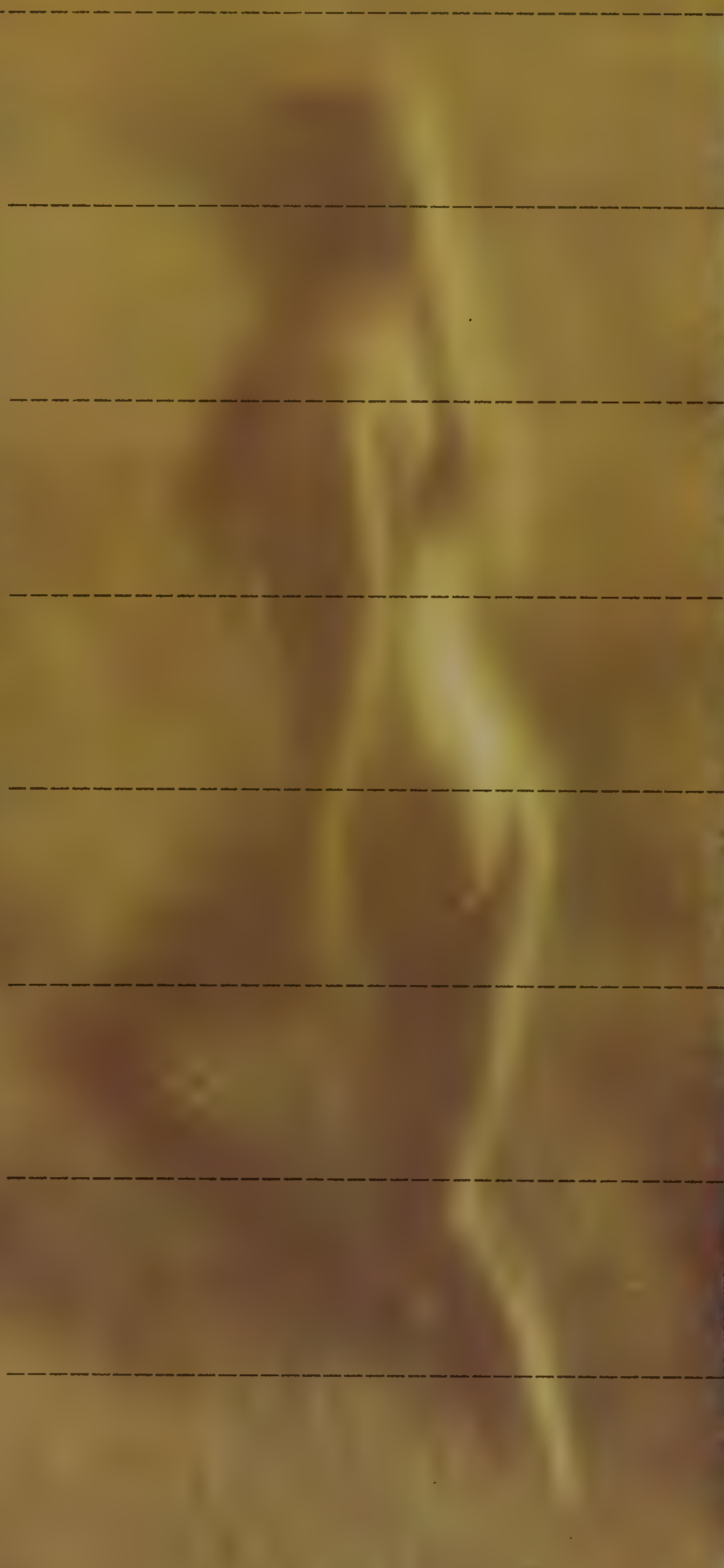

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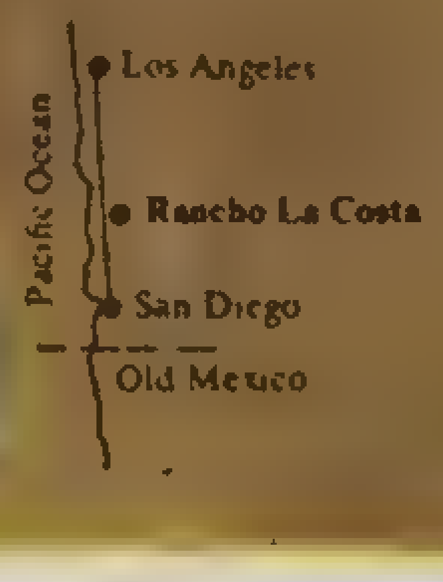

TRAVEL Continued from page 56

On the Russian ship, the staff doubles in entertainment

loric gifts, records, and furs (which are inexpensive and badly tailored). Most tempting: a collection of fringed cashmere shawls, Gypsy style, in brilliant colors.

But the great attraction of the *Mikhail Lermontov* is not the pool, nor the saunas; it is the quality of the personnel that makes this ship special. Under the benevolent leadership of Captain Aram Mikhailovich Oganov, officers and crew form what the Soviets call "a good collective." Almost everyone working on the vessel is a college graduate—young men and women with strong cases of wanderlust. Travel outside the U.S.S.R. is so unattainable for the average Soviet citizen that the Baltic Shipping Company has a large pool of applicants from which to choose its employees. All in all, they are rather shy, well-mannered, soft-spoken both in English and in Russian, and eager to please. Yet there is a total absence of servility that is not the least of their merits. More than a third of the staff are women. They are especially attractive: young, responsive, well-read, quite pretty—and on the plump side, in accordance with the usual Russian preference.

In addition to their jobs, the crew volunteer their talents for the pleasure of the ship's passengers. The athlete in charge of the gymnasium, Oleg, is a Master of Soviet Sports and an accomplished masseur. The staff captain plays the balalaika. The ship's nurse is a superb interpreter of Russian folk songs. Comrade Strelnikov, a jolly, middle-aged communications officer, is also one of the best dog trainers in the U.S.S.R. On his own, he keeps a sympathetic watch on the dogs on board and he is writing a book on dog training. His dream is to introduce a more humane and imaginative approach to the handling of animals in the Soviet Union.

Two young, bouncy entertainment officers, who express themselves in an exuberantly idiomatic English, direct the standard shipboard activities. When the seas become rough, as happened during my own westbound trip last April, all social activities involving the crew are canceled at once, and they turn their full attention to operating the vessel.

On my trip, after weathering a violent semitropical storm, the strongest the ship had ever encountered, we ran into thick fog banks shrouding innumerable ice floes and even some icebergs. I will never forget the excitement of a day spent in the middle of a polar seascape lit by filtered, other-worldly light. The boat moved extremely slowly. A young sailor in a huge black greatcoat, posted at the bow of the ship to help detect smaller ice floes, looked like some ancient Nordic figurehead. Suddenly, a huge black whale appeared on the misty horizon, spouting away among the ice floes and giving a Melville-ian touch to the scene. ■

Facts to know

Remember, you're on a hunk of floating Russia, so a nice thought is to hand out presents to the stewardesses and stewards who've looked after you: perfumes and men's colognes and other things which are sold in the ship's boutiques. You can't go wrong with tips.

Dress is casual. In the evening wear something pretty; dark suits for men. Take a bathing suit, and bring your own cosmetics. Take a washcloth, if you use one, and your own soap if you're finicky. Bring books if you crave something besides Russian classics.

On the August 15 sailing, fourteen days, New York to Leningrad, fares for each of two persons sharing an outside double cabin with bath or shower range from $436 to $704; to London, from $389 to $657; and to Le Havre, from $382 to $650.

For reservations: March Shipping Passenger Services, 19 Rector Street, N.Y. 10006.

For more information about sailing on the M.S. Mikhail Lermontov, write Vogue Travel, Department U, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.

TRAVEL CORRECTION

Rates quoted in the June issue on page 52 for La Romana resort, Dominican Republic, were incorrect. The rates, valid all year, for two persons sharing a double room including breakfast and dinner are: at the new Golf Hotel (Casa de Campo), $73 to $80; at the Hotal Romana, $52 to $73.

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HEALTH by Melva Weber

Staying Well Is The Best Cure

New discoveries will help you to... keep out of X pictures... gain a better figure without losing your health... catch cancer in life-saving time

Three warnings to do-or-dieters

- Think twice before going on any crash diet that calls for lots of protein (cottage cheese, lean meat, chicken, fish), very little carbohydrate (no bread, no fruit, no vegetables), and lots of water. You may lose weight, but you may also lose important minerals from your bones and suffer a breakdown of the tissue in organs and muscles. Dr. Harold Yacowitz of Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey has checked overweight people on high-protein diets; he found unusual amounts of calcium, phosphorus, iron, and zinc excreted in urine and a blood enzyme called SGOT increased—a sign that tissues in the body were breaking down. So take care not to wash away bone and flesh you need while trying to diet away those fatty pounds that you don't want.
- The caution light is on, too, for drugs for weight loss, such as amphetamines ("ups," or "speed") or fenfluramine (the latter, long popular in Europe, is not approved for weight-reduction in the United States). At the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Albert Stunkard, Dr. Karl Rickels, and Dr. Peter Hesbacher have found that both fenfluramine and amphetamines will produce only a small weight loss—less than a pound a week. And there are troubles. The doctors' study showed that fenfluramine causes side effects—sleepiness and stomach upset—in almost nine out of ten users and that amphetamines cause some unwanted symptoms in nine out of twenty people. Because they are so often dangerously misused, amphetamines are now coming under tighter government regulations. The Pennsylvania doctors think fenfluramine should be released for clinical use, under a physician's direction, but that it's not the answer for most people.
- Dr. Hilde Bruch, psychiatrist and professor at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston, warns against the idea that we all should be slim to be happy and healthy. For some people, she says, it's better to stay overweight to avoid a physical or mental breakdown. Dr. Bruch says there are "thin fat people"; for them, overeating and being oversized may be the balancing factors in their precarious adjustments to life. Even when they diet and become slim, these people have the same problems they had when they were fat, often intensified. "Fat people are likely to blame all their difficulties on being fat," says Dr. Bruch, "but reducing won't erase all their problems." For millions of the overweight, reducing is a good thing; for *some* with emotional difficulties, there is a serious mental-health hazard in changing their figures drastically.

See-through pictures, no X-risk involved

An ultrasound camera, being developed by Stanford Research Institute in California, can provide better and safer photography of internal organs and tissue structures than the X-ray machine. Even an unborn fetus can be looked at—and through—time after time without the dangers of radiation; there are no searing X-rays, only "silent" sounds, higher than human ears can hear. The ultrasonic camera can even see some soft tissues and organs invisible to X-rays, and injections of dye and other contrast materials aren't needed. The new camera projects the shots onto a television screen, the better to show a beating heart or an unborn baby in motion.

Watch, too, for more news about ultrasound diagnosis of eye diseases. At Columbia University in New York, Dr. D. Jackson Coleman has used ultrasonic eye scans for more than one thousand patients and has set up guides for interpreting and diagnosing by ultrasound, so other specialists can use the technique in detecting inside-the-body conditions, including heart disease and cancer.

Women, smoking, and sudden death

Heavy cigarette smoking and sudden death from a warningless heart attack are closely related, reported a three-doctor team in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. New York's Dr. David M. Spain, Dr. Henry Siegel, and Dr. Victoria A. Bradess studied autopsies of women who died suddenly of heart attacks and found that 62 percent were heavy smokers and that the heavy smokers had their fatal attacks about nineteen years younger than did nonsmoking heart-attack victims. Once, sudden death from heart attack happened twelve times oftener to men than to women; now, that ratio is four to one. The doctors think one reason for the rising rate of female heart attacks is increased smoking among women.

New tests to fight cancer

In a careful, closely followed program of therapy in San Antonio, Dr. William McGuire treats women who have breast cancer with the female hormones estrogen and prolactin. In about one third of his patients, the endocrine treatment causes the tumors to shrink away, he says, and stay that way for many years. So far it is not clear just why the hormonal treatment works for some of the patients and not for others.

Dr. McGuire is working to develop a test that will tell which patients the hormones will help, which will have to have other treatment. And to make breast-cancer detection surer, earlier, Dr. McGuire is developing still another test—one that will be as effective for breast cancer as the Pap test is for gynecologic cancer.

The second-worst killer cancers, rectal and colonic malignancies, will take forty-seven thousand lives this year, says the American Cancer Society; and three quarters of these people could be saved by earlier detection and treatment, if people have rectal examinations with their regular checkups.

Mayo Clinic's Dr. Harold H. Scudamore says in *Medical World News* that 88 percent of the patients who have surgery *before* symptoms appear do not die of their cancers. What to do: Specify to your doctor that you want a rectal examination at least once a year. Ask for proctoscopy or proctosigmoidoscopy as well as digital examination. Traces of blood in the stools are sometimes the earliest sign of trouble.

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Clean from the desert . . .

. . . of the Southwest comes a new shampoo-ingredient liquid extracted from the roots of the yucca plant. Carefully combined with other good-for-your-hair components, this natural discovery is supposed to eliminate many of the undesirable effects of shampoos made of soap or detergents; i.e., getting rid of dirt and oil without washing out body and control, and leaving a shine with no dulling soap film. Alberto-Culver named it Yucca-Dew Shampoo. (And with a name like that, it *has* to be good!)

Spoons are not only for eating

Roving friend of ours, just back from the Orient, proclaims that the best Japanese massage she had was done with a run-of-the-meal won ton soup spoon. Masseuse covered her with creams and oils, then ran the bowl of the spoon firmly and gently in straight lines down her arms and across her back. Our friend swears she could feel the muscles straightening and relaxing. Whether or not, she's buying these porcelain-like utensils for her tensed-up friends. Even locally, they're inscrutably inexpensive.

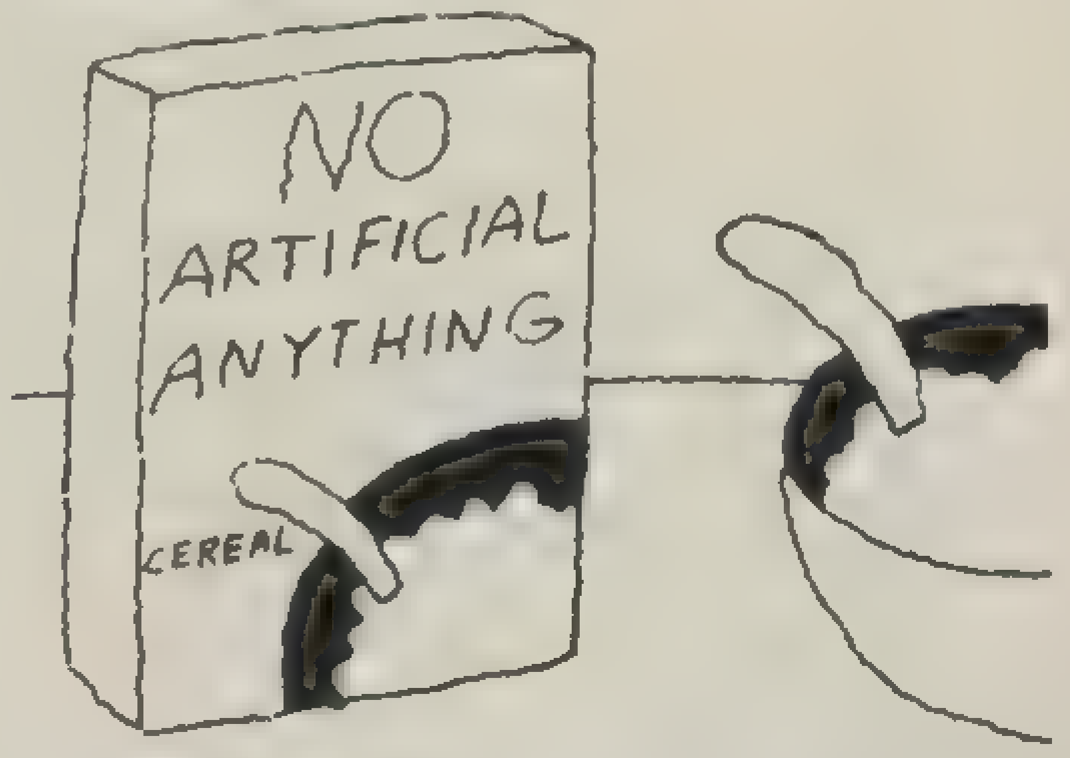
Thinking bigger . . .

. . . is, presumably, the aim of the Binaca people. This potent breath-freshener first appeared in a teeny one-drop-on-the-tip-of-your-tongue vial. Then it showed up in a portable, concentrated purse spray so popular that a famous jewelry store offered gold sheaths for it (the ultimate gift for the woman who has everything) and one of those Texas shops where everything comes up diamonds made gilded metal versions. Now, there's Binaca in a giant family version, frosty-mint in flavor and color, in a fifteen-ounce decanter.

Shopping-cart chic . . . T. L. C.

The reported one-out-of-every-seven Americans who suffers from overly sensitive teeth should welcome a new toothbrush called *Sensodyne,* made by the people who turn out the same-name toothpaste for sensitive teeth. . . . Young members of the family will thank you for *The Scrub,* new antibacterial facial cleanser, a young sibling of Listerine. Fights, among other adolescent woes, the complexion-killing effects of school-cafeteria meals and illicit late-night munches. . . . For you who take note of the return of "half moons" on manicured hands, *Lady Groom* is a cuticle pusher and trimmer and under-nail cleaner in one. Looks like a neat, ball-point pen. Revlon makes a version for cuticle-concerned men, too.

The case of the disappearing coconut



On the day three boxes of peppy new cereal arrived in the office—plain, raisin, and coconut—the last disappeared first. Turned out that some light-fingered, weight-watching editors found this new natural breakfast food a great, crunchy mid-morning snack. Grilled mercilessly, the culprits admitted that they also were impressed by the fact that no additives, preservatives, fillers, artificial colorings or flavorings are contained in Heartland Natural Cereals. Instead, they're a delicious blend of old-fashioned rolled oats and wheat germ, lightly coated with natural brown sugar, vanilla, etc. No artificial anything. Usual intake is in the morning, of course, with milk and/or fresh fruit added. Further good news! Average protein content per serving is 10 to 11 percent. Pet is the parent of this catchy new health food.

"Take two aspirins . . .

. . . and call me in the morning." Since we've learned to live with these almost inevitable if not necessarily reassuring words from a sleepy doctor, best thing to do is make the best of them. One way is to follow the advice of seven hundred and fifty watchful Welbys recently polled by the American Academy of Medicine. In order of importance, here's what they suggest you keep on hand—in small quantities *and* in child-proof containers:

1. Mild analgesics
2. Plastic bandages, sterile gauze, and tape
3. Thermometers (oral and rectal)
4. Antibacterial ointments and soaps
5. Diarrhea medication
6. Antacids
7. Antihistamines
8. Laxatives
9. Emetic drugs
10. Rubbing alcohol
11. Cough expectorant preparations
12. Petroleum jelly

To this we add our layman's warnings. Be sensible about how serious the problem is. Watch out for known dangers, such as administering laxatives if appendicitis is a possibility. Throw out *any* medication over a year old.

Packaged sun

"Frost and Tip" used to mean going to the salon for hair-lightening and rewarding the operator for the service. Still *can.* Still *does* for devotees of professional care. But for others, Frost and Tip now means a home kit with everything you need (from product to cap, gloves, and frosting needle) to add a little sunstruck interest to your hair. With it, you can do a little or a lot: brighten thin strands; streak broad bands at the temples or the brow; pick out peaks of light all over . . . at the tips only. What you *don't* do is use this new Clairol creation to change the whole color. They have other things for that.

Riddle

What's corny, natural, colorless, and good? The answer is the first face powder made predominantly of non-minerals. Corn Silk eschews talc, the primary ingredient of most powders, in favor of corn-cob dust, the core of the cob micronized to super fineness. We're told that this light-as-air mainstay helps Corn Silk Powder absorb twice as much facial oil as others. Loose or pressed, it doesn't cake, turn orange, or add unwanted color to your skin. Shulton thinks of it as "nature's own makeup." And also, we'd venture to guess, *yours.*

Paganne

Gene Berk for Paganne interprets the colors and moods of the islands with "Martinique" . . . a free-flowing print in lustrous, soft Qiana® nylon.

LORD & TAYLOR
GARFINCKEL'S
I. MAGNIN
NEIMAN-MARCUS

PAGANNE LTD., 530 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. The Dress Division of Printogs, Ltd.

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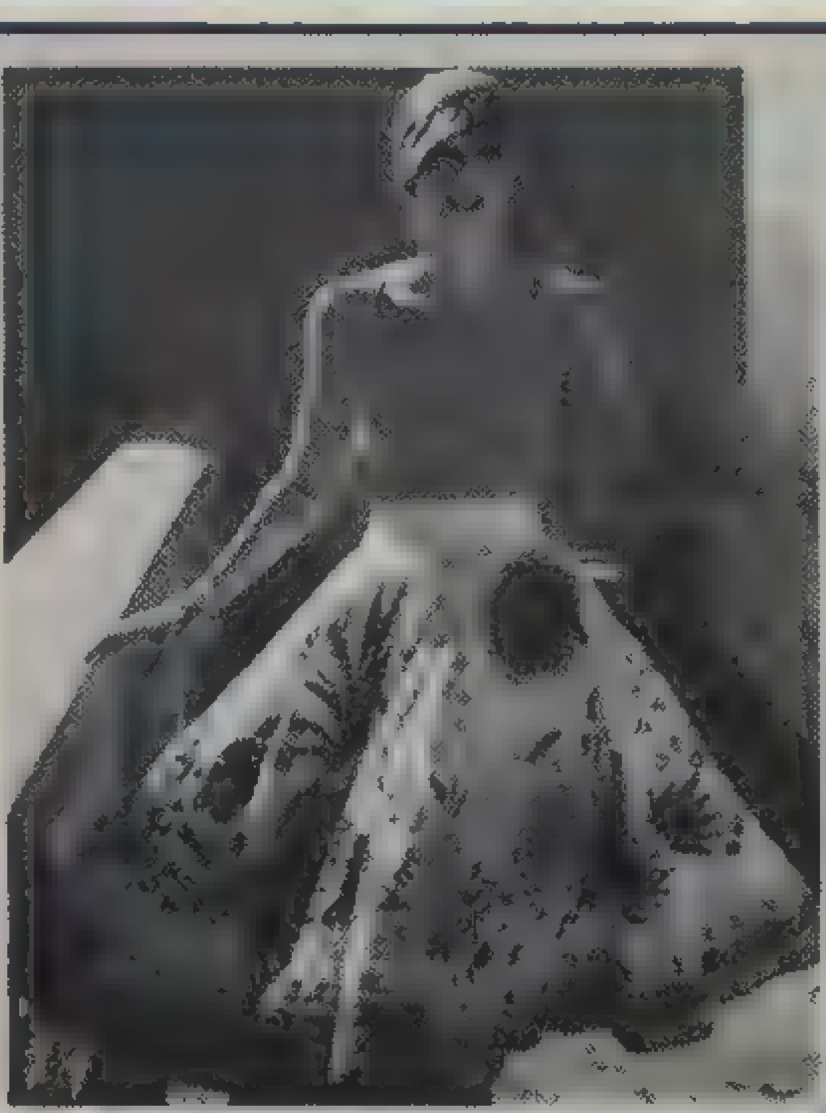
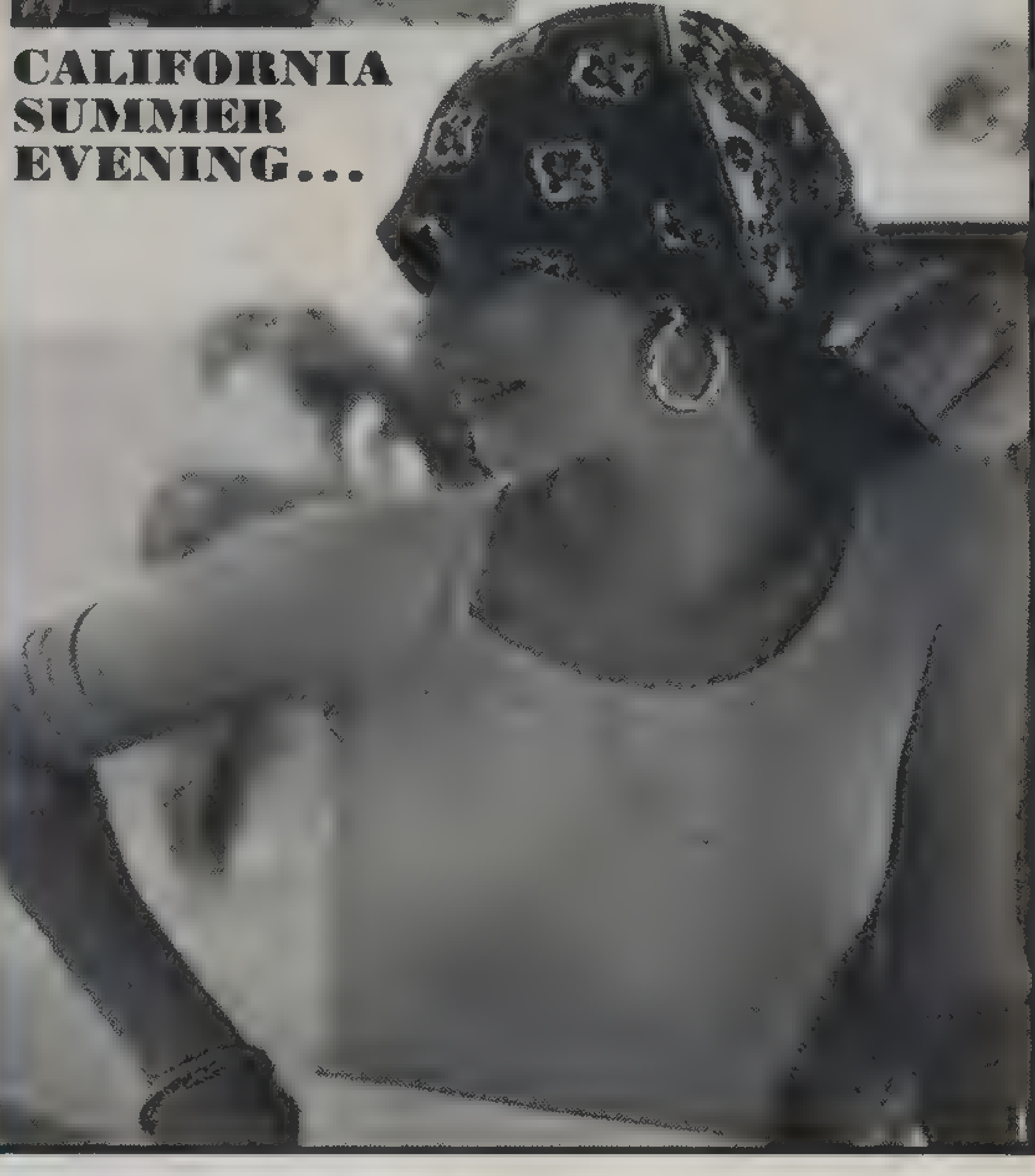
VOGUE BOUTIQUE



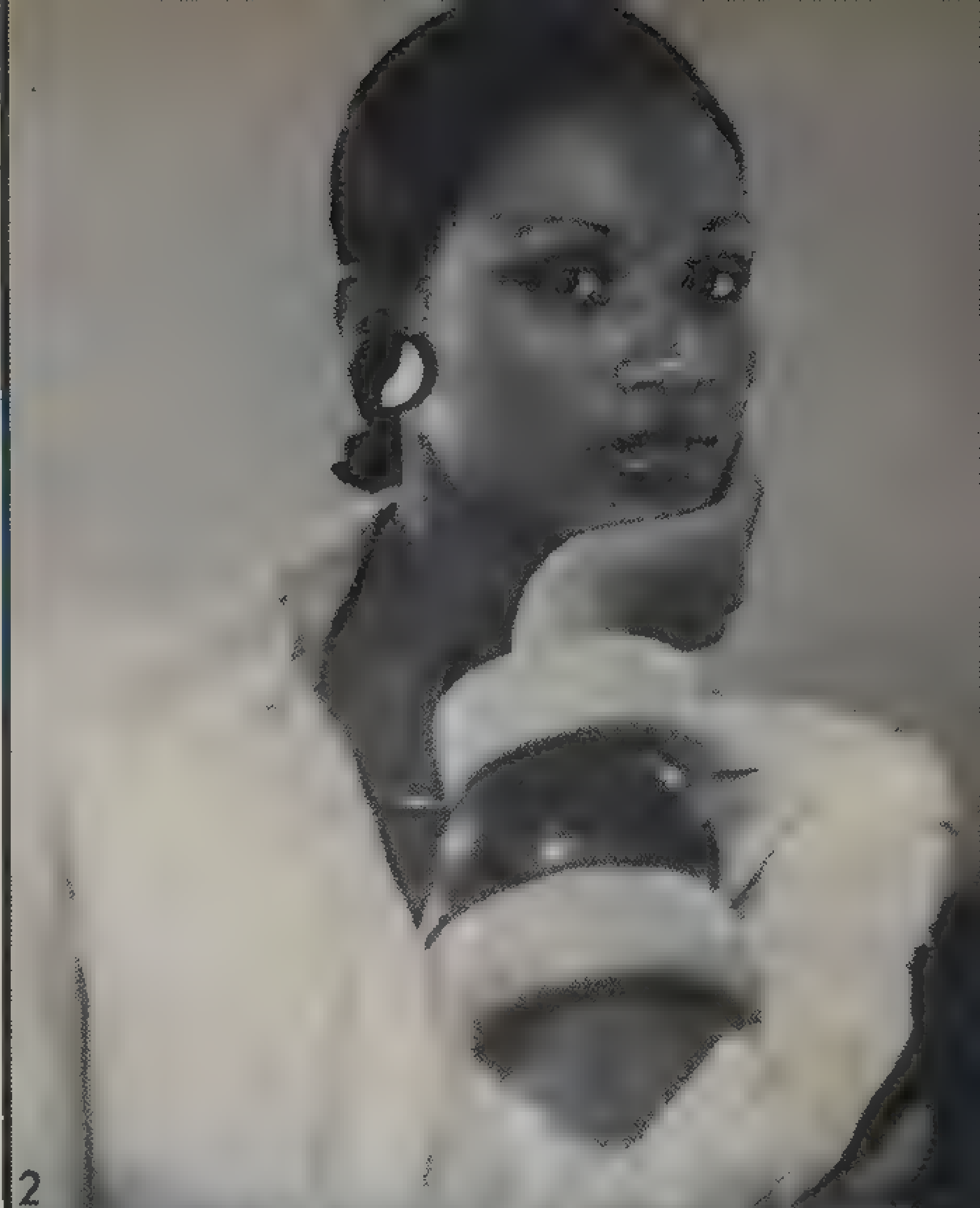
1. Raspberry T-shirt, $10, almost-ankle circle skirt, sequinned flowers on natural muslin. $50. Add . . . as *Barbara Dulien* does here, golden hoop earrings, a cotton babushka. By Barbara for Molly and Me.

CALIFORNIA SUMMER EVENING . . .



ROMANTIC!

August mood . . . a touch of fancy! **PARIS** (and the Côte): Renoir summer ladies—the look is ribboned and flowered straw capelines, hatting some of the prettiest white-and-lace-trimmed dresses to the ankle! **LONDON:** The mood's the same; added is specific English charm . . . croquet and cricket on greenest lawns, idling by barge on a willow-lined river. . . . **SUMMER COMMUNICATION:** Yeats's love poems instead of flowers. Brown's cannot keep their huge crownless white straw hats (to wear over cotton scarves) in stock! **L.A. AND N.Y.:** The summer-day look—long flowered cotton batiste skirts as thin as baby dresses, over rose-embroidered T-shirts, for country walks . . . tuck some fresh thyme in a pocket!



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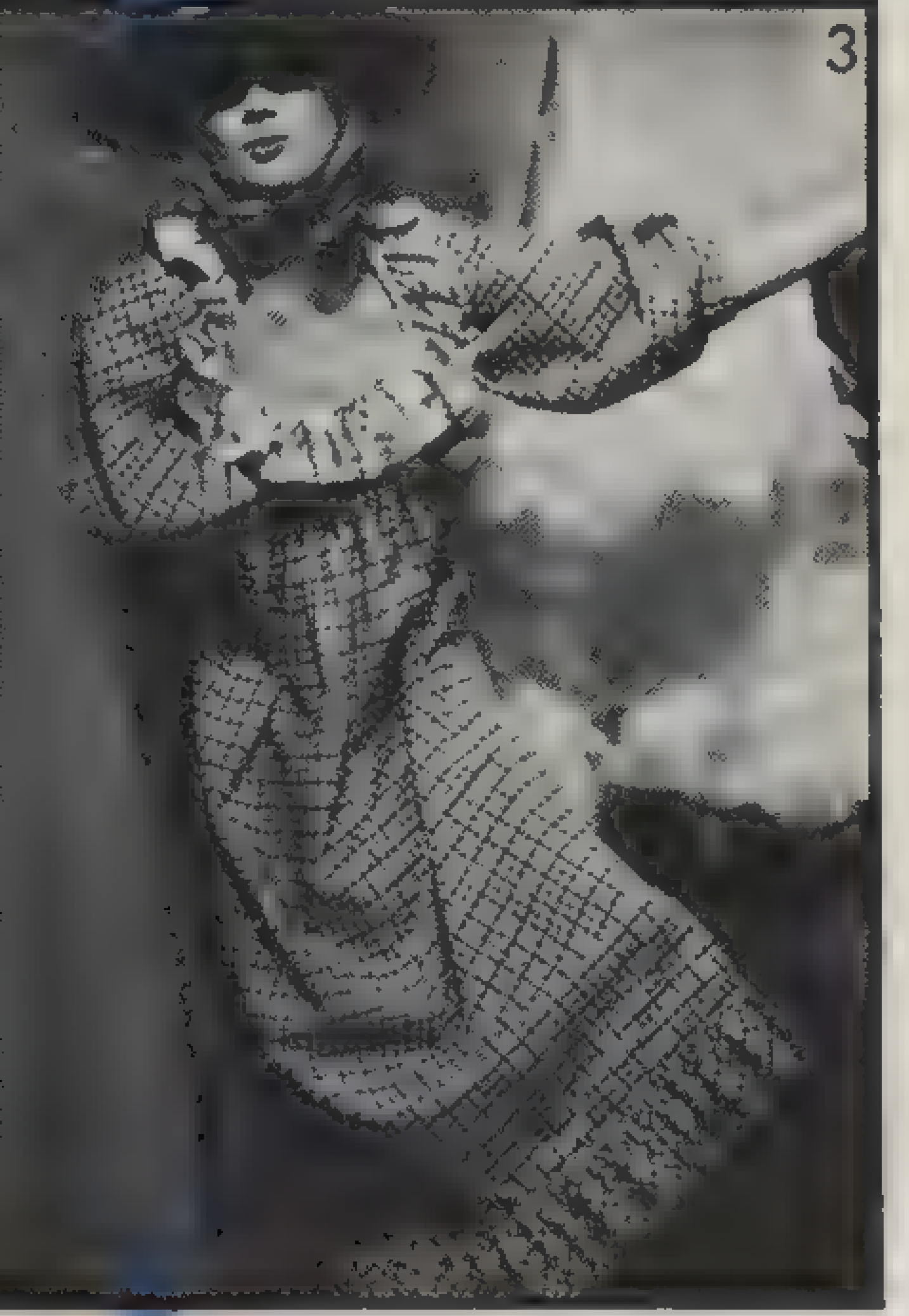
TREASURES! THERE'S NOTHING MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN OLD IVORY TURNED GOLDEN AND SHADES OF THICK PURE CREAM: MAR TANNENBAUM'S ANCIENT NEW GUINEAN IVORY BANGLES—DISCOVERED BY BEVERLY JOHNSON, AT HENRI BENDEL . . . AND ALSO AT MAR'S OWN SHOP "THE VENERABLE BEAD," OPENING SEPTEMBER IN CHICAGO.



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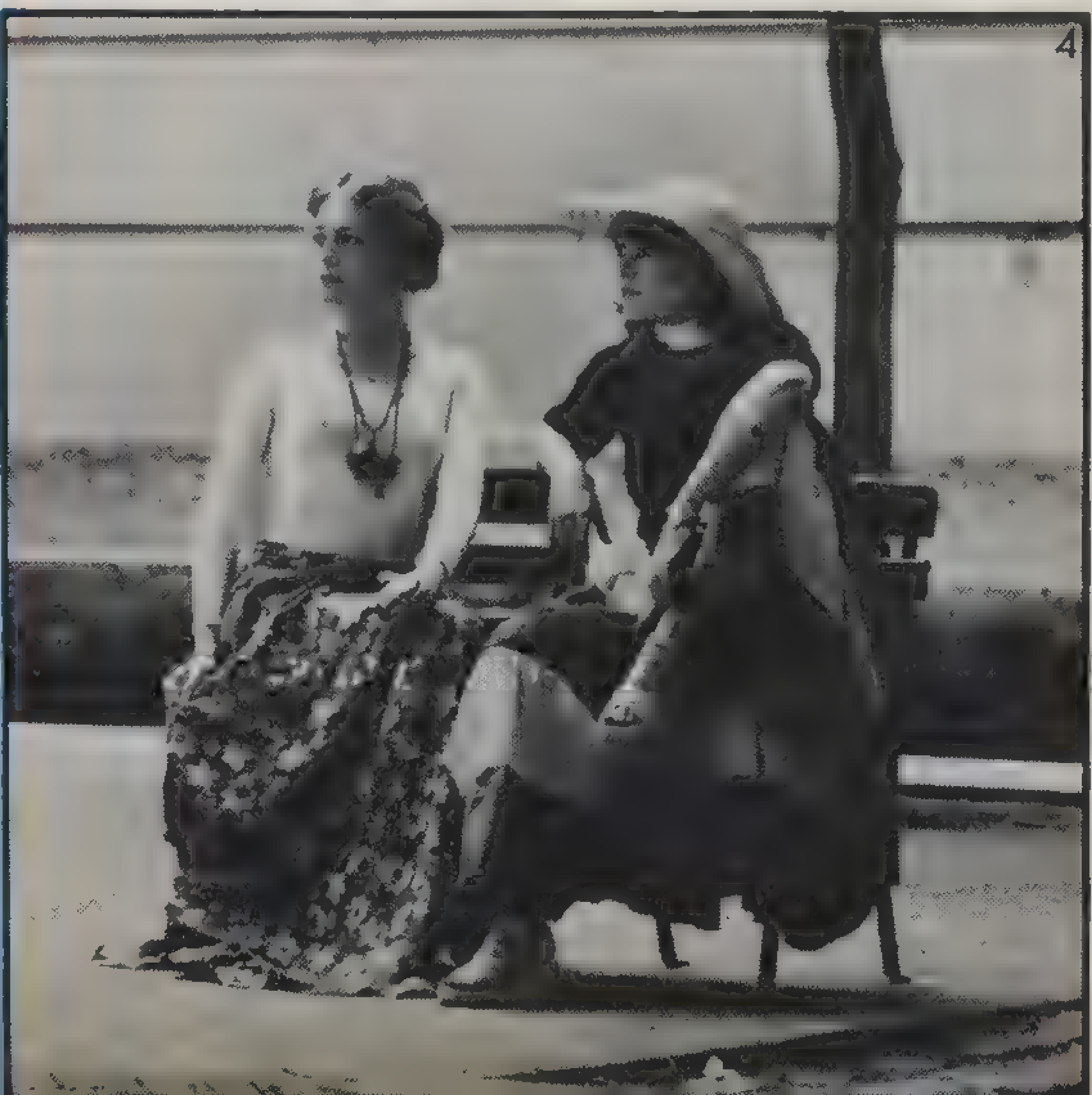
PARIS:
3. Provençal-printed cotton "peasant" dress from France Faver, 79 rue des Saint-Pères. The Paris-place for wonderful made-to-order romantic-garden clothes, delicious bits of rufflery and lace, milliners' dreams of straw hats . . . the place for summer wedding dresses!



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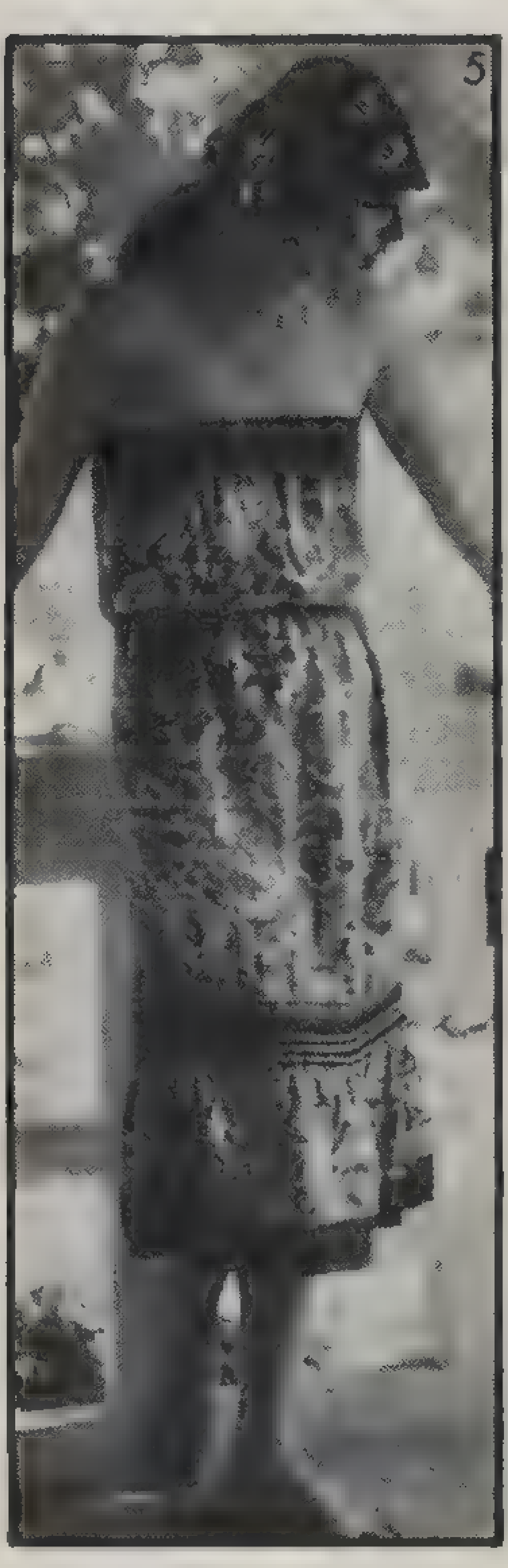
4. T-shirt and skirt dressing, Summer-Gentle! Patti D'Arbanville in Burgundy cotton, ankle-ruffled and covered with daffodils, $15. Chor Bazaar, 801 Lexington Ave., New York. Agnes, straw-hatted, skirted in three tiers of striped navy-and-toffee Indian cotton. $18. Spectrum India, 386 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

BARBARA BERSE



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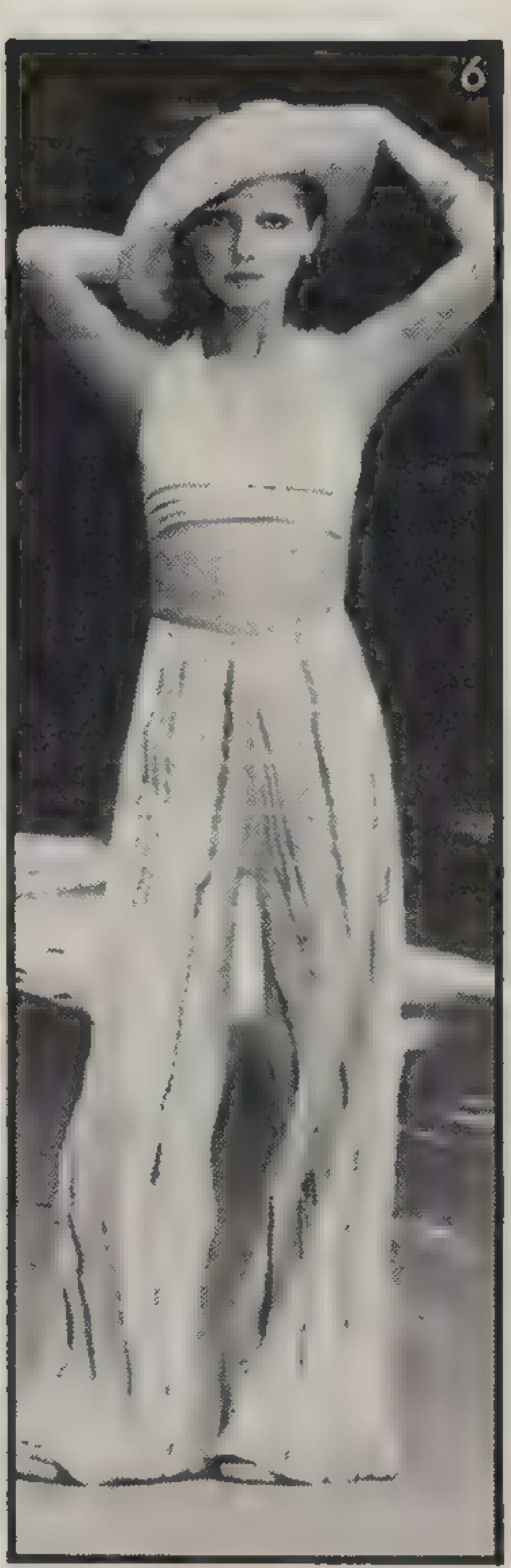
L.A.: 5. More Barbara Dulien prettiness—strapless summer-dress of printed challis, a wash of apricot, teal, and bittersweet ruffled and ribboned to above-ankle. $40, at Molly and Me, 370 No. Bedford Dr., Beverly Hills.



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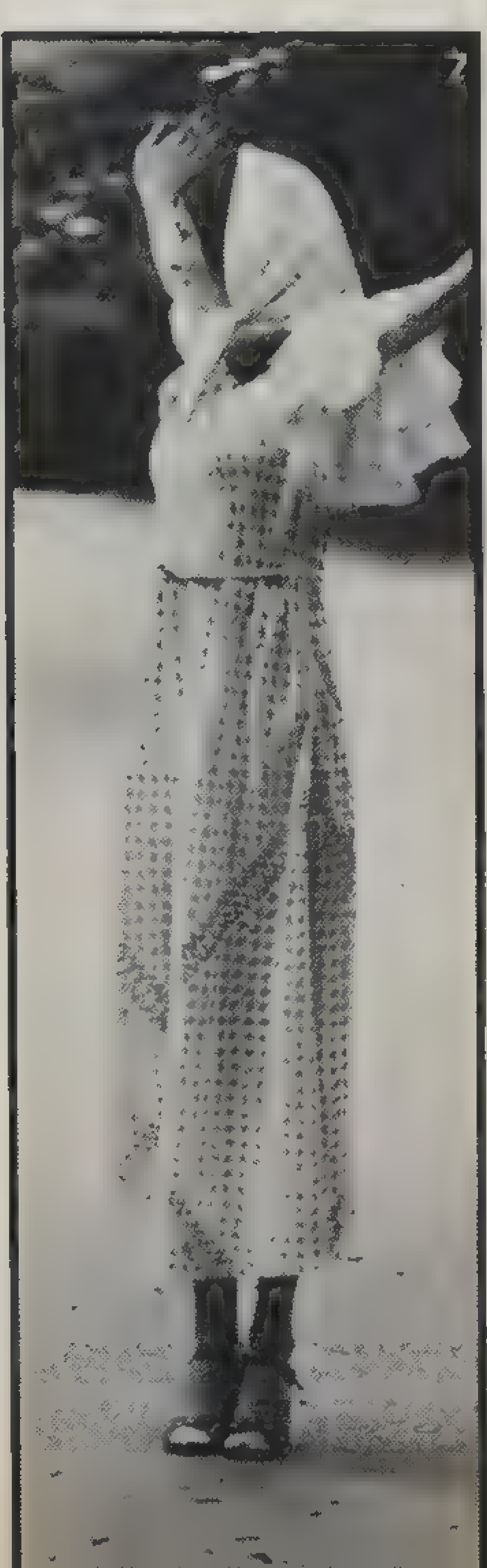
N.Y.: 6. Summer-trouser dressing . . . ROMANTIC! Turkish blue striped muslin halter ($5) and "breezy" pants ($16) from Grecophilia, 1143 First Ave. Add a capeline for the prettiest head. Hat, $5, Greek Island.



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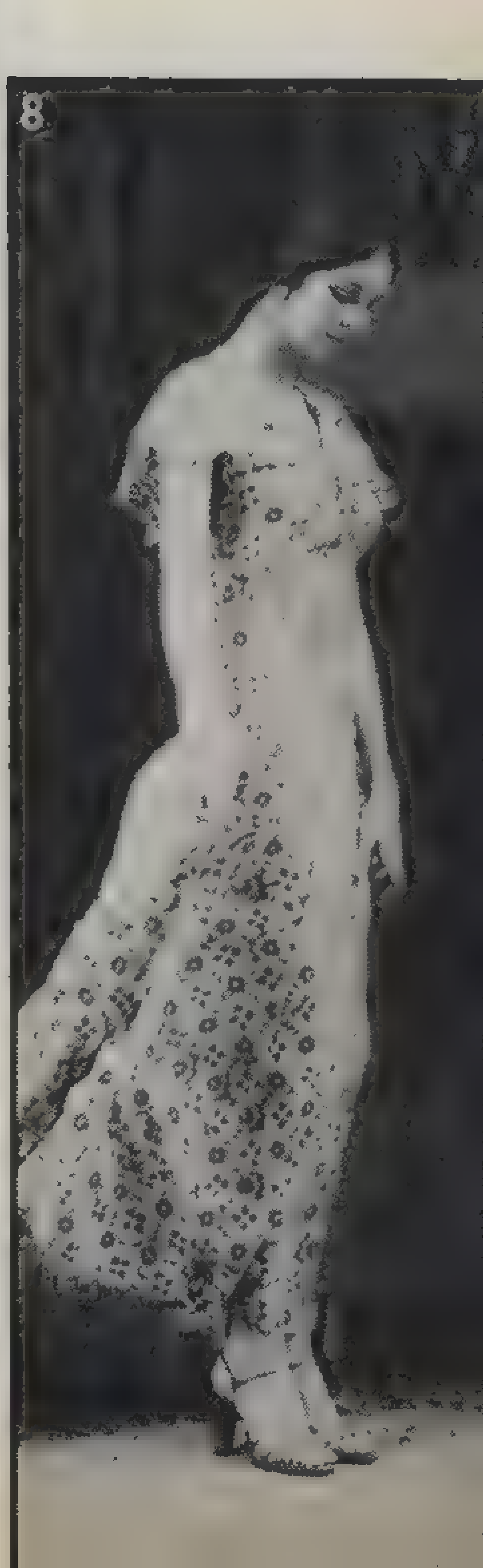

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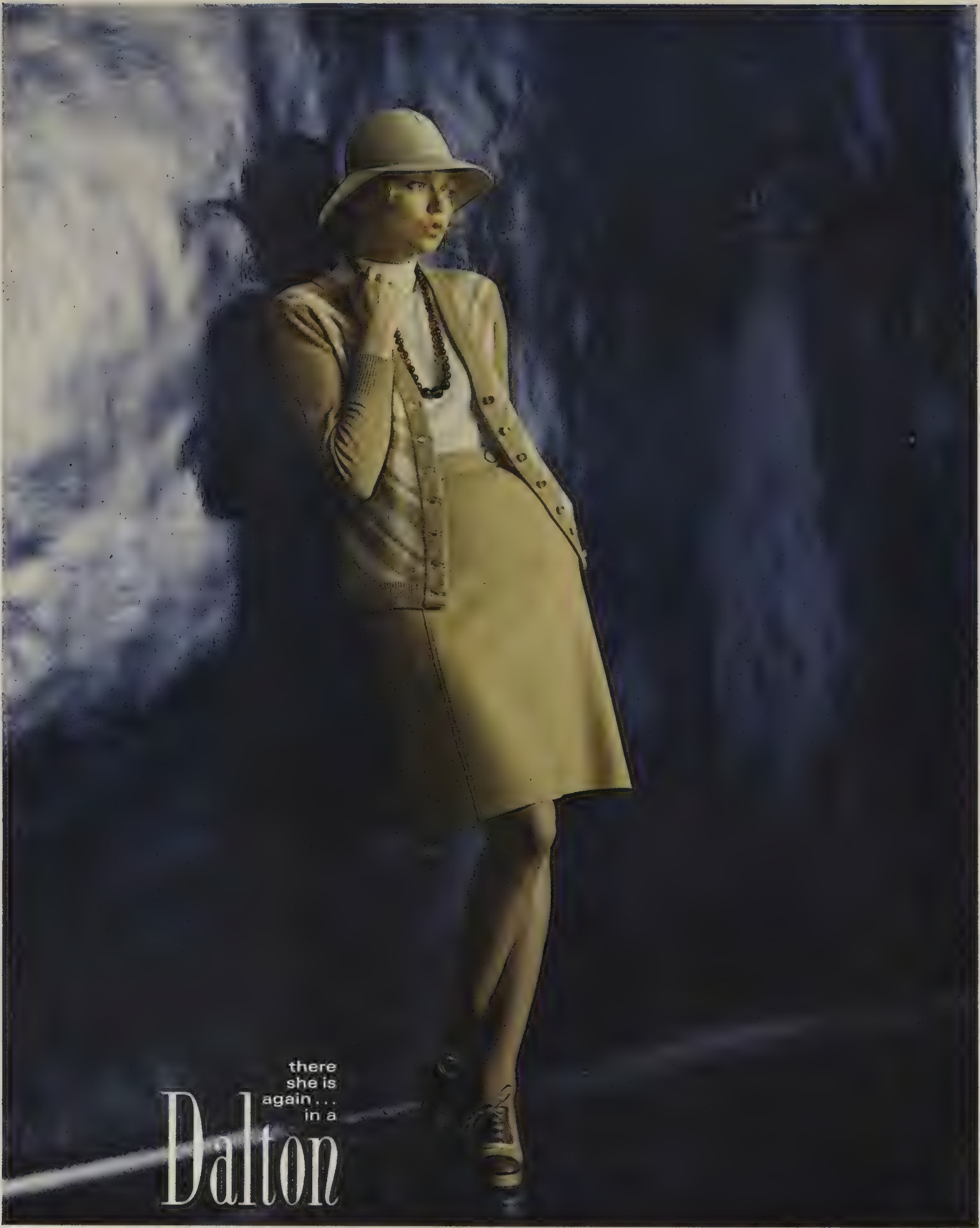
Laura Ocampo—EXTRA ROMANTIC! 7. Wildflower-printed white cotton challis "scarf dress" bias-ruffled sleeves—matching babushka. $65. Greek Island Ltd., 215 E. 49th St. 8. Orange-and-amber printed Indian gauze bias-ruffled "tea-dancing" dress. $20. Spectrum India, 386 Fifth Ave.


there she is again . . . in a
Dalton

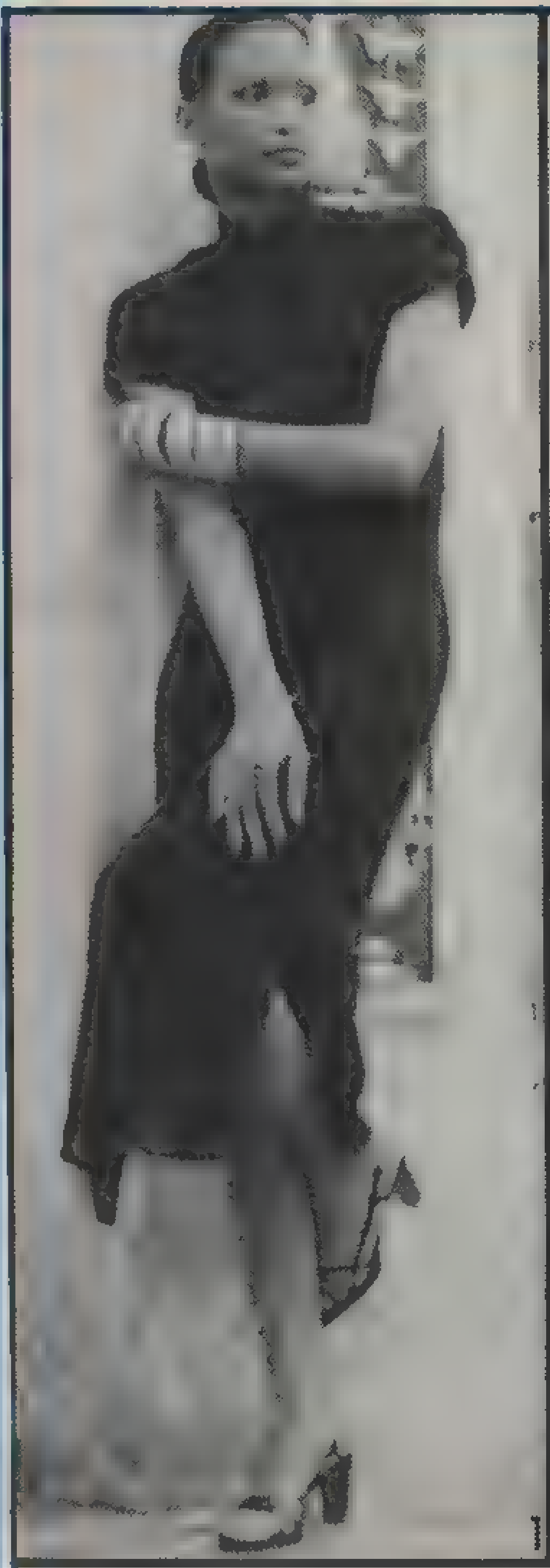
Cashmere couplet . . . perfectionist partnership of Dalton sweaters to flourish with a matching wool flannel skirt designed by Stella Sloat. Sweaters, sizes 34 to 40; skirt, sizes 6 to 18. Short-sleeve pullover, about $34; cardigan, about $70; gored skirt, about $36.

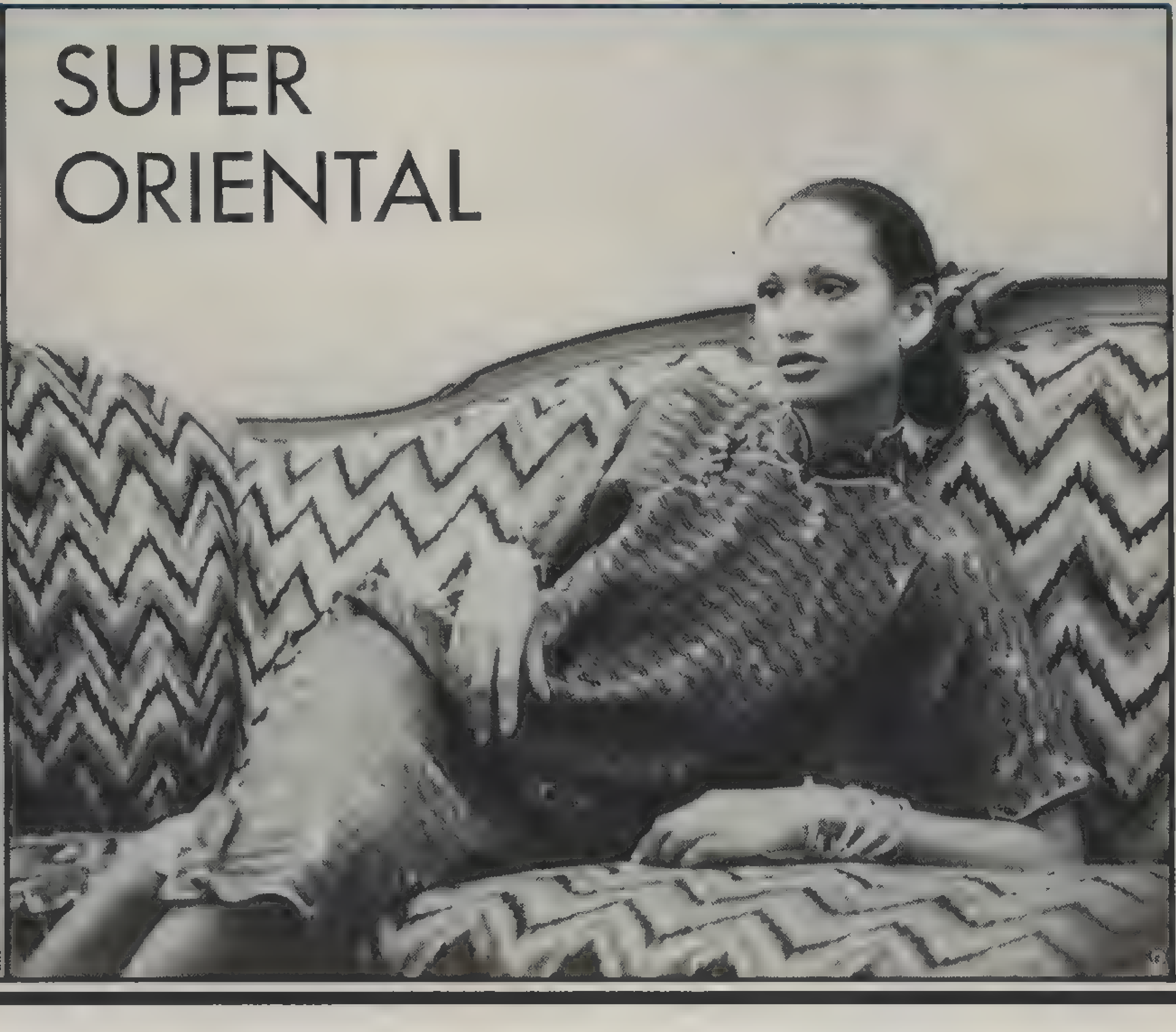
Featured at Bonwit Teller, Montaldo's, Halle's, Jacobson's, Michigan; Woolf Bros., Battlestein's, Frost Bros., Bullock's, all stores; and other fine stores everywhere.

Dalton of America, New York City or Willoughby, Ohio. Also makers of James Kenrob sportswear. Prices slightly higher in the West.

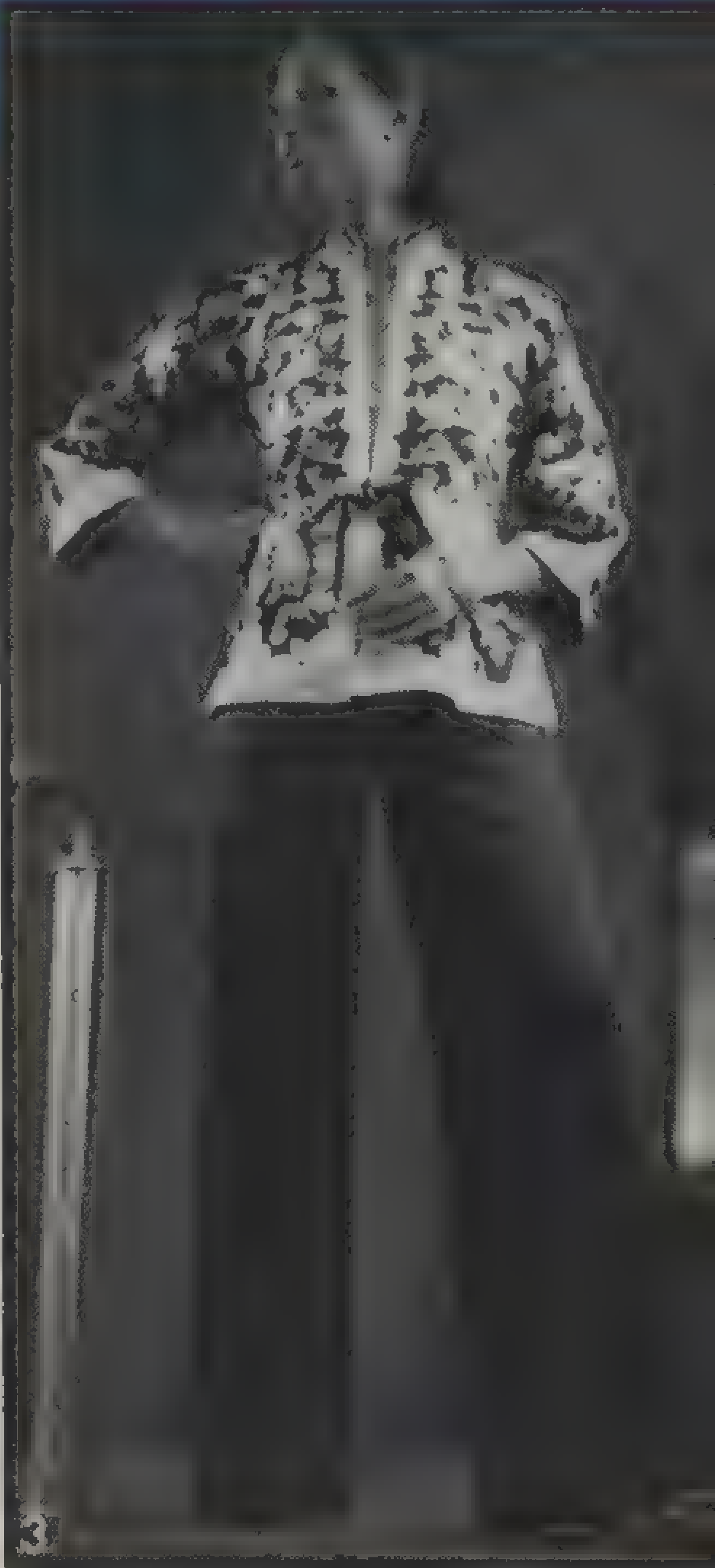
VOGUE BOUTIQUE AUGUST PLEASURES

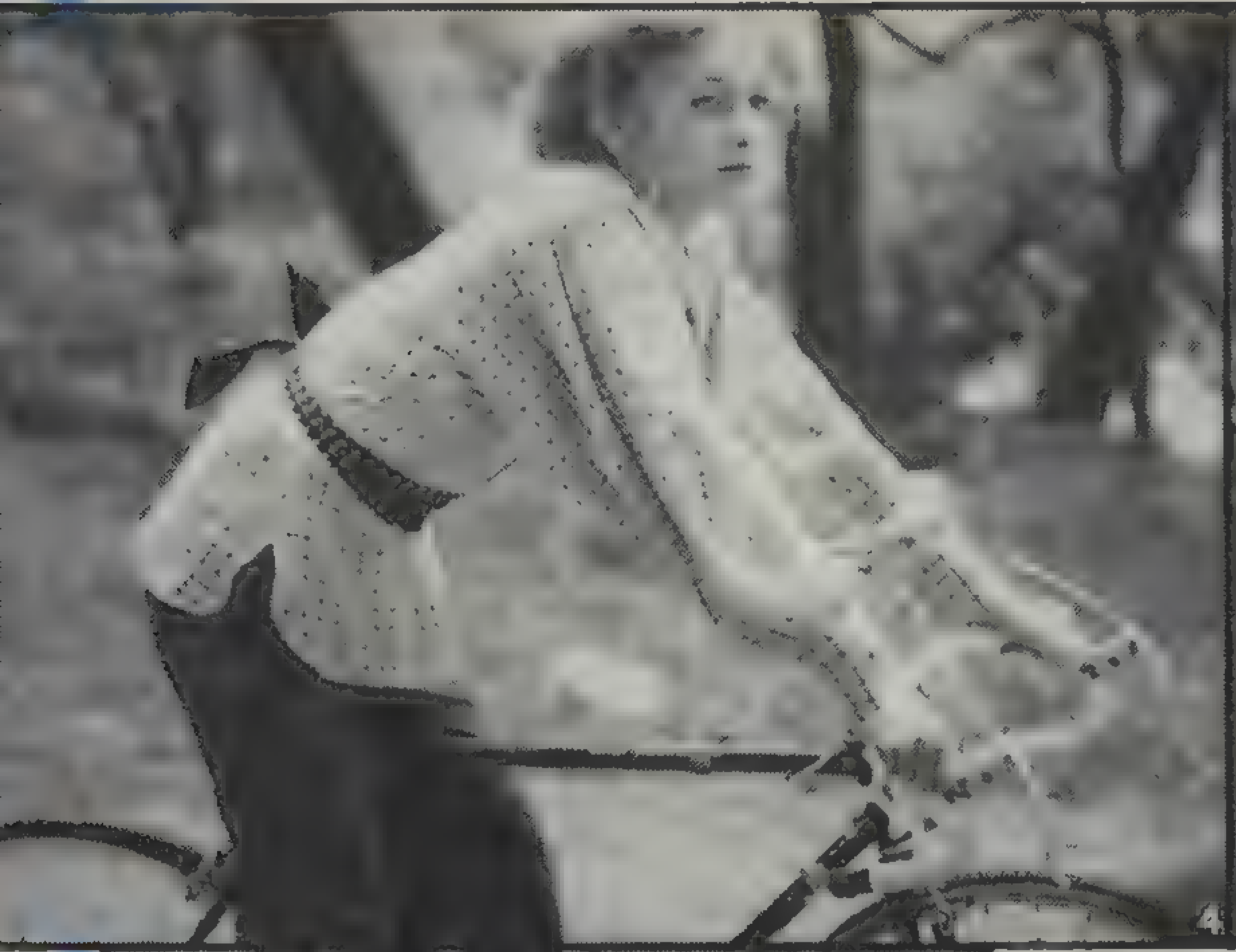
SUPER ORIENTAL

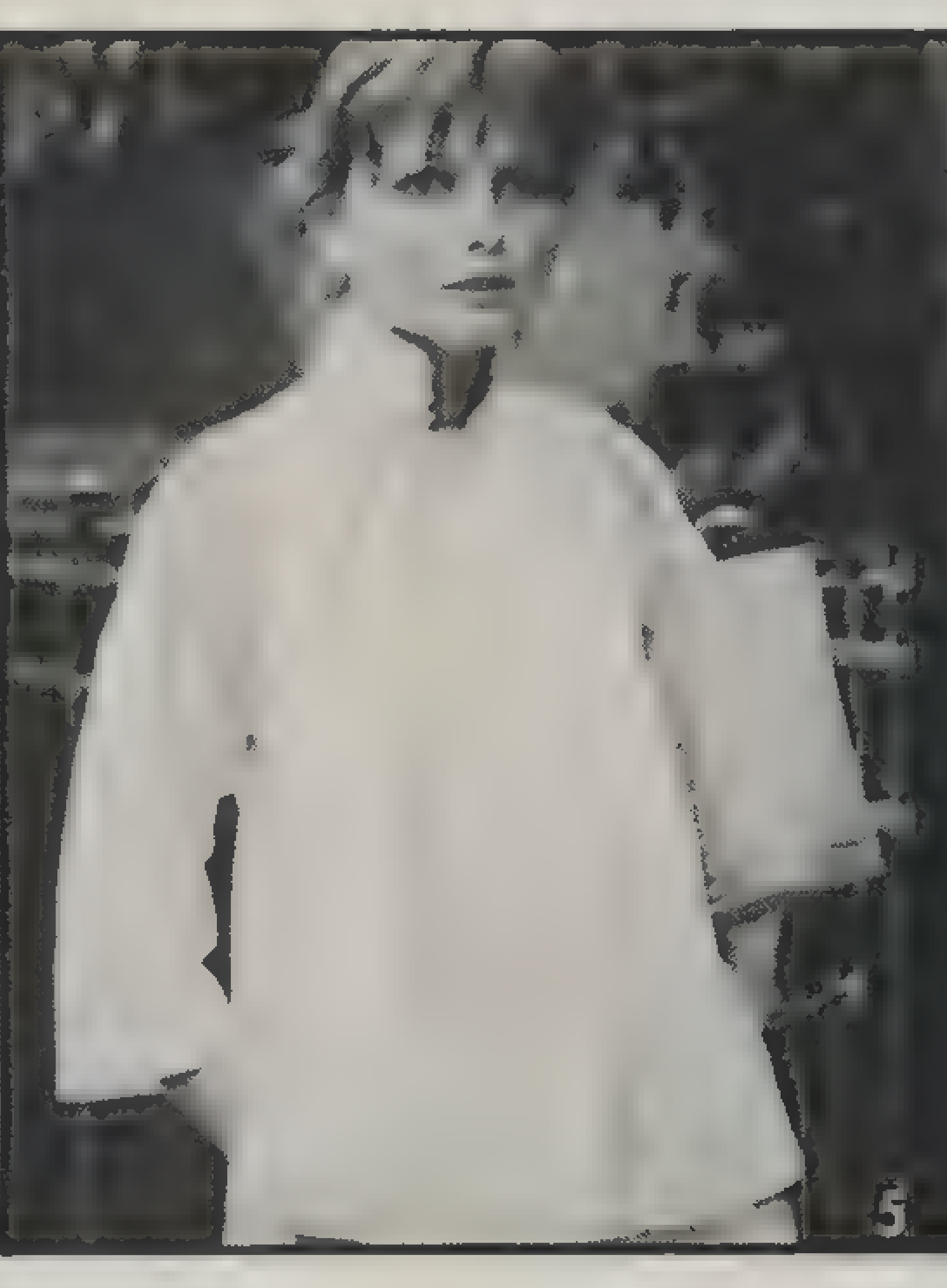


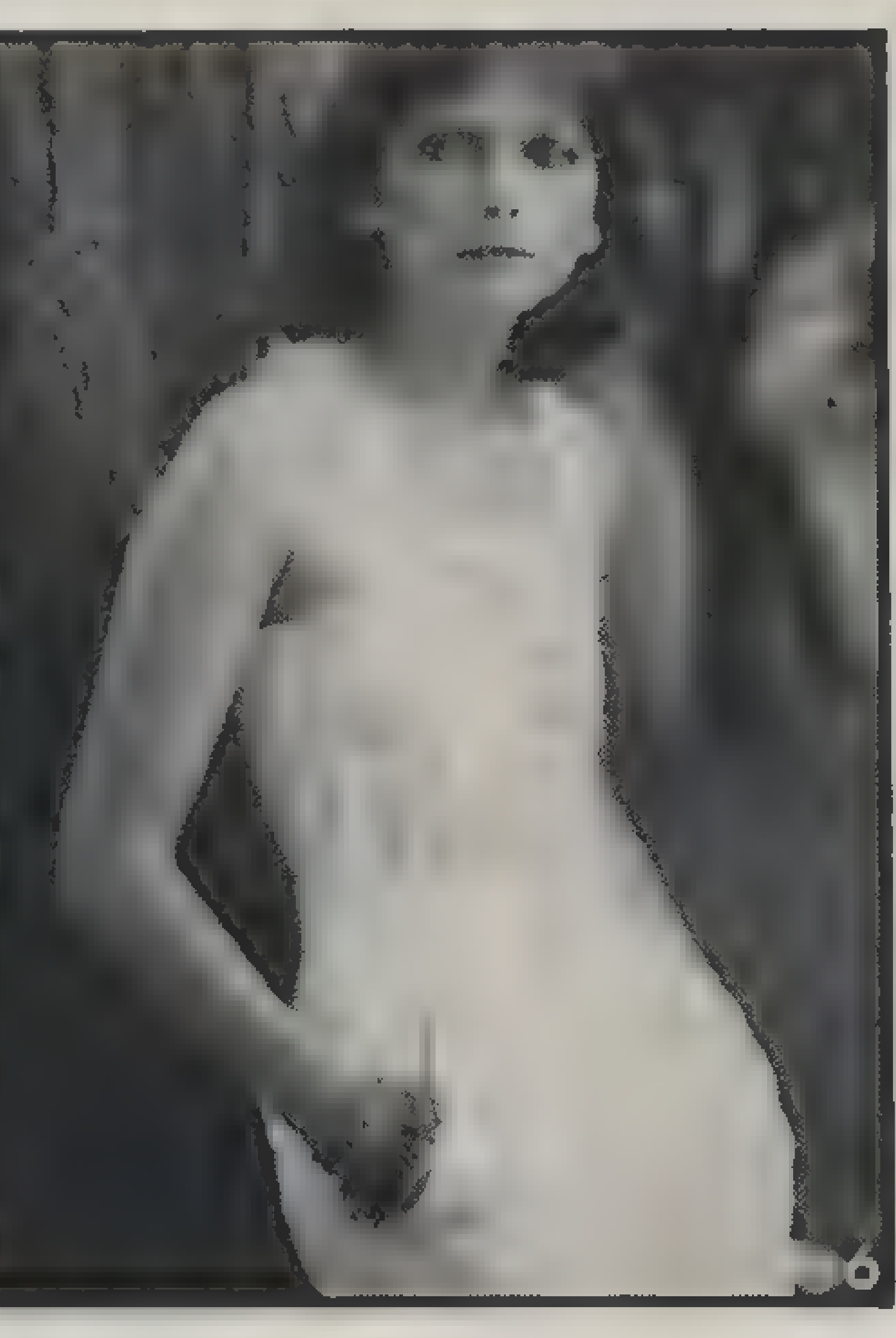


MORE ON TREASURES . . . From Great Eastern Trading Co., Ghirardelli Square, San Francisco, Beverly Johnson found original 1930's "dream clothes," Chinese style! 1. Navy chiffon cheongsam covered with ultraviolet butterflies. $150 2. Aubergine-and-steel lightning-bolted crêpe de Chine cheongsam $145. 3. Black silk Chinese wedding jacket, gold-and-silver embroidered dragons and ribbons. $275.



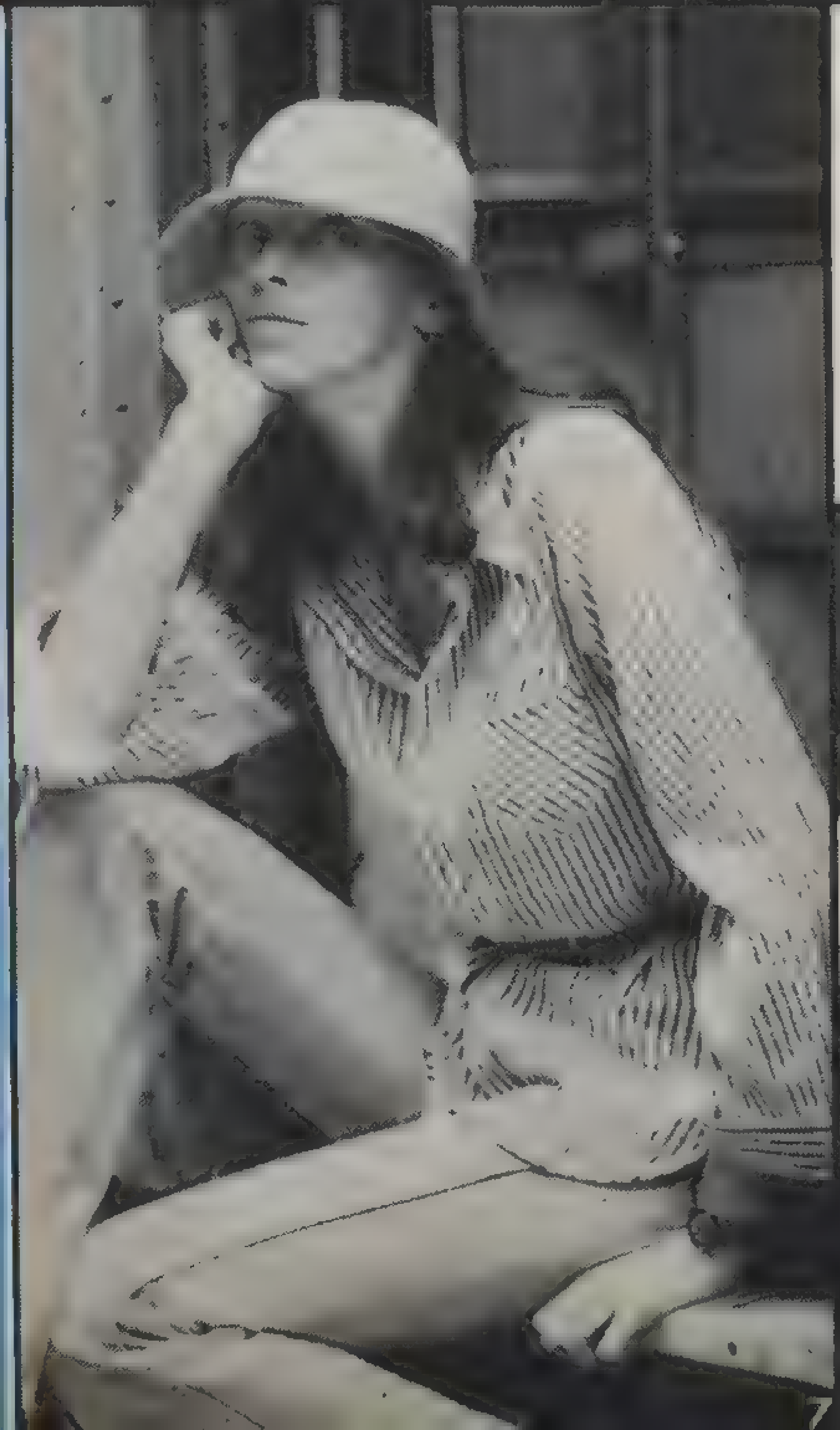


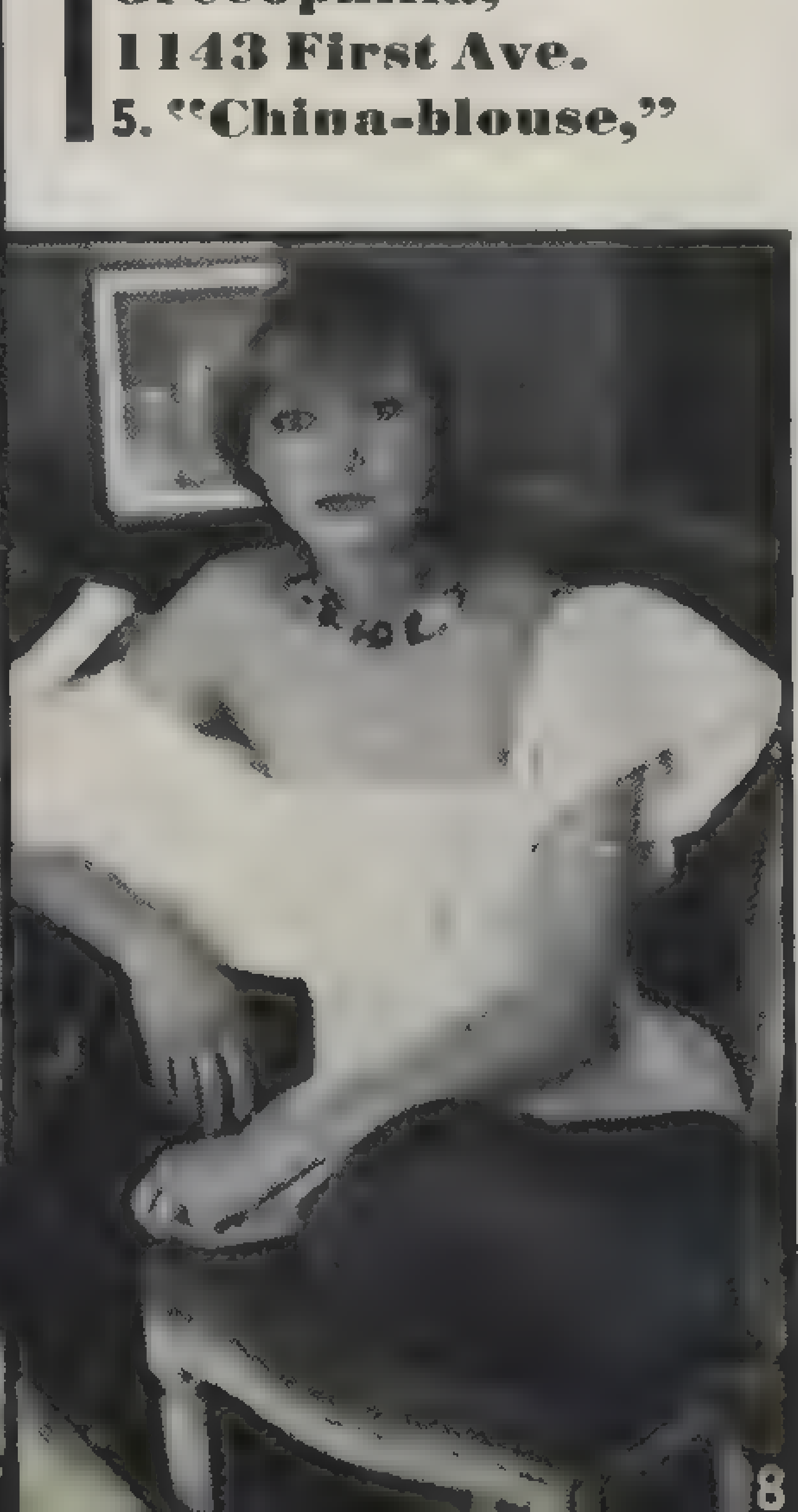




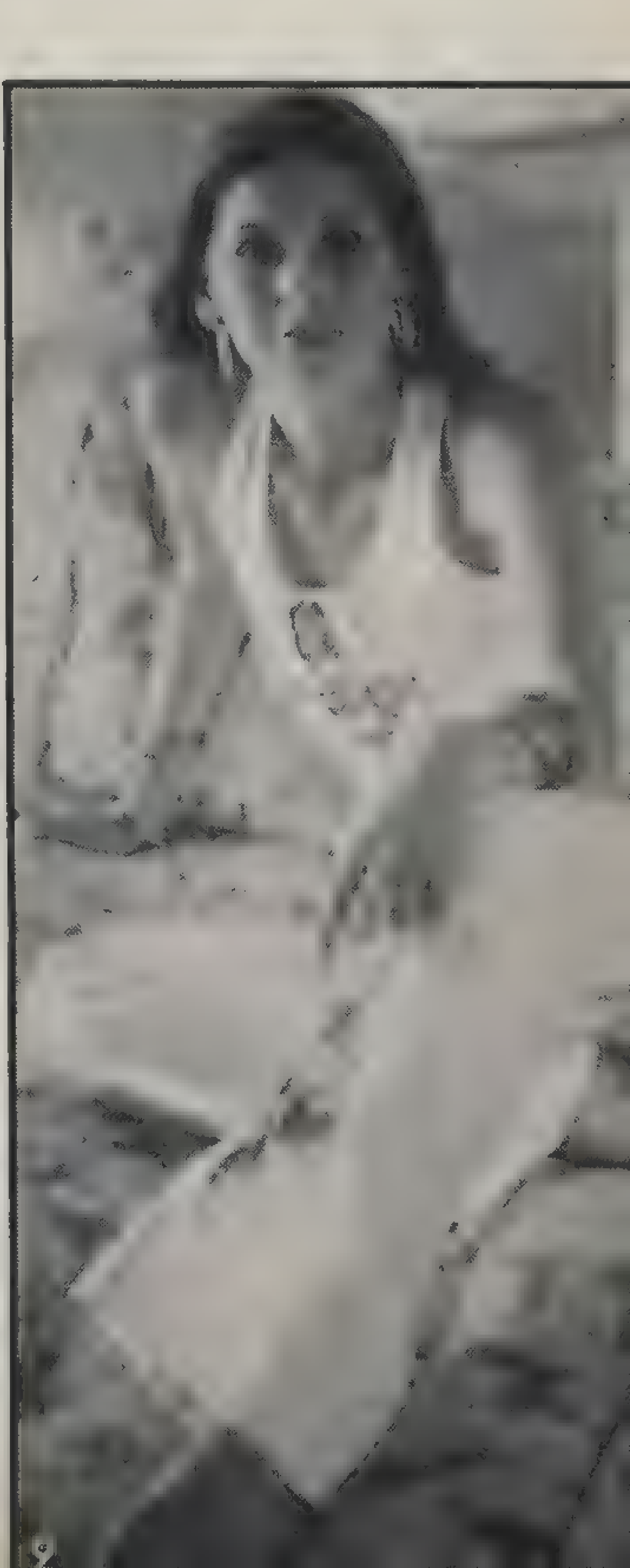
SOFT JEANS DRESSING!

It has to do with PRETTY . . . the August secret! The word is: Collect little unexpected "pleasures" to de-uniform jeans, the still-favorite look around!





4. Raspberry-and-watermelon checked gauze "gypsy" shirt (waisted with a bandana). $12, at Grecophilia, 1143 First Ave. 5. "China-blouse," white-on-white thinnest percale, side-fastened with tiny hand-rolled frogs. $30, Great Eastern Trading Co. 6. Camisole of Turkish muslin, overstriped white, trimmed in ecru silk lace. $12, at Grecophilia. 7. Charcoal-and-cream striped gauze slightly oversized shirt, belted over jeans with the thinnest strip of leather. $10, Grecophilia. 8. EXTRA-PRETTY, the Paris look . . . white dotted Swiss lawn ruffled off-the-shoulder blouse. $70, France Faver, 79 rue des Saint-Pères, Paris. Add your prettiest neck jewel! 9. EVENING JEANS, Barbara Dulien's white tank T-shirt, painted and over-sequinned with purple orchids (her white jeans are "touched with that fancy" too!). T-shirt, $20; jeans, $25. By Barbara for Molly and Me, 370 No. Bedford Dr., Beverly Hills.



BARBARA BERSELL

N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME

Catherine Deneuve for Chanel

CHANEL

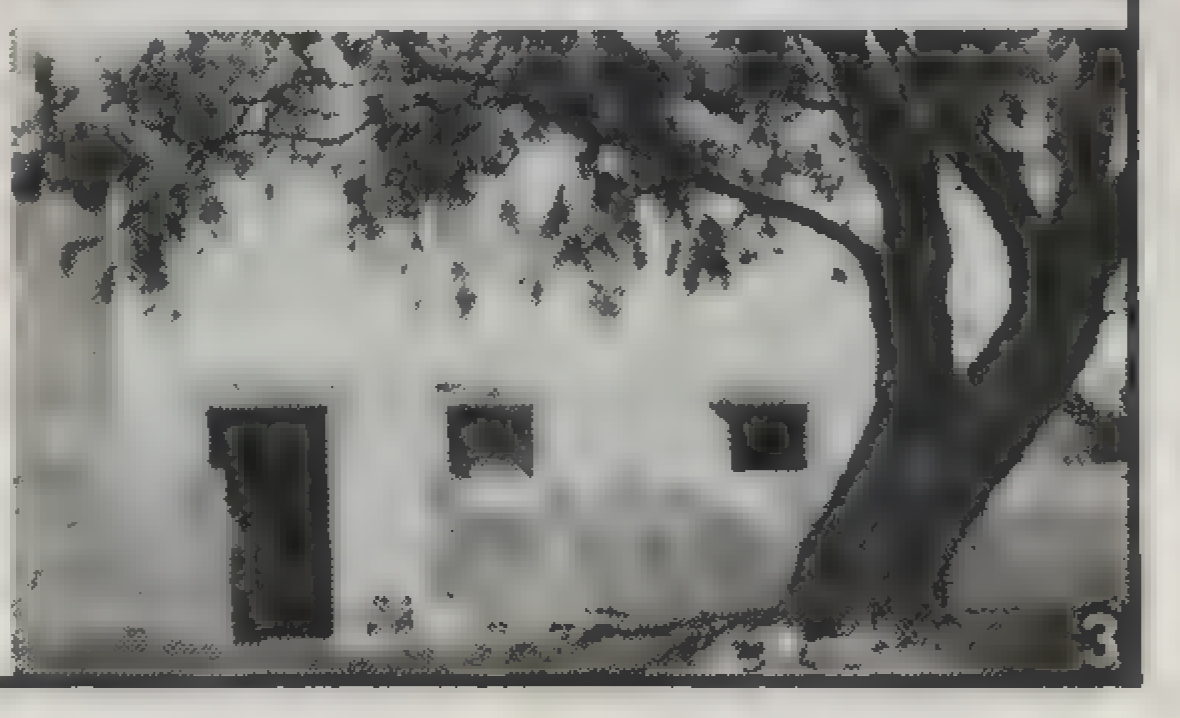
Perfume in the classic bottle from 9.50 to 400., Eau de Toilette from 7.00 to 20.00, Eau de Cologne from 4.50 to 20.00, Spray Perfume 7.00, and Spray Cologne 6.50.

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

PERFECT SUMMER!

WEAR WHITE . . . **1.** the way Helmut Newton and Zouzou did on a recent trip to Greece . . . matching: in the famous $3 Athens Flea Market white pleated-front shirt, white jeans, white loafers. Feel extra-BEAUTIFUL; tuck a white gardenia behind your ear! The Greek summer signature-jewel, a cross made of two pieces of brass pipe, bound together with windings of metal wire . . . worn on a long bit of leather thong wound twice around the throat. Looks great with real gold chains, a shirt opened to "there." . . . GREEK SUMMER LIVING: **2.** "Movable Feasts." Dolly Goulandris, Helmut Newton, and Zouzou lunching at an outdoor lunch of native lobster, spicy meatballs, cucumbers in yogurt and mint, cold "Domestica" white wine. THE HOUSE TO LIVE IN . . . **3.** Teddy Millington Drake's Patmos beach house, (hidden on a deserted beach), bare floors, whitewashed walls, a big old olive tree for shade, and goat bells and crickets for company. PERFECTION!

2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HEAVEN!

&
TAKE AWAY
COOK
SHOP

If we had one wish to wish you, it would be to have Mr. Babbington in your kitchen forever! **5.** Mr. Babbington (Joseph Ancel), his wife, and Harold and Mike (and more friends, if they get overloaded), cook to order just about the most beautiful food in N.Y. . . . from 100-person "affairs" to Sunday brunch for two (how about poached oysters, a bit of trout pâté, omelettes to die over!). Their tiny cookshop, like a dream country kitchen of wood—fresh food, and wondrous smells—pours out everything from perfect fruit salads to boned duckling with plum-lime marmalade, to bittersweet chocolate cheesecake to faint over! Creative food—invented by Mr. B. himself. The ultimate present: a Mr. Babbington feast! . . . Mr. Babbington & Friend, 400 E. 75th St., (212) 850-1170.

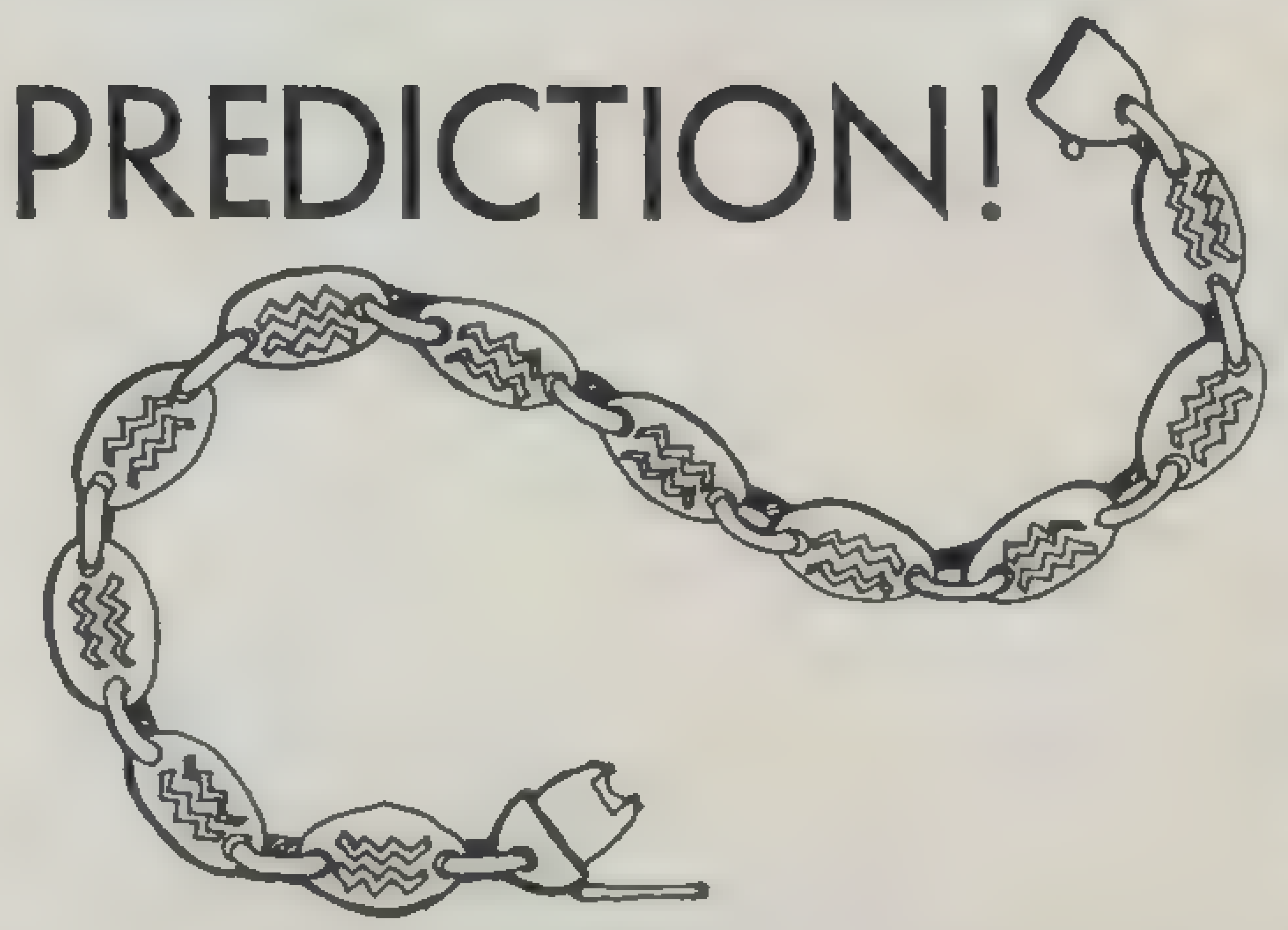
DISCOVERY! GREAT EASTERN TRADING CO.'S (GHIRARDELLI SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO) TREASURE-FIND . . . CIRCA 1930 MAINLAND CHINA COTTON "BLOUSES" . . . BLUE-AND-WHITE STRIPED THINNEST PERCALE BORDERED IN WHITE EYELET LACE . . . A PERFECTION! ANOTHER PERFECT BEAUTY—OWNER PATTI D'ARBANVILLE!

SOUND!

Don Fendley, *below*, is a "music farmer." . . . His special programming service (he works from his farm outside N.Y.) is a perfectly edited collage on tape of his and his clients' favorite sounds. His made-to-order 3-hour tapes are super-blendings of Stevie Wonder, Billy Preston, the Stones, a lot of Motown. . . . "Timing is the most important thing, knowing how to mix the music. It's like being a recording engineer, going from one song to the next and keeping the flow." . . . Among his clients; Halston, Warhol, Saint Laurent, Jackie Onassis. . . .

THE PLACE FOR AUGUST . . . 162 Spring Street (known to habitués as the Spring Street Bar) . . . the artist-likes of Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella, Larry Rivers, rock stars, film people (Alan Bates, Stacy Keach, etc.) long ago discovered it as the place for lunching, drinking, suppering 'til 2 A.M. (the bar is open 'til 4). Open 7 days a week, a lovely place to hang about . . . chrome Breuer chairs, chocolate epoxy-topped chrome tables, lots of dark wood, brick and space. The food's brasserie-easy and great . . . saucisson and potato salad, shredded cabbage and bacon salad, grilled lamb and extra-wonderful tarts.

PREDICTION!



The STATUS JEWEL For 1973 . . . Van Cleef & Arpels's new Zodiac bracelet, gold oval links carved with your birth sign (and your "special person's" if you wish . . .). To wear, and never take off, which is the only way to wear your favorite jewel. $350.

SALLY RAND OF THE FANS!

Still dancing at 65 . . . Phoenix House Benefit, Roseland.

BERSELL CUNNINGHAM RUSSELL

"A woman's clothes can telegraph exactly how she feels about herself." Dr. Joyce Brothers

When a woman feels sure of herself, one of the first places it shows is in her clothes!

RONA DRESSES by Mario Forte have the beautifully understated self-assurance women want. It shows in the Chanel-inspired cardigan suit with a fling of fringed scarf. And the belted wrap dress with becomingly long, lean lines. The fabric: a distinctively different doubleknit plaid in 95% Trevira® polyester/5% viscose by Lebanon Knitting Mills.

Like yourself . . . and show it!

TREVIRA makes it easy™

Rona Dresses at these fine stores: Lord & Taylor, New York; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; J.L. Hudson, Detroit; I. Magnin, West Coast and Chicago; Rich's, Atlanta.

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FASHION NOW

WHAT TO WEAR WITH WHAT WHEN THE ISSUE IS CASUAL

There's more to fashion than casual clothes, but this month that's all we're going to talk about. Because (one) the whole casual, sweatery look of sportswear dressing has taken off like a rocket this fall... and (two) it's sneakier than you might think. It's not like popping in at the "sweater bar" on your way to the real clothes. These are real clothes, not bits and pieces, and they do not wear themselves. How you put them together is how it's going to be: glamorous or governessy... effortless-looking or just uncared-for. They can go either way... here, a list of Do's and Don'ts to tip the odds...

DO start by thinking jeans—that kind of leanness from the hip down—with a slightly oversized top: that's the newest—the raciest—line. It can be lean, straight-legged pants and a little sweater under an oversized jacket; a lean skirt and sweater under an oversized coat; a dress that's loose on top, touching on the hip.

DO keep one color—or tones of one color—going all the way. Contrast breaks the line. For the same reason:

DON'T use an ankle-strap shoe.

DON'T layer pattern on pattern.

Avoid clutter. **DO, when in doubt, leave it off**—an extra bracelet, an extra chain, an extra anything. It's a time of paring down not gussying up.

DON'T accept the old-fashioned view of casual clothes—don't treat a tailored loden jacket and skirt or a Harris tweed as though you were dressing for a weekend shoot in Scotland—you have to give them an allure: a slender, unheavy pump, *not* a stout walking shoe; a see-through stocking, *not* an opaque one; the nothing-est little hat, *not* a big brim-and-crown number—not any hat that hides hair!

DO have the best head of hair you've ever had in your life. All in one length, longer than you've been wearing it. Shinier, softer, moving—it makes all clothes possible.

DO leave necklines empty—a little skin showing is airy and feminine. Use narrow chains—3 or 4—in different textures, falling to different lengths. Tie a scarf softly, well above the collarbone.

DON'T choke up the line with turtlenecks. The sweater to own: crewnecked (prettiest when it curves just below the collarbone); high under the arm; small, not tight (if you don't feel smaller than the sweater—if you're pressing against it, bulging it out—it's too tight).

DO tuck in a pullover—trimmer with lean skirts and pants. If pulled out, then cropped right at the top of the hipbone.

DO use a narrow belt—an inch and a half at the very most. Never a hip-belt—the hip is a line to be seen.

DO forget about boots—except: an ankleboot under pants, or in bad weather—and with a raincoat that *is* a raincoat.

DO think about hemlines—in relation to legs, shoes, to the total line. As a general guide: the straighter the skirt, the longer the length (at least mid-knee), the higher the heel. The more active the skirt, the shorter (a skirt with pleats in front or at the sides looks fine an inch or so above the knee), and the flatter the heel.

We're in an era of collecting, not of obsolescence. But **DON'T expect all you've ever bought to carry over.** Not everything is going to work. This year's oversized jacket isn't going to work with last year's wide pants. Last year's pleated-all-around skirt isn't going to work. Neither will these: shirts with collars that won't fall open softly... mixes of pattern... masses of pearls... fingers of rings... dark, bluish, brownish red nail colors that look as though you'd got your fingers banged in the taxi door... bright colors, except in a small, surprise, accessory-way—like a magenta sweater with a black tailored jacket and skirt.

Finally, and most important: **DO remember that the clearest view of fashion is in a full-length mirror—with an unbiased eye.**

Everybody's pullover: lean, showing skin at the neck—the perfect basic sweater, from Givenchy. In navy tucked into navy-and-grey checked pants and narrow-belted. The look of today, worn by today's kind of girl—Lauren Hutton.

AVEDON

THE KINDS OF CLOTHES AMERICA LOVES BEST

CASUAL WITH A SNAP

It never fails. The minute word gets around that mood of the moment is casual, someone will be johnny-on-the-spot urging you to dig out your old college sweaters because that's where it's at. . . . Surprise. It isn't—fashion is never exactly where it was. It's never just standing still. Which doesn't mean we're about to have one of those drastic upheavals of style that used to be considered the fashion norm; nobody today thinks in terms of "revolutions"—of each new season as a cliffhanger that could make everything we already own obsolete. There is, in the first place, a very basic look for our time; a way of dressing that has its roots in the most classic sportswear elements—Shetland pullovers, Balmacaans, Harris tweeds and herringbones, loden and grey flannel, cashmere, camel—the things we've always loved being in. But within the familiar framework, nothing remains static—we'd be bored to death if it did. Something is going on all the time—some little, tiny, unremarkable, giant thing: the narrowing of a sweater—a belt—a skirt—a trouser leg; the raising of an armhole, the opening up of a neckline, the slimming of a shoe; colors go muted, contrast disappears. Proportions change, attitudes change . . . the eye grows accustomed. And the emphasis of fashion begins to shift. Not away from casual, but to a different slant on casual. . . . Different in the way that the lean, trim crewnecked pullover at left is different from the sloppy-joe crewnecks of the 'forties, and from the rib-tight poorboys of about forty minutes ago—subtle as opposed to obvious, line as opposed to no line. Everything that's going on in this picture, in fact—the presence of hair, of a bit of skin at the neckline; the absence of clutter (you wouldn't want a single other chain around the neck, or even a centimeter more width to the belt)—not too much, not too little. Enough. . . . It's a more sophisticated kind of casual that's coming around the corner this season—more glamour- than school-girl. And more genuinely casual than casual-for-effect—as though, having established the underlying mood, we can now, finally, just go with it; there's no need for overkill. . . . It's why we find ourselves turning from a chunky-heeled lace-up to a just-as-casual—but so much prettier—slim-heeled pump or a glove of a mocassin with the flattest of heels. Why we'd rather leave off a hat entirely than lose the look of marvelous hair just blowing in the wind. Why, all of a sudden, a tailored loden blazer, which last year would have been fine over a pleated-all-around plaid skirt, somehow isn't this year. How much more interesting to put that same little loden jacket over jeans—the curve of the hip, the leanness, the racy length of leg—the line! The word is nonchalant . . . and that is precisely where it's at today. . . .

Sweater, of cashmere and acrylic,
about $70. Wool pants, about $175. Both,
Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique. End of September, at
Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.;
L.S. Ayres; Gus Mayer; Bullock's Wilshire.
Van Cleef & Arpels gold jewelry. Hermès belt,
Bonwit Teller. Scarf by Ralph Lauren.
Hair, these ten pages, Rick Gillette.

A super dress—the kind we've all been wanting! Anne Klein's beige angora jersey—loose then lean, hitting right on the hip. Put a good belt on it and let it alone—keep the neck uncluttered and tones of brown all the way—don't break the line!

AVEDON

Watch this proportion—the little matching plaid skirt and skin-baring sweater under the slightly oversized balmacaan—it's that small, feminine line underneath that's going to start the bigger coat rolling for fall! This, Anne Klein's.

Left: Dress, of wool-and-angora jersey, and belt, about $120. End of August, Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; L.S. Ayres; Hudson's; Swanson's; I. Magnin.

Above: Coat, about $245; skirt, about $80. Both of wool, loomed in America. Wool sweater, knitted in America, about $26. Late August, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Kaufmann's; O'Neil's; Jacobson's; Frost Bros.; The Denver; I. Magnin. All jewelry, Van Cleef & Arpels. Other accessories, next to last page.

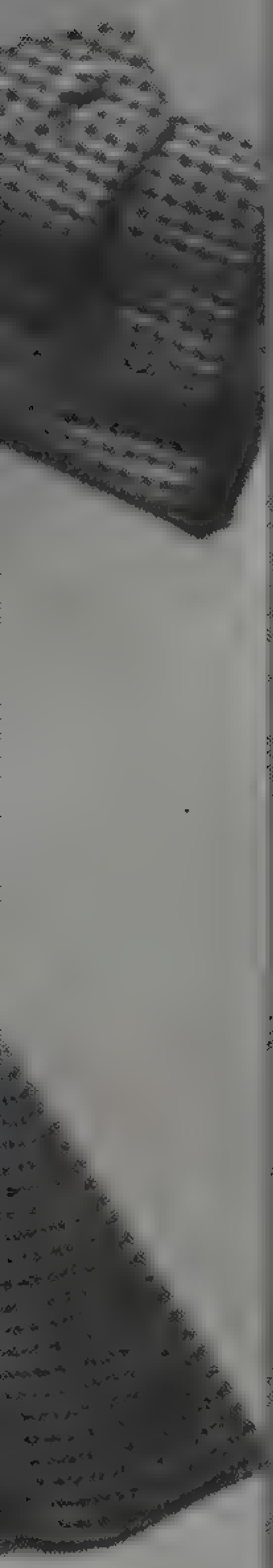
CASUAL—WITH A SNAP

LAUREN HUTTON

'73 casual: the elements are classic, the snap is in the putting-together—in the lean, straight-legged hang of the cavalry twill pants; the shortness of the heavy-knit cabled sweater; the pile-lined raincoat just slung on...and you breeze right through. By Mary Ann Restivo of Genre.

AVEDON

A good jacket year! And not just for wearing with pants—this fall, you get the same racy line with slim skirts, toned-in color to the ground....Here, Giorgini's oatmeal shaggy jacket, same-color pull, front-pleated skirt. (Don't miss the shoe—the flat heel for the short fast skirt!)



Left: Coat, checked in rust, olive, wine; polyester-and-cotton (fabric by Tandler Textile); taupe wool pants, loomed in America (Southern Worsted Mills fabric). Both, about $200. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Claire Pearone.

Above: Jacket of acrylic (Borg fabric); about $100. Wool Shetland pull, about $45. Skirt, of wool-and-polyester flannel, about $82. At Lillie Rubin; The May Co., West Coast; Van Cleef & Arpels earrings. Accessories, next to last page.

LAUREN HUTTON/**CASUAL—WITH A SNAP**

Actually, this is the man's version of a coat Ralph Lauren also does for women, so how big is up to you. This big is only to make the point about being in an oversize coat—the ease and largesse over a lean sweater and skirt. No clutter. No contrasts. Just a great-looking girl—marvelous hair—throws on her man's raincoat. And goes.

AVEDON

We like this
Kimberly rust
knit pants
suit a lot;
it says line
to us—the
hip-snugged
blouson, the
leaner leg,
the run of
one color—
all spare,
pared line.
Keep it that
way—the less
you add, the
more length
and raciness
it gives.

Left: Coat, of cotton poplin with camel's-hair lining (about $275); camel's-hair pull (about $65); and skirt (it comes with its own matching checked coat), by Ralph Lauren. Bloomingdale's; Britches of Georgetown; Stix, Baer & Fuller.

Right: Of wool, knitted in America; about $125. At Lord & Taylor; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Van Cleef & Arpels jewels. Hair and makeup, Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page.

CASUAL—WITH A SNAP

LAUREN HUTTON

You saw one in July for evening; nothing under the jacket. Now—from Kasper for J.L. Sport—in loden green—the tailored suit for day! Meager little sweater underneath, showing skin at the neck. Pretty hair, legs, feet—glamour! If it's going to be, it's going to be this year—this way. And it's going to be big!

Left: Of wool-and-polyester flannel. Jacket, about $110; skirt, about $64. Next month, Bonwit Teller; Halle's-Cleveland; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz; Neusteters; Joseph Magnin. Hair, Rick Gillette.

Right: Hermès belt, at Bonwit Teller. Corum watch, from Van Cleef & Arpels Time Boutique Collection. Van Cleef & Arpels gold-and-wood link bracelet. Bag, Bottega Veneta; I. Magnin. Belle-Sharmeer tights, of texturized Monsanto nylon. At Lord & Taylor; L.S. Ayres. Shoes, Charles Jourdan Salon, N.Y. $60. Ralph Lauren coat and skirt. Fashion details, and other accessories, next to last page.

LAUREN HUTTON/**CASUAL—WITH A SNAP**

Two words on accessories: fewer, better—the perfect narrow belt, good bracelets; the big, soft wonderful bag; beautiful shoes… leathers. The point isn't to feel "ornamented"—you put on what you need and stop. (If it feels too much for the country, leave it off in town.)

AVEDON

SAINT LAURENT

The definitive cardigan, *left*—the most feminine of all—Saint Laurent's—fox-trimmed cable-stitched, over a tweed wrap skirt and soft-tie silk charmeuse shirt, all in tones of camel and brown—one look that tells the whole story. From Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Wool cardigan, about $400; shirt, about $135; wool skirt, about $140. October, at Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Balliet's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

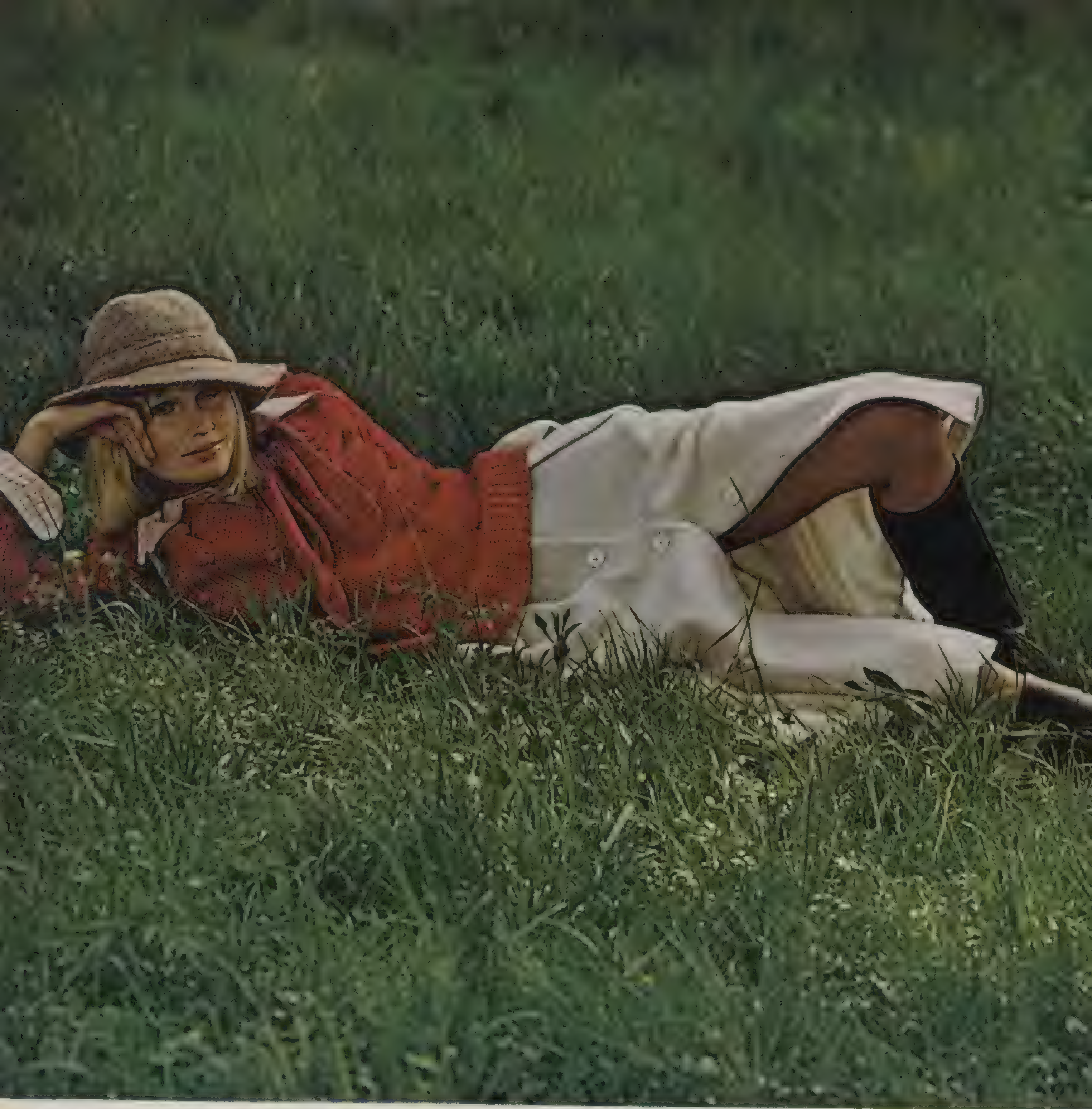
In magenta, *right*—a beautiful, new-for-Saint Laurent color—a whole turnaround for the dress-and-jacket idea: his fleur-de-lys cardigan with a fringed bathrobe-cord tie over a soft-tie challis shirtdress with pleats—a perfect way to look for day. Everything—his and hers—from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Wool cardigan, about $150; wool dress, about $250. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, N.Y. His suit and shirt, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men . . . her makeup, Semi-Transparent Opalescent Red lipstick and nails polished with Crème de Chine in Dynasty Plum—both Ultima II by Charles Revson. Coifs, these 12 pages, by Jean-Louis David. Accessories, next to last page.

THE BEST KNITTED LOOKS EVER!

You see them, you want them—these things are irresistible! Everything casual dressing should be: small, sexy, lean, feminine, with real dash and line. Shown, on these twelve pages, in and around the streets of Paris and the Bois de Boulogne—just as you would wear them anywhere in the world.

HELMUT NEWTON

CHANCELLERIE



KENZO

The most casual, the most sweater, *above:* an oversized pullover in red popcorn knit. With a skirt that looks right when you have this much fullness—lean, mid-calf, in white nubbly Irish tweed; a cream Tattersall shirt underneath; boots—it's a wonderful way of dressing for a country place . . . or mood. Wool pullover, by Kenzo, a division of Sadimara. About $42. September, Neiman-Marcus.

For walks in the Bois with a friend, *right*—Kenzo's long peasant skirt in calico print, with a striped wool cardigan, white silk shirt, boots—not everybody's look, but super on the girl who can wear it. Cardigan by Kenzo, a division of Sadimara. About $54. September; Betsey, Bunky & Nini. (The Borzoi—Mme. Alexandre Rimsky's.) . . . Marcelle's hypoallergenic Vibrant Red lipstick, Cherry Blush. Accessories, next to last page.

HELMUT NEWTON

FROM PARIS & ITALY

THE BEST KNITTED LOOKS EVER!

SONIA RYKIEL

The roundest curves, the narrowest lines—no one makes you more aware of the woman inside the sweater than Sonia Rykiel. Her elongated black pullover, *far left*, tiny collar edged in teal blue . . . teal-blue striped cummerbund wrapped and wrapped over a challis print skirt. It's a real flirt. Wool skirt, about $65. Wool-angora-and-mohair sweater, about $100. Cummerbund, about $50. At Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Ultimo; Country Club Fashions.

The body! All in pale yellow, *left*: long, long soft pullover . . . longest mohair cardigan, belt buckled in back . . . jersey skirt, buttons left open. And the leg swings through. Plus a yellow beret; yellow muffler, loosely wrapped; yellow knit gloves—all those sweaters and still the sexiest look in town. Wool-and-angora cardigan, about $125; wool pullover, about $100; wool skirt, about $125. At Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Country Club Fashions. Accessories, next to last page.

FROM PARIS & ITALY

THE BEST KNITTED LOOKS EVER!

CHLOË

We love the way Karl Lagerfeld puts together sweaters this year . . . his rolled-down turtleneck, *right,* in pale camel with a white silk shirt collar peeking over the top. Lean and trim under a perfect little tailored jacket in rust Glen plaid—not a trace of bulk or stiffness anywhere. The cashmere challis muffler just thrown on; hair soft and easy under a soft, easy hat. Turnout by Karl Lagerfeld for Chloë. Wool sweater, about $110; shirt, about $95. Jacket, of Dormeuil wool (and matching skirt, not shown), about $495. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Charles Gallay.

The news in sweater proportions, *far right:* the longest, skinniest cardigan coat and elongated pull in moss-and-beige salt-and-pepper tweed; crêpe de Chine shirt; moss-green flannel straight skirt with a kick pleat in front. Turned out here for lunch at La Grande Cascade in Paris—it could go just about anywhere in the world. All, Karl Lagerfeld for Chloë. Wool cardigan, about $125; wool pullover, about $150; skirt, about $150; shirt (Hurel silk), about $110. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Charles Gallay. Accessories, next to last page.

HELMUT NEWTON

FROM PARIS & ITALY

THE BEST KNITTED LOOKS EVER!

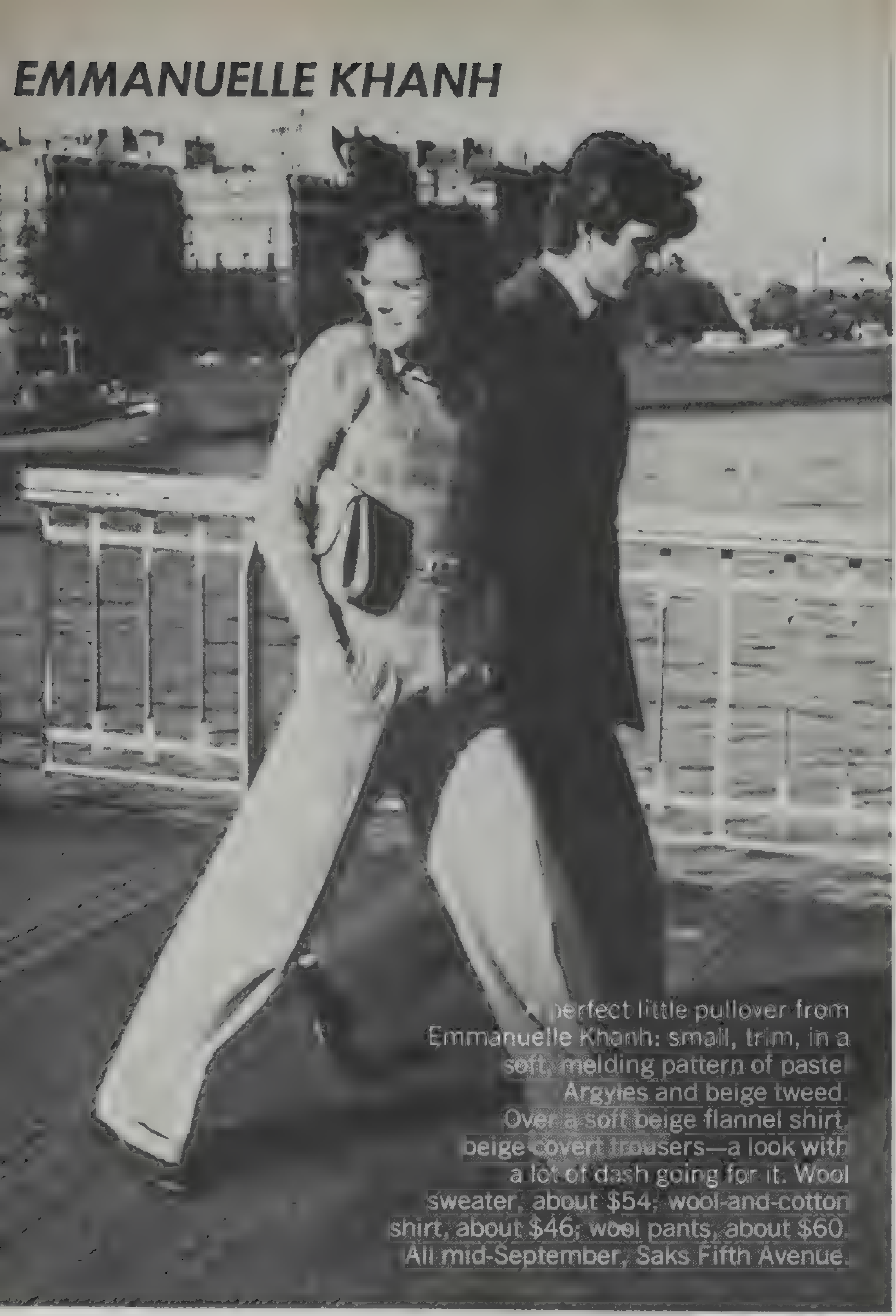
DOROTHÉE BIS

The great new dress, *left*—the most sensational dress! Knitted and on the bias in red and beige, touching at the bosom, the midriff, the hip, clinging along the thigh—a knockout. About $95. At Henri Bendel.

SAINT LAURENT

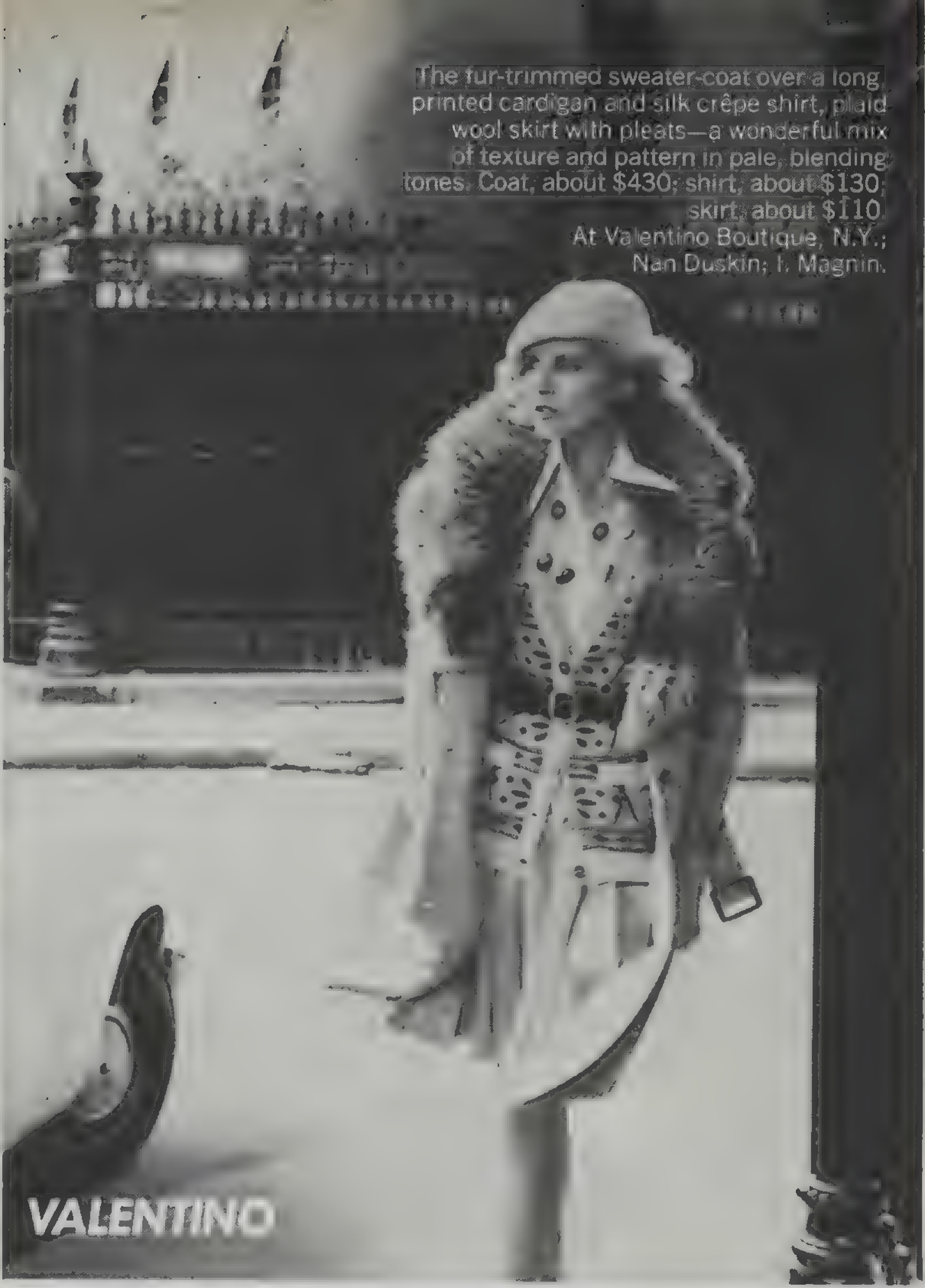
The body cardigan, right—
extra long, extra lean.
Knitted wool stripes over a brown silk print
shirt and straight-falling brown wool pleats—
it's a coat, a jacket—you could wear
it every single day and be happy. All, Saint
Laurent Rive Gauche. Cardigan, about $100;
shirt, about $125; skirt, about $150.
Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne;
Balliet's; Sakowitz; May D & F; I. Magnin.
His clothes, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche for Men.
Accessories, next to last page.

EMMANUELLE KHANH



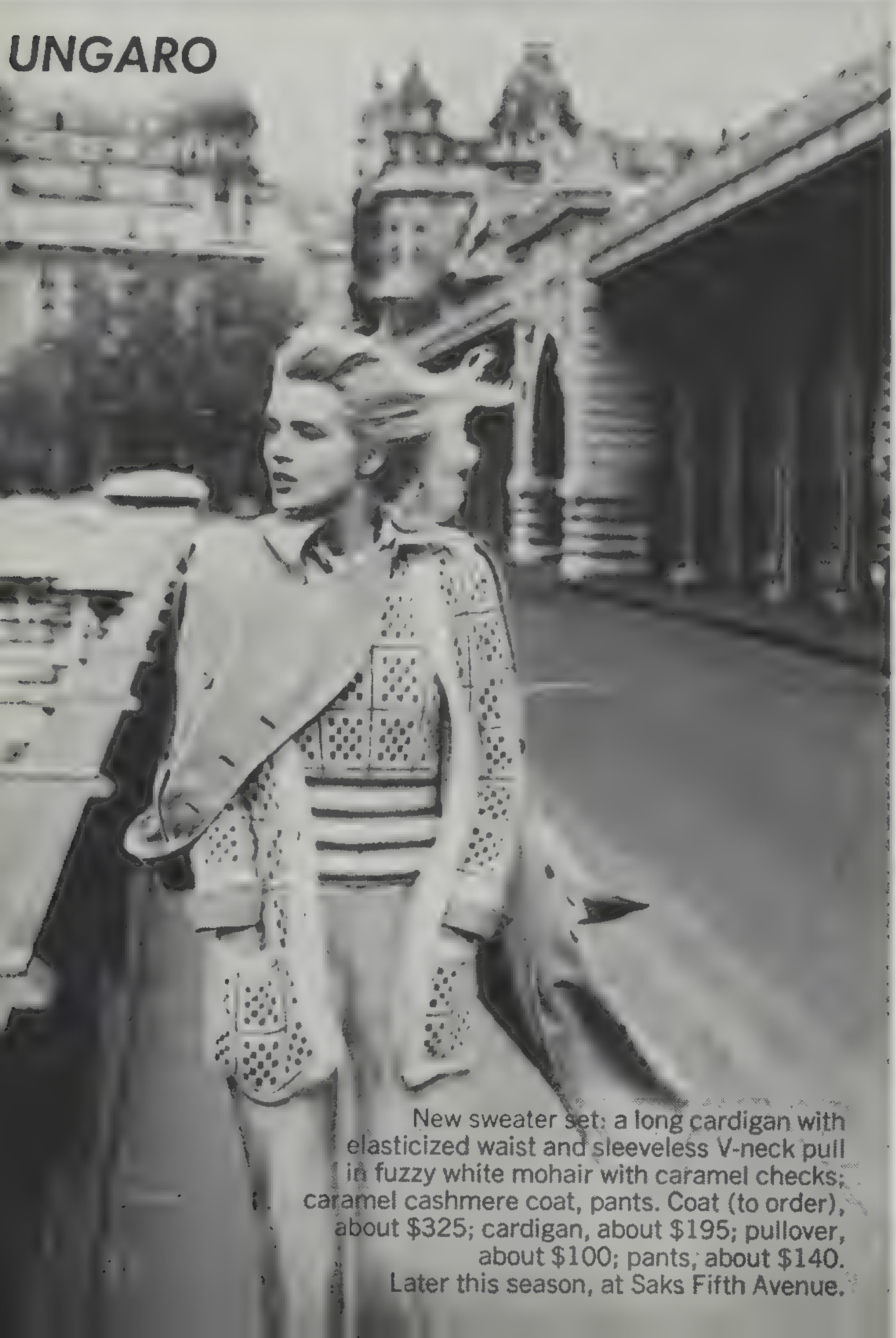
perfect little pullover from Emmanuelle Khanh: small, trim, in a soft, melding pattern of pastel Argyles and beige tweed. Over a soft beige flannel shirt, beige covert trousers—a look with a lot of dash going for it. Wool sweater, about $54; wool-and-cotton shirt, about $46; wool pants, about $60. All mid-September, Saks Fifth Avenue.

VALENTINO



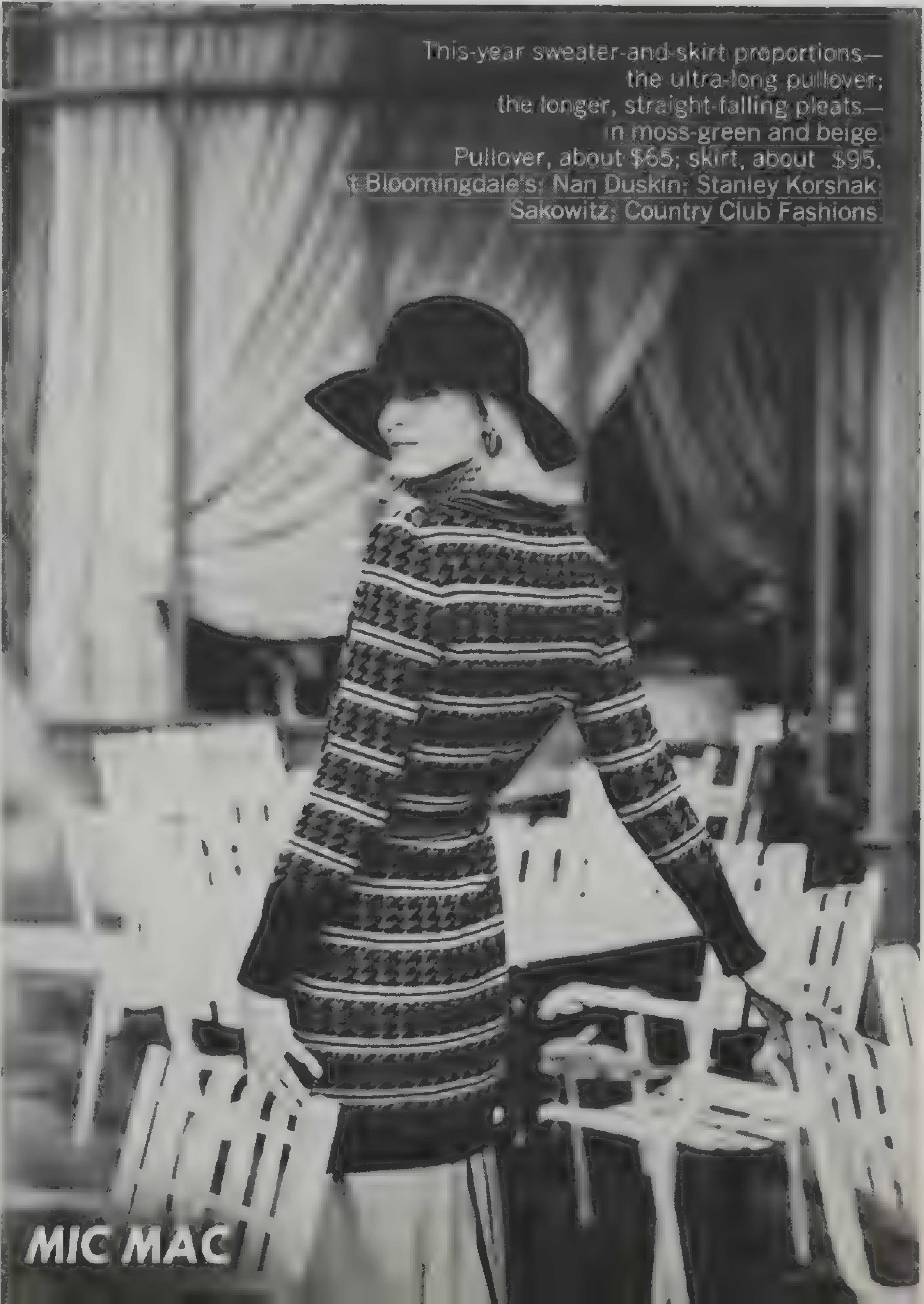
The fur-trimmed sweater-coat over a long printed cardigan and silk crêpe shirt, plaid wool skirt with pleats—a wonderful mix of texture and pattern in pale, blending tones. Coat, about $430; shirt, about $130; skirt, about $110. At Valentino Boutique, N.Y.; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.

UNGARO



New sweater set: a long cardigan with elasticized waist and sleeveless V-neck pull in fuzzy white mohair with caramel checks; caramel cashmere coat, pants. Coat (to order), about $325; cardigan, about $195; pullover, about $100; pants, about $140. Later this season, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

MIC MAC



This-year sweater-and-skirt proportions—the ultra-long pullover; the longer, straight-falling pleats—in moss-green and beige. Pullover, about $65; skirt, about $95. t Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Stanley Korshak; Sakowitz; Country Club Fashions.

HELMUT NEWTON

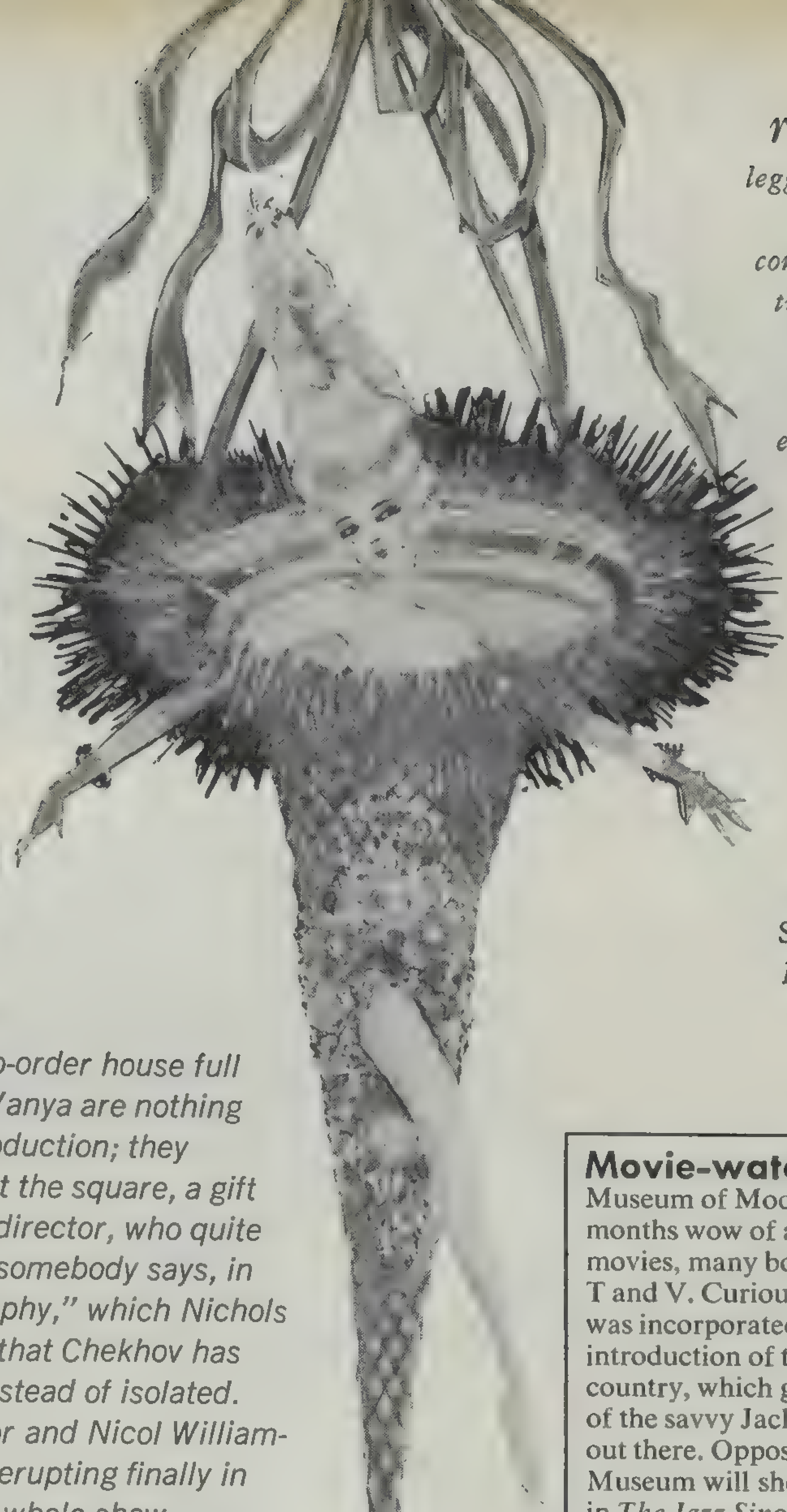
FROM PARIS & ITALY

THE BEST KNITTED LOOKS EVER!

VALENTINO

The most glamorous sweater: clouds of gleaming black fox on Valentino's black-and-Lurex cardigan barely slipped over a sheer black lingerie dress in silk georgette with tiny pleats and ruffles. Cardigan, about $545; dress, about $400. At Martha; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Coifs here, and the preceding 10 pages, by Jean-Louis David. All accessories, both pages, next to last page.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



The yen for the ***return of the showgirl,*** *leggy, pretty, and dressed in fine expensive fantasy—the one just to the left was a cornucopia, a small, spangled blaze among twenty-three girls turned into Christmas tree ornaments by Cora MacGeachy, who designed for* ***Ziegfeld,*** *the extravagant maker of Follies, now being merrily celebrated in an exhibition at the Museum of the City of New York (through October 15): gorgeous-girl costumes, playbills, posters, sheet music, set designs, and a sound track melting with songs from Ziegfeld shows—masses of memorabilia including a note hand-printed on an F. Ziegfeld letterhead to the effect that the boys from the Army and Navy football teams would attend* Smiles *(starring Marilyn Miller of* Sally, *Fred and Adele Astaire), but "Salvation Army girls will please not make engagements after the show."*

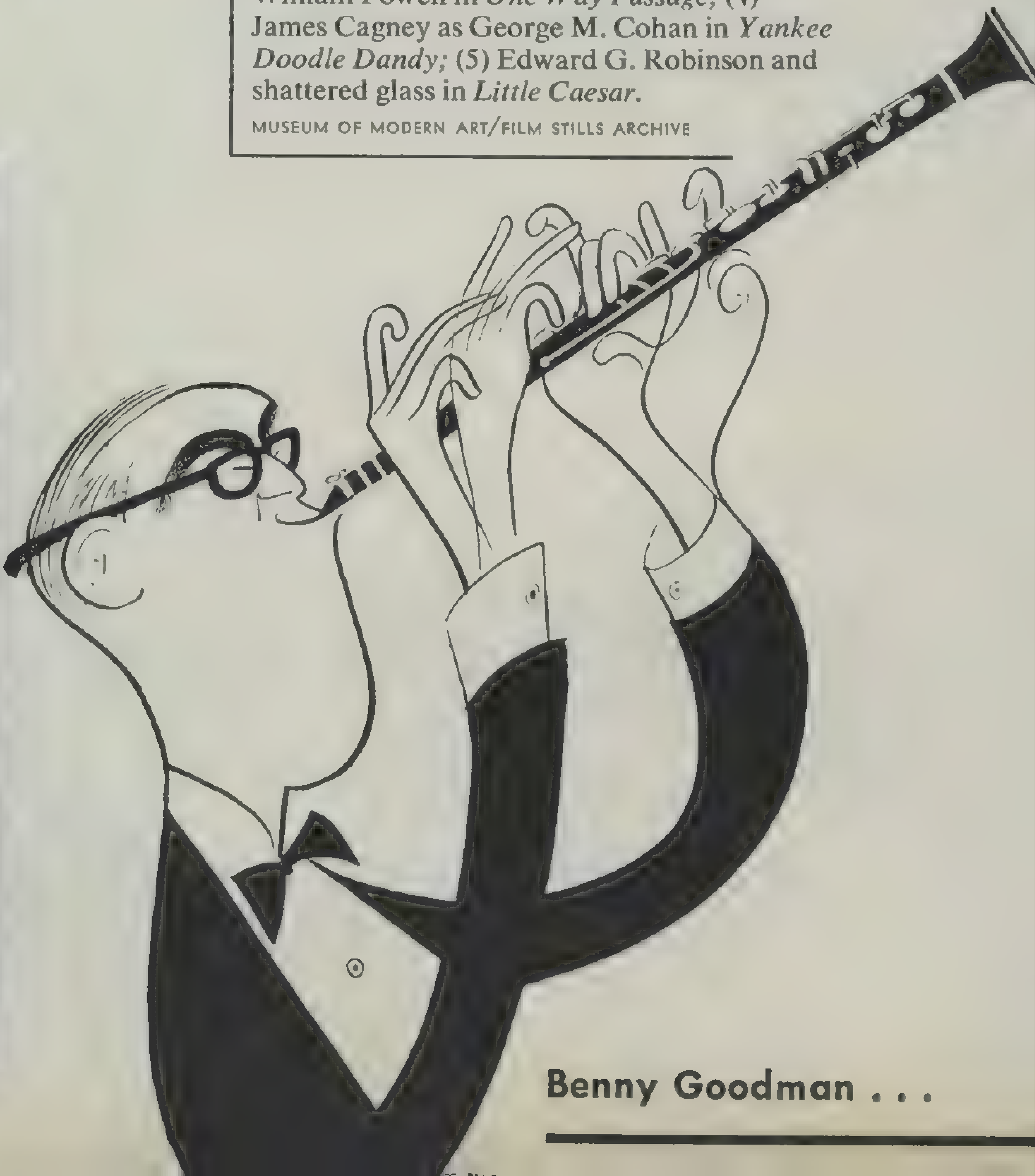
Uncle Vanya—triumph and disaster

George C. Scott as the doctor with the made-to-order house full of malingerers and Nicol Williamson as Uncle Vanya are nothing but magnificent in this Circle in the Square production; they know where to put the round pegs, where to put the square, a gift unfortunately not shared by Mike Nichols, the director, who quite possibly should eschew Chekhov. At one point somebody says, in this new translation, "Let's cut out the philosophy," which Nichols has seemingly done by losing sight of the fact that Chekhov has to be played with all characters interlocking instead of isolated. Not to worry, Scott as the almost logical doctor and Nicol Williamson as the shambling, vodka-drinking Vanya—erupting finally in reasoned, heart-stopping rage—are worth the whole show. Grouped below, the household of Uncle Vanya (left to right, back row): Conrad Bain, impoverished landowner; Barnard Hughes, the retired professor; George C. Scott, the doctor; Nicol Williamson as Vanya; Julie Christie, the professor's young wife. Front row: Cathleen Nesbitt, Lillian Gish, and Elizabeth Wilson.

MARY ELLEN MARK/LEE GROSS

Movie-watching . . . At New York's Museum of Modern Art, a four-and-a-half-months wow of a tribute to **Warner Bros.** movies, many bound to crop up on your T and V. Curiously enough Warner Bros. was incorporated less than a month after the introduction of talking pictures in this country, which gives you a slivered sample of the savvy Jack Warner and his gang had out there. Opposite, a few of the bijoux the Museum will show: (1) Al Jolson and Mammy in *The Jazz Singer;* (2) Norma Shearer, extreme right, with who-knows-whom in *Lucretia Lombard;* (3) Kay Francis and William Powell in *One Way Passage;* (4) James Cagney as George M. Cohan in *Yankee Doodle Dandy;* (5) Edward G. Robinson and shattered glass in *Little Caesar.*

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/FILM STILLS ARCHIVE



Benny Goodman . . .

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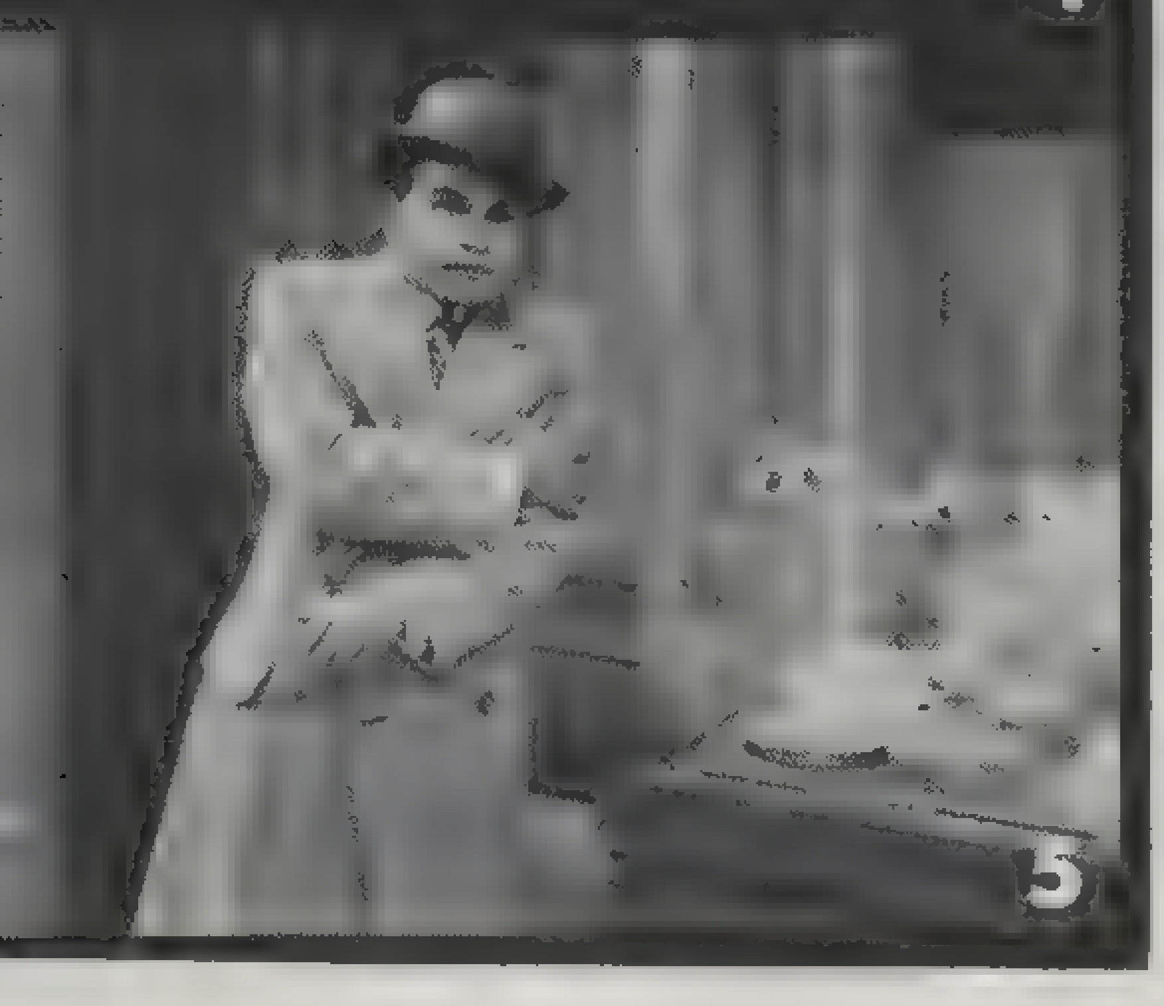
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That sweet and hot clarinet high-siding up at the Rainbow Grill and all over the map—jazz is kicks again with young fry turning on like the generation gap was closing. Watch for the old big band biggies.

and all that jazz

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The shrunken dollar as if it were one of those heads collected by ignoble savages. . . A fresh awareness that **THE PRESS** is far from capricious but, in fact, a serious watchdog weaned on the First Amendment. . . . **CONESTOGA WAGONS** being manufactured in Silver Dollar City, Missouri.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The new Cyrus Peirce Theater in Nantucket: *Marco Polo Sings a Solo* by prize-winning John Guare. . . . The indomitable Joe Papp and his seventeenth season of free Shakespeare in Central Park—starting point for some of the best young talent going; first show, *As You Like It*.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In Italy, the town of Vicenza celebrating, from May to November, the sixteenth-century architect, **ANDREA PALLADIO**—with exhibitions of his beautifully ordered buildings and special summer excursions along the Brenta Canal past banks thick with Palladian villas. . . . The new card game of **"COVER-UP AND DECEPTION FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY"** called—you've got it—"The Watergate Scandal," which comes with confidential instructions noting that "the enjoyment of this game may be further enhanced by playing it . . . on dark street corners while most of the nation is asleep."

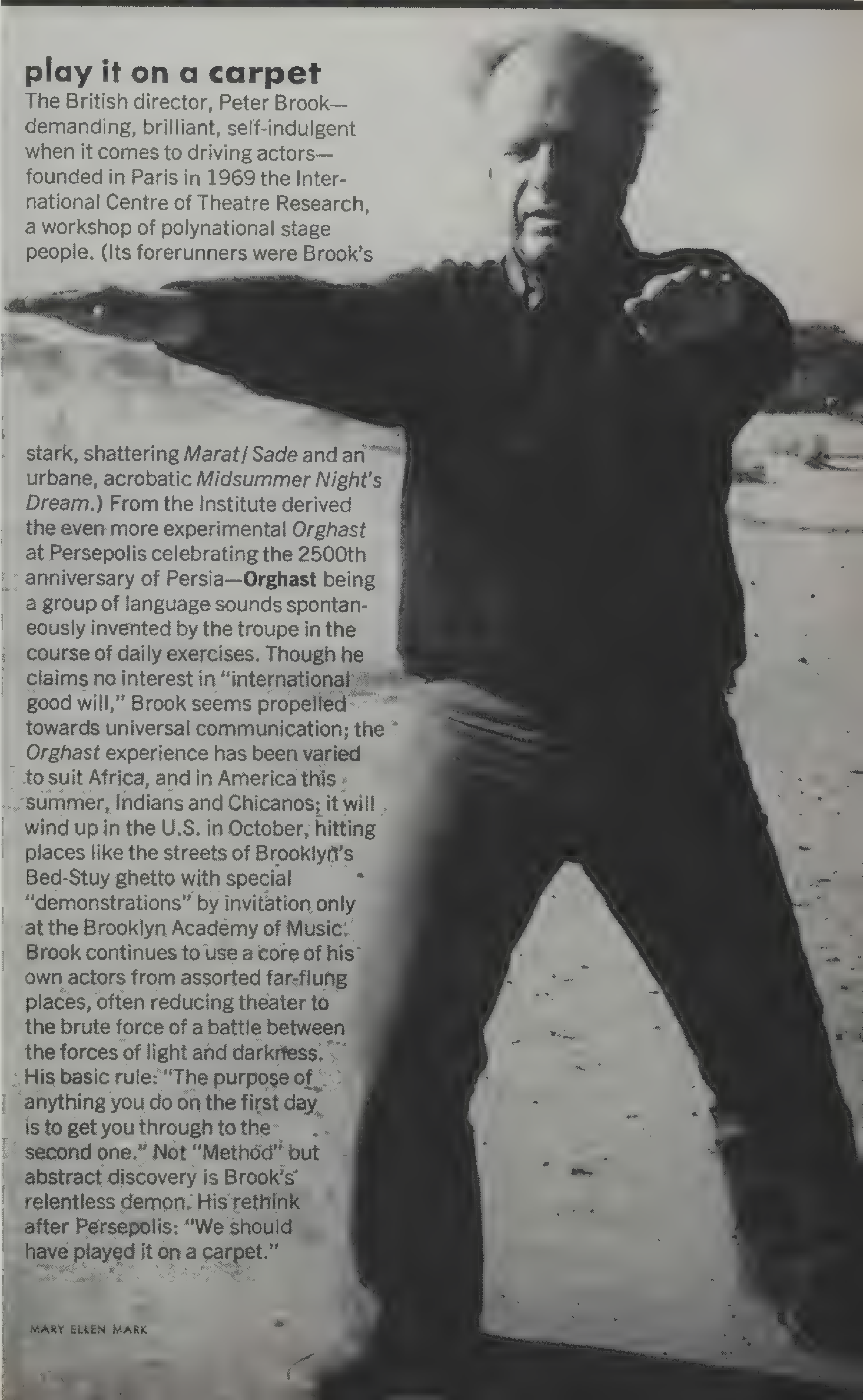
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Post cards from Italy with pirated photographs of Jackie and Ari. . . . The movie, *A Doll's House*, with **CLAIRE BLOOM** a pale, articulate Nora who slams that door with something less than lib; really filmed theater but worth catching in the current Ibsen flurry. . . . **SAUL STEINBERG'S** almost wordless book, *The Inspector*, filled with amazing revelations and mysteries—*why*, for instance, is that woman taking a bath in a tilt-top table?—somehow making one's foibles and neuroses easier to live with. . . . **SUMMER DRINK:** A Fleet Landing—light rum with bitter lemon and dark rum floated on top; some fleet.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **JOSEPHINE BAKER** introduced by Bricktop (*Bricktop?* Paris! The 'twenties!) at Carnegie Hall wearing a pink, four-foot tumult of feathers on her head, gold-spangled leotard and gilt-splashed tights, long of limb and smiling her good-times smile as she says, "It's taken a lot of work for me to get this thin."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Eskimo Realities*, a book to absorb and return to, by Edmund Carpenter, an anthropologist working with the still unworldly Aivilik people; it reproduces in black on **STARK ARCTIC WHITE** their surprising sculpture (some of it visual puns) and other art; defines Eskimo ideas of lands to the south—when told of summer heat and factories, they ask, "Are there many caribou? Seal? Walrus? Bear?" . . . **SOLID TIP FOR TRAVELERS** bound for Europe: change your money here into travelers' checks in money of the countries you're destined for, get small amounts of foreign currency, too. . . . In Jerusalem, the Salute to Israel August 11-12, with Nureyev, etc., for the benefit of the Prime Minister's Educational Foundation.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Quincy Jones' new LP *You've Got It Bad Girl* for cooling it on hot summer nights. . . . *Mother Earth's Hassle-Free Indoor Plant Book* by Lynn and Joel Rapp who turned something they like into a successful, green-thumb boutique in California—practical and amusing with quirky sketches and the reminder that **"YOU DON'T HAVE TO WALK A BEGONIA."** . . . The nonstop flow of **PARIS VISITORS** from the Far East. . . .*An Invitation To Indian Cooking* by Madhur Jaffrey—hot-weather curries, kebabs.

play it on a carpet



The British director, Peter Brook—demanding, brilliant, self-indulgent when it comes to driving actors—founded in Paris in 1969 the International Centre of Theatre Research, a workshop of polynational stage people. (Its forerunners were Brook's stark, shattering *Marat/Sade* and an urbane, acrobatic *Midsummer Night's Dream*.) From the Institute derived the even more experimental *Orghast* at Persepolis celebrating the 2500th anniversary of Persia—**Orghast** being a group of language sounds spontaneously invented by the troupe in the course of daily exercises. Though he claims no interest in "international good will," Brook seems propelled towards universal communication; the *Orghast* experience has been varied to suit Africa, and in America this summer, Indians and Chicanos; it will wind up in the U.S. in October, hitting places like the streets of Brooklyn's Bed-Stuy ghetto with special "demonstrations" by invitation only at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Brook continues to use a core of his own actors from assorted far-flung places, often reducing theater to the brute force of a battle between the forces of light and darkness. His basic rule: "The purpose of anything you do on the first day is to get you through to the second one." Not "Method" but abstract discovery is Brook's relentless demon. His rethink after Persepolis: "We should have played it on a carpet."

MARY ELLEN MARK

Who broke the Watergate story ...and how?

Bob and Carl: two won't-quit reporters

Last year Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein were assigned by The Washington Post to cover a burglary; they haven't stopped drilling yet.

By Allene Talmey

No flash. No brio. No bravura went with the job—just cautious, persistent, irritating drilling away—that was the assignment the district desk gave to Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein at *The Washington Post*. The time: the morning after the third-rate burglary at the Watergate. The rewards, a year or so later, for breaking the case: Simon & Schuster paid them a $55,000 advance for a book on Watergate. They received seven valuable awards by their peers. They helped *The Washington Post* win the Pulitzer Prize Award, a Gold Medal for Distinguished Meritorious Public Service by a Newspaper. Ranged with them for the Pulitzer were the paper's other reporters, editors, and a gutsy management that never bent under torturing pressure to quit the story.

Through their persistent detective work, Bob and Carl uncovered the connection between Watergate and the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, the connection to the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President; and nothing Ron Ziegler said at White House press meetings deterred them. It is easy now to spot them. Bob Woodward is thirty, has a grown-out crew cut, large eye sockets, a face as open as a Finnish sandwich, a giving voice that flatters but can refuse, hard. The Re-

publican son of a Republican judge, a graduate of Yale, 1965, who spent five years as an officer in the Navy, he is also insistent, demanding, somewhat arrogant. In short, a pest. His partner, equally arrogant, is twenty-nine, has the face of an aging copyboy, rumpled, sharp, suspicious. His grey-black hair looks like a slipped wig. Together, B. and W. work as if they had to clear up the world before payday.

> "The newspaper insisted all Watergate stories be confirmed as true. No flabby rumors. Woodward (above, left) and Bernstein (right) snuffled out their stories with the hardest kind of digging."

Ben Bradlee, *The Post*'s executive editor, said to an interviewer for the paper's inside giveaway, *Shop Talk*, that the problem of Watergate was "to go find the pieces [of the puzzle] and then put them together . . . and we still haven't got them all. That's the genius of the job Woodward and Bernstein did . . . that tremendous search." To that, *The Post's* district editor Barry Sussman, a behind-the-scenes pusher, said, "We knew that everything we had reported was correct and that eventually it would be shown correct . . . the pressures on top management at that point and the pressures on Carl and Bob and other people working on the story were almost unrelenting and of a kind probably no other newspaper has ever had." No one mentioned the direction from which those pressures came. To quote those masters of redundant English—the early witnesses before the Senate Watergate hearings—"in some point of time" Vice-President Agnew had called the press "fat and irresponsible" and the former Attorney General of the United States, a delicate-minded gentleman, had said of *The Washington Post*'s handsome, distinguished, and, above all, courageous publisher: "Katie Graham is going to get her tit caught in a big fat wringer." So much for Administration charm and acuity.

After the Watergate arrests, Bernstein and Woodward slogged through the 1972 summer, following up lies leaked from the White House, but in the process they trapped the telephone directory of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President which gave them a step up in sorting out who had which office in the upper and lower hierarchies there. Fairly soon, Woodward overheard McCord say something about the C.I.A. in court, and that gave Bob a priceless clue. Somewhat later, Bernstein in Florida, before the Republican Convention, nagged and nagged at a hot, uncomfortable Florida prosecutor, digging into the connection with (Continued on page 148)

HARRY BENSON

A WOMAN IN TOUCH WITH HER FEELINGS

Unknown in America, outcast in Russia, Anna Akhmatova—one of the greatest poets of the twentieth century—loved and hated her life as woman-object. Shattering convention, she kept self-respect intact, could not be silenced by fear or sorrow. Akhmatova said: "My poetry is my link with our times"

A WOMAN—IN THE USSR—WITH FREEDOM IN HERSELF

Moscow memories—talking with, listening to Akhmatova

BY OLGA CARLISLE

Once, during one of my almost daily visits to her in the spring of 1962, Nadezhda Yakovlevna Mandelstam announced that, on the very next day, she was taking me to meet her friend, the famous Russian woman poet Akhmatova. (Nadezhda Yakovlevna Mandelstam is the widow of poet Osip Mandelstam and the author of the remarkable *Hope Against Hope* —see Vogue, January 15, 1971.) Anna Akhmatova had recently arrived from Leningrad on one of her biannual visits to the capital. Nadezhda Yakovlevna had spoken to her about me, and Akhmatova expressed her readiness to see me. It turned out that she remembered my mother and father warmly—she had met them the year before in Leningrad.

I was both delighted and awed at the prospect of encountering Anna Akhmatova. With the death in 1960 of her friend and peer Boris Pasternak, Akhmatova had become the unchallenged dean of Russian poets. Everything I knew about her, and especially her poetry, pointed to an almost regal personality. More than those of anyone else out of her fabulously talented generation—Pasternak, Mayakovsky, Mandelstam were her contemporaries—the poems of Akhmatova had become classics of Russian literature in her own lifetime. At their best, their simplicity, the perfection of their form, the harmonious balance between sound and meaning can only be compared to Pushkin's.

The following day was one of the hot, luminous days which made the spring of 1962, my first spring in Russia, so memorable to me. Even before leaves had opened on the trees, the air was filled with a faint smell of sap. The last patches of snow were fast disappearing from the sidewalks, and huge puddles shone in their place. Russian Orthodox Easter and the First of May were only days away; that year they were occurring within the same week. Whether they were going to honor the Christian festivity or the international Labor Day, or both, busy Muscovites were scurrying for holiday supplies. At that time, in Moscow, the shops were still well-stocked; Khrushchev's resounding economic fiasco, which was eventually to cost him his leadership and mark the end of a period of political and

Above: A poet undiscovered in our country, rated with Pasternak, Mandelstam, and Mayakovsky in her country and in the first rank anywhere that Russian is read, Anna Akhmatova was born Anna Gorenko, in 1889 near Yalta, and took a grandmother's name for her *nom de plume*. She wrote her first poem at eleven; life in St. Petersburg and in the imperial-palace towns Pavlovsk and Tsarskoe Selo informed her verse with a sober and refined spirit.

Joining a poets' guild dedicated to clarity and concreteness—the Acmeists—Anna Akhmatova met her first husband, poet Nikolai Gumilev. Her first book, published in 1912, was *Evening:* a sensation—revealing her intelligent ambivalence about her pre-Revolutionary life as the Gumilvitsa (Gumi-lioness) to her husband's Gumilev (-lion), a time when her aristocratic looks were as much admired as her brilliant verse. The photograph of her, above, was taken in 1932.

Revolution and Stalin's terror seared Akhmatova's life: Gumilev was shot; her second husband was deported; her son was sent to Siberia; in the World War II siege of Leningrad, she endured; in postwar repression, she was ostracized, excluded from the powerful Soviet Writers' Union. Yet, Anna Akhmatova was passionately in love with Russia and stayed in Russia—always writing—until her death in 1966: "My poetry is my link with our times," she said. "When I write, I live with the very pulse of Russian life." Her poetry comes to us now, in both Russian and English, in a book selected, translated, and introduced by Stanley Kunitz with Max Hayward, *Poems of Akhmatova* (Atlantic—Little, Brown).

cultural *détente,* had not yet been felt in the capital. The ordinarily grey, passive Moscow crowds were full of new energy.

Lines out of Pasternak came to my mind as I walked from my hotel over to Nadezhda Yakovlevna's that morning. In all of literature, there is no greater celebrant of spring than Pasternak; and a well-known poem, which he dedicated to Anna Akhmatova in 1928, was ringing in my memory. It made the thought of Akhmatova seem less forbidding; after all, though a classic, she was a friend of friends, a part of that wonderful Moscow spring:

I hear the soiled, dripping small talk of the roofs,
The students' black boots drum eclogues on the sidewalks.
The undefined city takes on personality,
is alive in each sound.

Although it's spring, there is no leaving the city,
the sharp customers overlook nothing. . . .

—TRANSLATED BY ROBERT LOWELL

In my memory, Akhmatova's own lines to Pasternak answered:

And now, like molten diamonds,
Puddles are glistening, ice seized with longing. . . .

Moscow's languor burns us again.

I was calling for Nadezhda Yakovlevna at the home of the Shklovskys, with whom she was staying. The family of the distinguished Soviet critic was living then next door to the Tretyakov Gallery of Art, in the very heart of Moscow. From there it was but a brief walk through narrow, ancient streets to the Ordynka, where Akhmatova was visiting with the Ardovs, a well-known playwright, and his family. That section of the city, which has been subsequently much rebuilt, was still full of charm then, a bit of old Moscow with its low, pink stucco houses and its many-cupolaed, whitewashed churches. That morning, in the sunshine, despite years of neglect, they looked like huge snowdrops. As we neared the Ordynka, Nadezhda Yakovlevna explained that this street, running straight east, was once the beginning of a highway linking Moscow to the encampments of the Tartar Horde—hence its name. It was along this road that, for centuries, Muscovites traveled to deliver their dues to their Asiatic masters.

My apprehension at the prospect of meeting Akhmatova was mounting as we walked down the Ordynka. At the same time, I was sorry at the thought that the morning's lighthearted mood would soon be dispelled. I sensed instinctively that there might never be another such Russian spring day in my life—the freedom which hung in the air seemed so real, the city so full of life. On an impulse I tried to persuade my friend to postpone our visit to Akhmatova. Perhaps she would take me first to a small church in the neighborhood which had been a favorite of Mandelstam's? Nadezhda Yakovlevna replied firmly that Akhmatova was expecting us at noon sharp. There would be other days for exploring out-of-the-way churches. Before I knew it, we had reached our destination: we were crossing a muddy courtyard, climbing several flights of stairs, ringing the Ardovs' doorbell. Akhmatova herself opened the door. She embraced Nadezhda Yakovlevna warmly and greeted me with a smile and a handshake. But, despite her affability, I found the poetess even more intimidating than I had feared.

At seventy-three, Akhmatova was tall, portly, and extremely handsome. She was wearing a slightly worn but becoming robe of black silk edged in purple. Her movements were slow, full of nobility. The expression on her face was a mixture of dignity and kindness, and one or the other of these moods dominated at a given moment. But most striking was the intelligence which shone in her eyes, and marked every sentence she uttered in a slow, slightly muffled tone. The deep, harmonious voice was immensely attractive; it had the very intonation of Akhmatova's poems. Indeed, Akhmatova resembled her own writing. She was simple yet majestic, perceptive yet self-absorbed. The trademarks of her youth, when she had been a famous St. Petersburg belle—the willful profile, the dark bangs which are part of pre-Revolutionary Russian literary lore—had vanished. Another Akhmatova had emerged, not unlike the one Osip Mandelstam had described almost fifty years before:

Like a black angel in the snow
I saw you today,
and I will say—the mark of God
is on you, that strange mark
which comes from above.
You should be standing,
a statue in a church.

Nadezhda Yakovlevna elected to leave me alone with her friend soon after our arrival: she had errands to run in the neighborhood. Discreetly, Akhmatova's hosts had retired to (Continued on page 146)

Akhmatova's memoir of Modigliani begins on page 22.

A POET OF SPIRIT AND POWER

Poems by Akhmatova
translated by Stanley Kunitz
with Max Hayward
and by Robert Lowell
with Olga Carlisle

THE REQUIEM (two excerpts)

IV

Think back on Tsarskôe's play world,
soon
outgrown, soon dated, show-off child—
the tree house built to catch the moon . . .
Oh what has happened to that child?

Number 300 in the queues
of women lugging food and news
for felons. . . . Will your scalding tear
burn an ice hole in the new year?

No sound. A prison poplar waves
over the deadly closeness, waves
of dead leaves whiten in the wind—
what innocent lives have reached the end!

The Verdict

At last the secret judge spoke out,
and struck us with his stony word—
but never mind, I will make out,
I was prepared.

Stones, chores . . . I'll manage. Splitting
rock
stops the split mind from looking back.
I can forget you now and then,
turn stone, and learn to live again—
or else? The woods' hot rustle, boughs
bursting, a window flying open . . .
I had long had a premonition
of this clear day and empty house.

1935-1961

—TRANSLATED BY ROBERT LOWELL
WITH OLGA CARLISLE

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I WRUNG MY HANDS

I wrung my hands under my dark veil . . .
"Why are you pale, what makes you
reckless?"
—Because I have made my loved one
drunk
with an astringent sadness.

I'll never forget. He went out, reeling;
his mouth was twisted, desolate . . .
I ran downstairs, not touching the
banisters,
and followed him as far as the gate.

And shouted, choking: "I meant it all
in fun. Don't leave me, or I'll die of
pain."
He smiled at me—oh so calmly,
terribly—
and said: "Why don't you get out of the
rain?"

1911

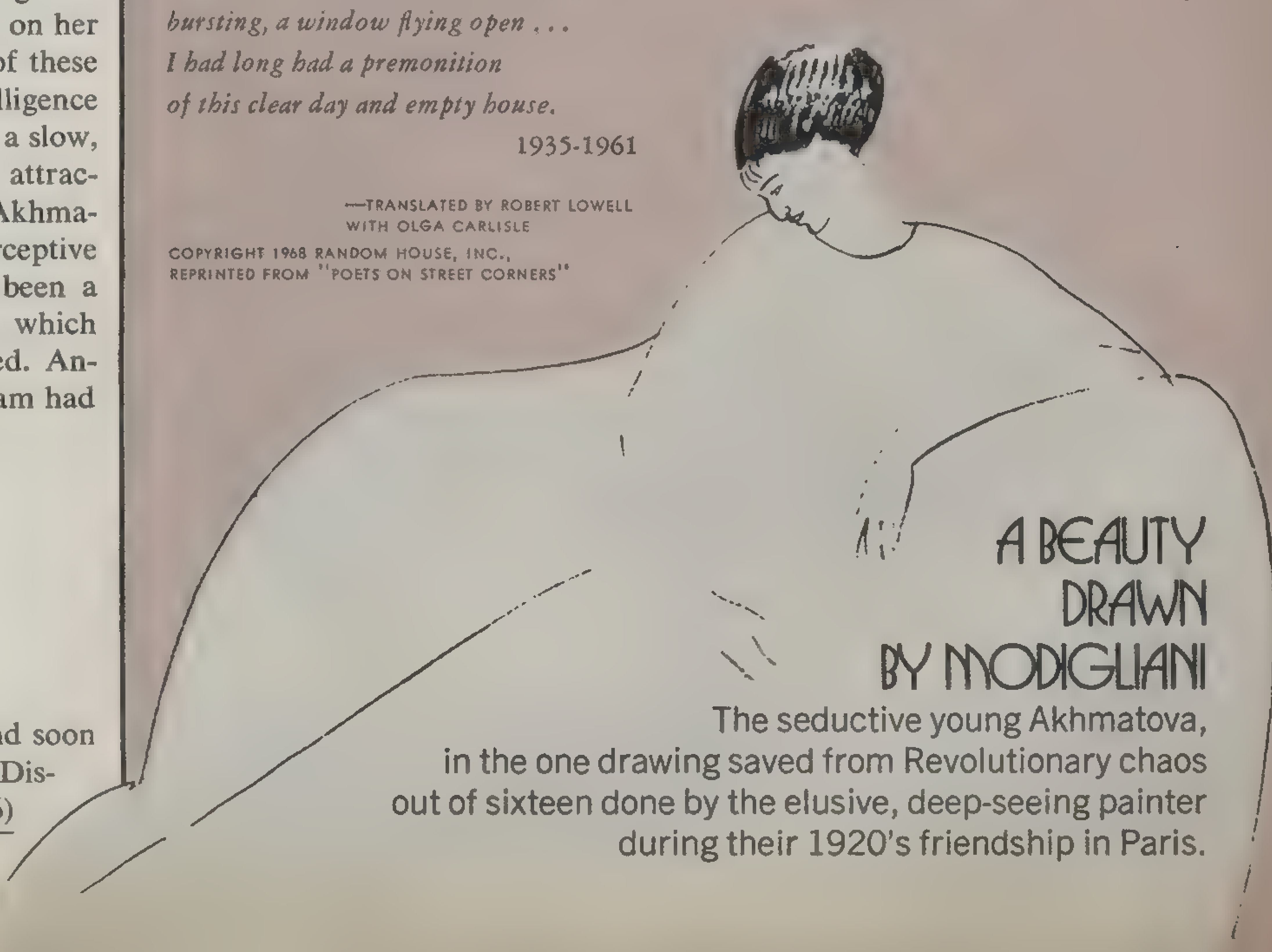
—TRANSLATED AND COPYRIGHT 1973
BY STANLEY KUNITZ
WITH MAX HAYWARD

THREE THINGS ENCHANTED HIM

Three things enchanted him:
white peacocks, evensong,
and faded maps of America.
He couldn't stand bawling brats,
or raspberry jam with his tea,
or womanish hysteria.
. . . And he was tied to me.

1911

—TRANSLATED AND COPYRIGHT 1973
BY STANLEY KUNITZ
WITH MAX HAYWARD



A BEAUTY DRAWN BY MODIGLIANI

The seductive young Akhmatova,
in the one drawing saved from Revolutionary chaos
out of sixteen done by the elusive, deep-seeing painter
during their 1920's friendship in Paris.

FLOWER WATCHING

By May Sarton

Whether you garden fanatically or prefer a wonderful mind-to-mind relationship with the best florist in town, flowers are a consuming passion

There are gardeners who feel that to pick a flower is a desecration, but I believe that one truly sees flowers better indoors. Just now I was stopped in my tracks as I passed a bowl of narcissus with the light shining through their white petals. Out of doors flowers are surrounded by so much else . . . birds, the shadow of a tree, a cloud passing over, and when it comes to the hosts of daffodils, sheer multitude precludes the recognition of individual identity.

There are single flowers that come into my house like gods, for instance in June the white tree peony, with its huge, ruffled, translucent, trembling petals held fast by a thick golden crown of stamens. I cannot pass it, standing alone in a Venetian glass, without feeling something like awe before its overwhelming "presence." Some iris have this power of standing alone and arresting the space around them; and the great salmon-pink poppy, crinkled silk like a Fortuny dress, stained with a dark purple center of stamens; and let me not forget the ephemeral annual Shirley poppies that stay only a few hours before the petals suddenly fall around the tiny pagoda of seeds like a ballerina's skirt let fall after a single performance.

Flower watching has its poignance, a greater poignance than bird watching, for we cannot see the whole cycle of a bird's life in a day or so, but with flowers we are sometimes in the presence of birth, life, and death in a few hours. As they come into their perfection, we have to let them go.

When my mother lay at home dying of cancer, flowers were still her greatest joy, and I tried always to have something rare close to the bed. Once an imaginative neighbor sent her chauffeur over, bearing a bowl of heavenly blue morning glories, so fleeting, so beautiful!

The busy living have no time to see
The flowers, so silent and so alive,
That paling to lavender of the anemone,
That purpling of the rose no one can save,
Dying, but at each second so complete
A photograph would show no slightest change.
Only the human eye, imperfect but aware,
Knows that the flower arrested on the air
Is flying through space, doing a dance
Toward the swift fall of petals, all at once.

I have spoken of the great spectacular peonies and poppies, but sometime a tiny flower can be pure magic—seeing the first waxy, pink cup of the trailing arbutus makes any New Englander's heart beat faster, especially as it often grows among dead leaves and detritus, perhaps even beside a rusty beer can. I have to admit that there are flowers best seen out of doors, and this is one. Lilacs, too, are best watched where they stand in towering profusion, sending out a wave of scent, often wet from spring rains. Lilac does not endure being picked, just as English bluebells do not. How sad it is in England to see those plundered sheaves of drooping heads swung from a cycle's handlebars, hopelessly wilted, they who had made a pool of blue under beech trees only an hour before!

Roses, of course, are eminently pickable for opulent baroque bunches, yet almost my best vision of roses has been a tall bush of the single white Nevada against the weathered dark brown of my barn, that fairy-tale glory of a thousand distinct white flowers.

Then I have to note the unattainable—or nearly—flowers that haunt one from childhood on, water lilies lying so beautifully composed on dark brown water. But try to pick one and you may drown, but you will in any case have a hard tussle with the immensely long, tough snakelike stems embedded deep in mud. Or think of that high branch of pink and white apple blossom just out of reach!

Sometimes an hour of casual exploration in the woods may bring the fulfillment of a long-held dream. So once when I was lecturing in Indiana and went on a walk alone, I came suddenly on a little vale and saw my first hepaticas wild, that incredible blue, and the frailty of the starry flowers on small hairy stems, a joy to which I can only compare an unexpected letter from someone long loved, a letter "out of the blue."

Flower watching is a passion that may at times supersede all others, a passion for the very old as for the very young, as witnessed in this letter from Sido, Colette's mother, to her son-in-law:

> *Sir, you ask me to come and spend a week with you, which means I would be near my daughter, whom I adore. You who live with her know how rarely I see her, how much her presence delights me. All the same I'm not going to accept your kind invitation, for the time being at any rate. The reason is that my pink cactus is probably going to flower. It's a very rare plant, and I'm told that in our climate it only flowers every four years. . . .*

Yes, flower watching is a consuming passion, with a touch of wisdom and a touch of madness in it. Did the cactus bloom? How awful that we shall never know. ■

Audrey Hepburn was Gigi (Broadway play, 1951); Leslie Caron was Gigi (Lerner-Loewe musical movie, 1958); the first off-page Gigi was Daniele Delormé in a late 1940's French filming of the 1945 book *Gigi,* written by France's wry and wily woman novelist Colette.

In 1973, the centennial of Colette's birth, Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe have concocted a stage version of their nine-Oscar-winning movie *Gigi,* adding several new songs to such old comforts as "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" and "The Night They Invented Champagne."

In the Edwin Lester production for the Los Angeles and San Francisco Civic Light Opera Association last May, the newest Gigi gawked into view—tall, skinny, wide of mouth and eye, with an unthreatening prettiness—set for the stardom that shines on girls who can play the 1899 schoolgirl reared by two *grandes cocottes,* her great-aunt Alicia and her grandmother, to follow them as a rich man's mistress.

Gigi, a *fin-de-siècle* dropout, breaks free into shockingly romantic love-and-marriage—a wholesome ending that can ring money-bells again, in the 'seventies post-porno backlash to purity. Could any young English lass with a powerful singing voice and as much acting and dancing as Julie Andrews ask for a better role? Twenty-year-old Terese Stevens, a performer since she was fifteen, is Gigi now, her first chance ever "to play anything that wasn't a prostitute or an American campus-rebel type."

The new *Gigi,* with Daniel Massey, Agnes Moorehead, Maria Karnilova, George Gaynes, Alfred Drake (who plays the Maurice Chevalier role), and two hundred costumes by Oliver Messel to rival Cecil Beaton's earlier extravagances, is touring cross-country, will land in New York later this year.

A cabaret singer and impersonator discovered by Katharine Hepburn (who seemed to think it important that her find neither smokes nor drinks) in a London rock version of *Carmen,* "Terri" Stevens has reminded everyone of practically anyone great: Billie Holiday, Shirley Bassey, Edith Piaf, Judy Garland, Ethel Merman, and—the obvious—Julie Andrews, Audrey Hepburn, Leslie Caron.

"Basically, I'm a jazz-blues singer, an emotional performer," Terese said. "Singing sad lyrics, I often make myself cry." She sounds like a winner; as Gigi's grandmamma said: "Successes and celebrity are not a matter of luck."

HORST

WHO'S GIGI NOW?

"Never wear second-rate jewels," said Gigi's Aunt Alicia, "wait until the really good ones come to you." Terese Stevens is the girl who gets the sparklers in Lerner-Loewe's musical *Gigi*, now on the stage and touring cross-country

HORST

WE GOT

THE HORSE

RIGHT HERE

By Charlotte Curtis

Secretariat, Clark Gable of horses, represents power, money, and total male beauty: a triple-win sex symbol

Ah yes, Secretariat! The big burnished red chestnut stallion whizzed through the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes, smashing records to win them all and become Thoroughbred racing's first Triple Crown sovereign in twenty-five years.

Secretariat's not merely the most beautiful horse in the world (give or take some silly nonsense about the shape of his hindquarters) but certainly one of the most accomplished. Even effete Eastern sportswriters, occasionally noted for their restraint, have taken to calling him "Super Horse" and easing his name into sentences beside Man o' War, horsedom's all-time horse. Yet to Mrs. John B. Tweedy, his aristocratic principal owner and breeder, Secretariat is still either "Big Horse" (her name for whichever of her sixty-eight horses is winning the most money) or "Big Colt" (because she also owns Riva Ridge, last year's Derby and Belmont Stakes winner).

"Riva Ridge," Penny Tweedy explained, with real affection, "really has won more money." But that's not the point. From the looks of things, Big Colt will go on and on, if not on the tracks then at stud. Mrs. Tweedy would rather race him, but when she needed cash to pay estate taxes after her father, Christopher T. Chenery, died last January, she sold Secretariat's future to a syndicate.

The deal, a whopping $6,080,000, involved thirty-two people, each of whom was willing to invest $190,000 in the uncrowned horse. "I guess the price was based on the Macy's-basement theory," she said. "$190,000 sounded more reasonable than two hundred thousand." For his money, each member of what amounts to a Secretariat corporation bought the privilege of breeding one mare a year to Super Horse for the rest of his life. The agreement stipulates that—Triple Crown winner or not—"the people's horse," as his French-Canadian jockey, Ron Turcotte, calls him, must retire from racing November 15.

Secretariat, of course, has no say. He is, after all, only a horse. And while humans make the decisions, he goes on about his frankly pampered and strictly structured life. Even his conception was pre-arranged. Four years ago, Mrs. Tweedy, chatelaine of her father's Meadow Stud, sent her mare Somethingroyal off to the celebrated Bold Ruler, the nation's leading sire. She named the foal for Elizabeth Ham, the farm's long-time executive secretary (a secretary's office, if you check any dictionary, is a secretariat). Miss Ham, it seems, also wanted to commemorate the League of Nations's Secretariat.

As a foal, Secretariat was promising. But racing is a chancy business. Nobody really knew what he could do until he starred last summer at Saratoga, thereby convincing Mr. Turcotte as well as Lucien Laurin, his French-Canadian trainer. The rest, as they say, is history. He gets almost as much fan mail as the Partridge family, all of which is carefully and personally acknowledged.

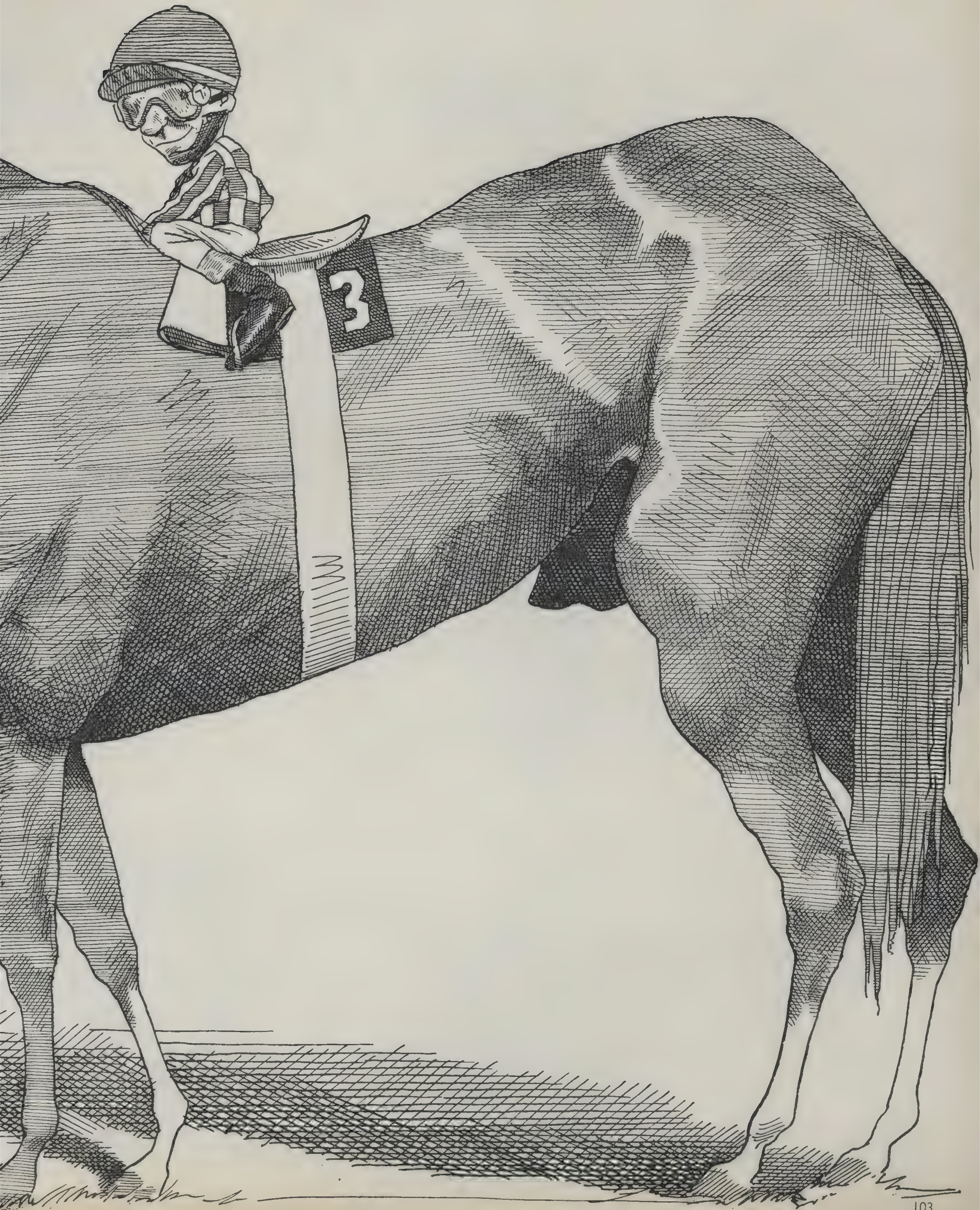
"It will be better," Mrs. Tweedy conceded, "when he has his own postcards." A Derby win often sets the picture postcard order into motion. But the prudent Mrs. Tweedy decided to wait until *after* the Triple Crown. She didn't want to be premature.

Now, as a celebrity, the superbly easy-

(Continued on page 148)

"Now, as a celebrity, the superbly easygoing equine lives the Puritan life . . . no fudge sundaes or moisturizing creams . . . but every day includes a manicure"

Right: David Levine, who uses astringent for ink, penned this laughing-at-our-loved-one portrait of Secretariat especially for Vogue.


3

**By
Allan H.
Mankoff**

No place to

In Europe, some discreet hotels offer love shelter in the afternoon—at hourly

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A careful researcher who says he's seen everything he describes here, Allan H. Mankoff wrote* Mankoff's Lusty Europe *(The Viking Press/A Richard Seaver Book). He supplied prices, too; but costs, of course, are subject to change by the hotels—or by the swings of the American dollar.*

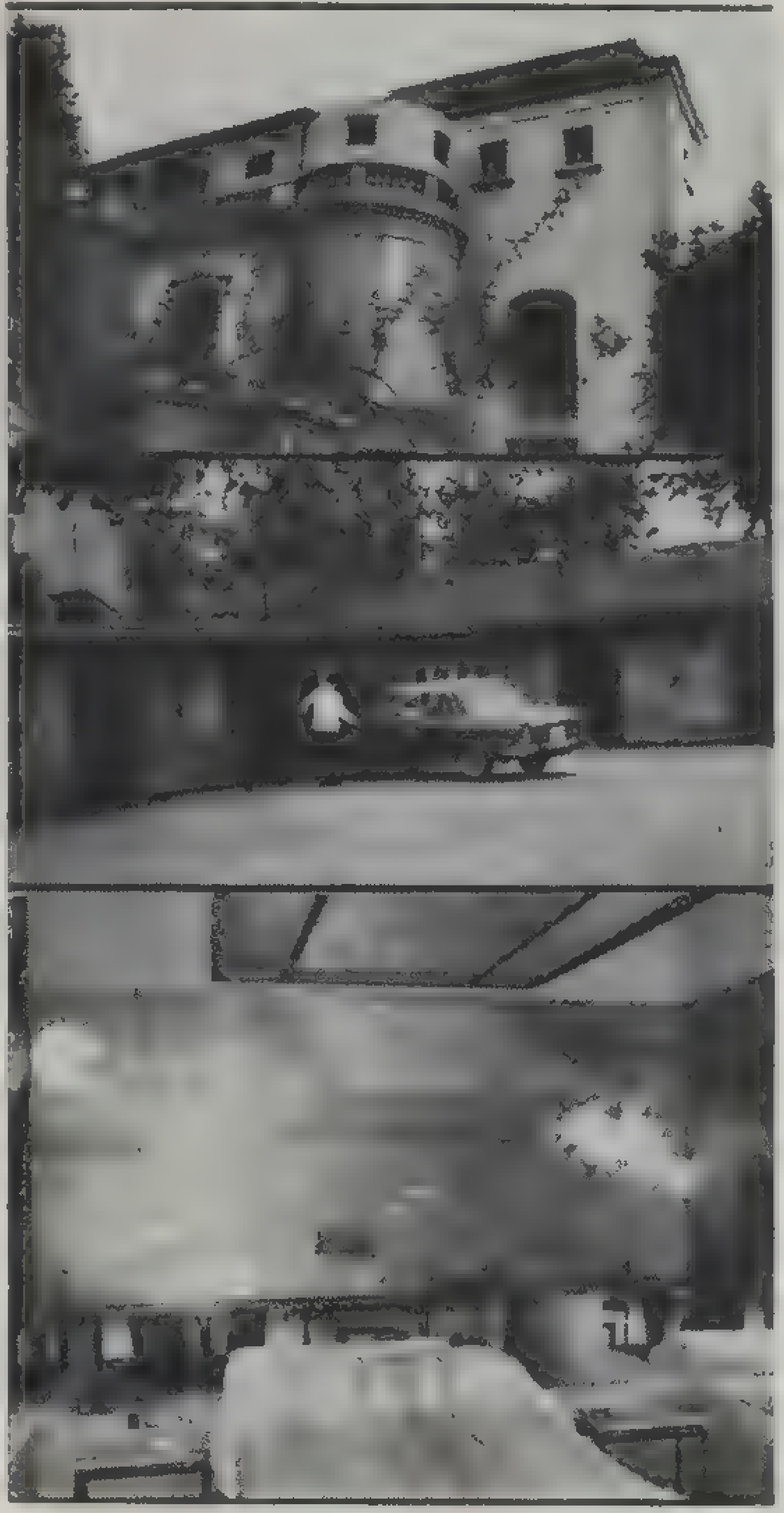
I know a Scarsdale man who's in love with his wife. So much so that once each month, and sometimes twice, she comes down to his Manhattan office and they lunch in one of those *French* restaurants in the East Fifties. One thing leads to another and eventually to The Plaza hotel where they take advantage of the one-to-six P.M. "day rate" (half the regular rate: doubles, $21 to $38; suites, $36 to $293; third person in room $6 per day) and each other. But often there is no day-rate room available, what with people changing there for weddings and bar mitzvahs, and so the Scarsdale couple must seek a hotel of inferior ambience. (There is, after all, only one Plaza. Sometimes the staff even leave chocolates under the pillows!) It is then that the couple recall their impecunious courtship when they often had to make do with an hour or so in a friend's apartment or—just once!—one of those quickie joints near Times Square. Many Americans still face this problem.

Several years ago, The New York Hilton began renting certain of its rooms by the hour for the convenience of those businessmen who wish to hold "meetings and conferences." One supposes there is nothing to prevent married couples from using the Hilton rooms—or those of several other midtown hotels that also have introduced day rates—for other purposes. But whatever the merits of its space-age appliances, The New York Hilton is no more suitable for love than some European hotels are for accommodating executive conferences.

For example, just try conducting a corporate meeting in the rooms of Paris's Hôtel Particulier (literally: "private hotel") Villa Caroline, perhaps the most precious hotel among the hundreds in Europe offering short-stay rates. Located at 85 rue de la Pompe in the elegant sixteenth *arrondissement* (phone 504-67-38), the Caroline charges about $10 for four hours in one of its preposterously coy chambers, most of which resemble Margaret O'Brien's bedroom. When she was twelve.

A sweet delicate riot of lavender and lilac is the Caroline, with flowered sheets, silk-covered walls and ceilings. Typical is room No. 2: small private garden, mirrored walls, half-recessed canopied bed, and mock-Louis XIV decor. However, don't be fooled by all the froufrou. Though the bathroom is papered in the style of Louis XIII, the very efficient plumbing is unequivocally late Charles de Gaulle and would do a Shaker Heights contractor proud. If he could understand it. Beds and rooms are a bit small, but this aspect only seems to enhance the Caroline's charm and add a certain defloration *déjà vu* to the proceedings however mature the participants.

$4 *buys an afternoon at the Hotel Pedralbes in Barcelona, where (center photograph) cars are garaged with license plates shrouded, bedrooms (bottom photograph) have mirrors in all directions and—soon—taped sounds of ocean waves or rain on the roof or even flamenco guitar.*



Among Paris's hundred or more afternoon-love hotels, none is more distinguished than that housed in the handsome grey-stone house at 46 rue Paul-Valéry (16e). A small bronze plaque whispers "Pavillon Villejust, Résidence Meublée" (furnished rooms). You ring.

There is no neon sign. Discretion is the quintessence of the well-run lovers' hotel, and Villejust has it in spades and hearts. After a short wait The Management arrives. She is a nice little old lady who has been showing another couple to their room. Her rule is *Never check in more than one couple at a time.* Thus there is no risk of an embarrassing meeting with friends or relatives. Actually, *no one* sees you; the aged custodians seem trained never to look a guest in the eye.

All Villejust rooms have evocative names (Capucin, Pompadour, Venise, etc.) and murals to match and at $10 to $15 for a short stay are equivalent in comfort to those of deluxe Paris hotels charging up to $50 the night, but with options for four channels of stereo and various hues of lighting controlled by bedside switches. There are no walk-in closets, but the wall hooks and racks are adequate for the clothes you and your mate were wearing, which is all the apparel any civilized person brings to a *hôtel particulier.* An overnight bag is acceptable, but *never* bring luggage—you may frighten The Management. Luggage here would be as suspicious as no luggage in The Hilton.

When you are ready to leave, you merely press the buzzer. The nice little old lady first checks the halls to make sure that they do not contain your father-in-law, then arrives at your door with a soft knock to lead you out. But you must open the door of your room for her. There are no handles on the outside.

Those who are genuinely interested in mirrors should try the narcissist's paradise at 11 bis rue Godot-de-Mauroy (9e). While Résidence Mauroy may be the Palace of Versailles among *meublées* (the ceilings of room Nos. 6 and 9, among others, are *all* mirror), it's a bit hectic. They do change the sheets, but apparently only from one room to the next. Crowded in the evening—and with a loyal clientele, some of whom seem well known to the management—the Mauroy has the advantages of being cheap and remarkably quick in turnover, so reservations are never a problem.

Of a higher *ton* are the gems of the swinging seventeenth *arrondissement,* exemplified by Résidence Cardinet (52 rue Cardinet) where $9 to $12 rooms have four-panel portable mirrored screens that virtually surround the percaled beds.

On the Left Bank, Les Hortensias (4 rue Jules Chaplain, 6e), an exquisite *La Belle Epoque* villa, has a lovely garden, asks about $7 for two hours, $13 the night.

Calme describes Les Panoramas (3 rue des Panoramas, 2e), which is popular with fiduciaries and their interests for it abuts the Bourse.

Champs-Élysées hotels cater to closely scheduled businessmen, with garages, elevators, phones in rooms, and substantial lunches—all seldom found in the more romantic *meublées* of the sixteenth and seventeenth districts. Houses like those at Nos. 3 and 5 rue de Ponthieu (8e) are especially crowded from 2 to 4 P.M., the exigencies of heavy auto traffic having made it difficult for even the most resourceful of suburban French to maintain their tra-

$7 *at Hotel Goldene Spinne in Vienna for a short stay in a room with a bed that's an adult-sized folk-art crib, exactly like a child's except for the canopy—it's mirrored.*

PHOTOGRAPHS, COPYRIGHT 1973, ALLAN H. MANKOFF

take a Lady

rates—with mirrors, murals, champagne and caviar; not so, in the United States.

ditional *cinq-à-sept* afternoon hours for love and still get home in time for dinner.

Best of a perhaps too frenetic lot is Champs-Elysées Studio (97 rue La Boëtie, 8e), which has $7 to $13 doubles with an exciting *Repas à la russe:* salmon, caviar, and vodka served at any hour.

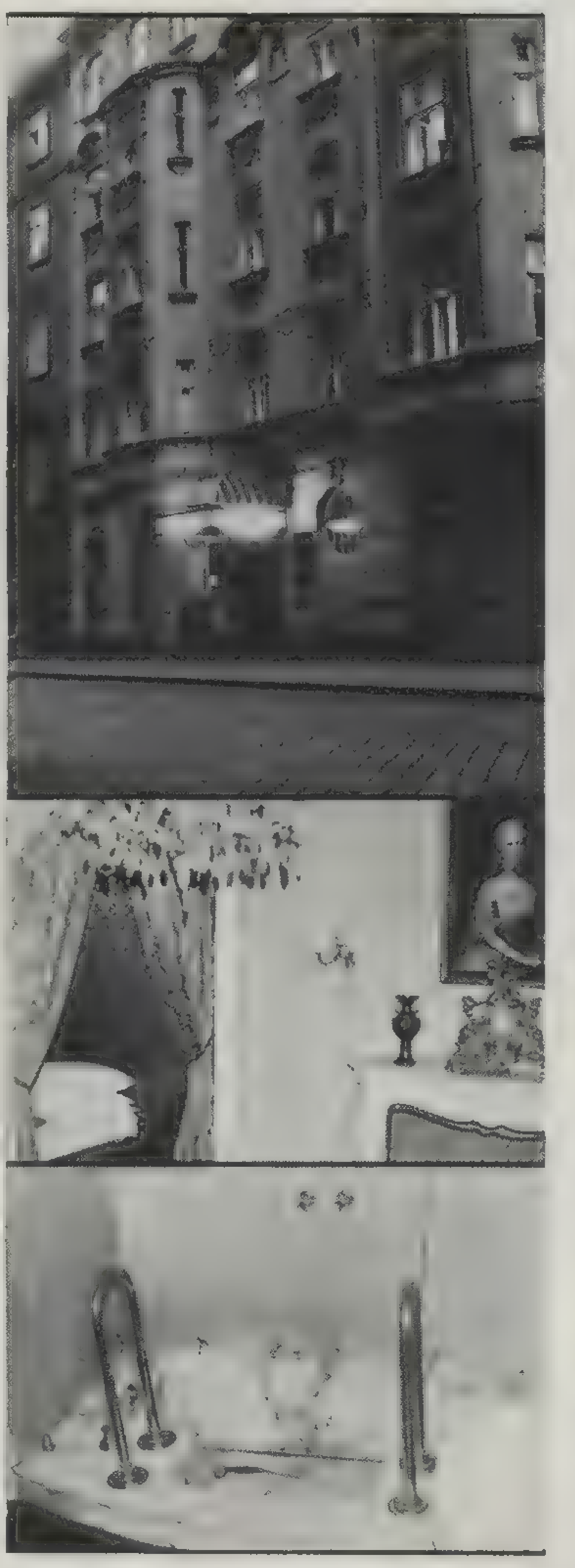
The last thing the Viennese like is a big *Tumult* and they will go to some lengths to avoid one—usually to a little beach resort on the Adriatic. If one has less time, a placid *Stunden* hotel (literally: "hours," a hotel where some rooms may be rented by the hour) in Vienna does nicely.

From the façade, the Hotel Orient looks the sort of place Sidney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre might have chosen for a rendezvous; but inside the sinister balconied late-Austro-Hungarian grey pile at 30-32 Tiefer Graben—in the heart of Vienna's Inner City—the paneled lobby, *Grossvater* clocks, and huge portraits of forgotten Hapsburg cavalry officers and their ladies promise more *Schmalz* than any *Stunden* east of the Rhine.

Take suite No. 4, for example. The large sitting room is dominated by two massive paintings—one of an Arab muse, the other a sentimental portrait of a lady who might be the Empress Maria Theresa but is not. There are several rickety chandeliers, a heavy white marble fireplace with, on the mantel, an elaborate gilt French Provincial clock mounted with cupids mounting one another, Black Forest-green carpeting, dragoon-maroon clothed walls. In the far corner, at the pull of a frayed tassel, matching maroon brocade draperies fall away to reveal an eight-by-twelve alcove encasing a canopied bed, delicate night table, crystal candelabra, and a house phone should you require champagne, aperitifs, or strudel. The bathroom is enormous and fully marbled in a shade of faded orange-taupe you have never seen before.

If you like to swim, call the Orient in advance (63-72-07 or 63-73-07) to reserve suite No. 5. Here the large sitting room/bedroom has only a queen-size bed facing a round wall mirror, but the bathroom . . . one should really say the Natatorium . . . is fifteen by twelve, all of it grey marble—yes, the ceiling as well, with a dome that enhances the spectacular echo. There is no tub. Instead you have a four-foot deep plunge pool, reached by four marble steps, commodious enough to accommodate even a well-fed Viennese couple.

$10 *for two to four hours at the Hotel Orient in Vienna; suite No. 4 (center photograph), sparkles with gilt and crystal; No. 5 has, in the bathroom, a marble pool (bottom photograph) generous enough to hold even a Viennese couple, no matter how overfed on creamy* Schlag.



Numbers 4 and 5 are the Orient's finest suites. Each commands about $10 for a period of two, maybe four hours. We liked No. 4 so much I begged the clerk to let us stay the night. His look suggested I was attempting to book a Lipizzan stallion to run in the third at Wheeling Downs. Apparently these two suites are so popular that only a waltz king could luxuriate there for the whole night. Maybe if I'd hummed a little.

No so-called *"Stunden"* or "lovers' hotel" is exclusively a short-time hotel. One assumes that all these establishments welcome the weary marrieds as warmly as the wanton. The Orient, for example, has many rooms set aside for overnight family accommodation.

Unquestionably, if you're seeking *La Belle Epoque* on a budget, Vienna is your town; but how does one reconcile the plethora of *Stunden* hotels with the opinion of the Germans, among other Europeans, that the Viennese are the worst lovers on the Continent? "Romance" is the Viennese answer to that. "Of course, sex is not the center of the relationship," observed a retired attorney. "Rather, it is more important to go to see the woman. To have coffee with her. And, yes, to have champagne in bed with her. We have lost our empire but not our traditions."

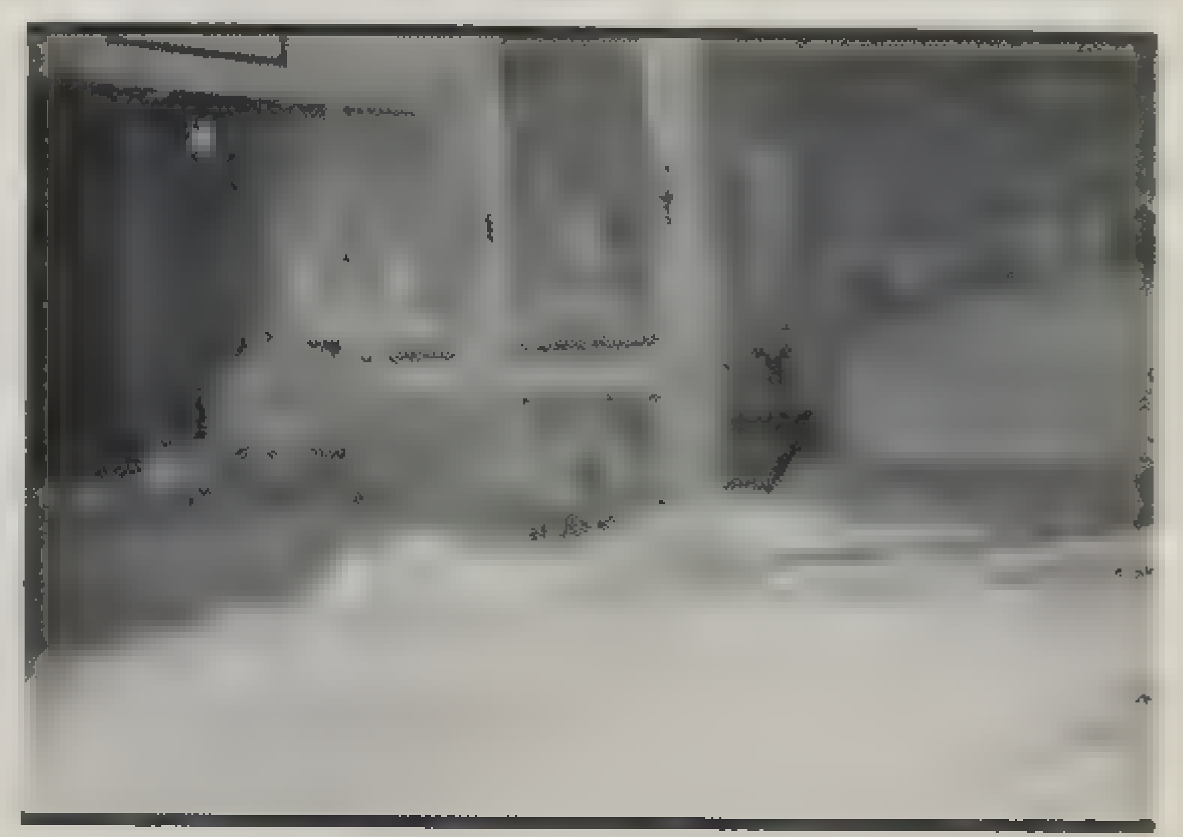
Indeed, tradition has it that, even when the city of Vienna was still surrounded by walls, a bawdy *Gasthaus* thrived where now stands the Hotel Goldene Spinne (Golden Spider) at Linke Bahngasse 1A. The present structure, a more-than-century-old six-story Hapsburg wedding cake, recently has been renovated. Plopped like maraschino cherries in the new coat of white-marble icing framing the entrance are the plaques of some of Europe's great auto and touring clubs, reassuring NATO and Common Market families. Moreover, for years the Spinne has been popular with students and little old ladies alike, at least the upper floors, but the character is different on the first and mezzanine levels. In the words of a cabbie, "Our grandfathers already loved here, and not with our grandmothers."

It is difficult to imagine what the little old lady from Dubuque might do with room No. 8, for example, but younger Iowans may adore it. This is the *Bauernstube*—the farmer's room—so called, apparently, because the bed that takes up nearly half the chamber is an enormous adult crib with floor-to-ceiling head- and footboards handpainted after the *Dorftrottel* (village idiot) school with tweety birds, giant zinnias, grapevines, and embracing marathon yodeling teams. The thing is fully canopied by a mirrored roof and there's another giant reflector on the facing wall.

The annex of the Hotel Westbahn (Fügerstrasse 3) has similar *Spiegel* (mirror) rooms with lighting and special effects worthy of an Academy Award.

In Warsaw Pact nations, the ceiling mirror is sometimes replaced by an even more exciting see-through mirror (and in England, one hears, as well). Take care then, at several downtown Prague hotels; you're safer in a nearby rural retreat like Hotel René. Because it has only eleven rooms (and several ridiculous statues of Cupid about the grounds), new patrons may stand a better chance by booking a room for the afternoon. Later, enjoy a walk through the woods and a candlelight dinner ("highly aphrodisiac" horseradish on nearly everything) before motoring the twenty-three kilometers back to Prague.

$10 *is the price of four idyllic hours in Paris's posh sixteenth* arrondissement *at Villa Caroline; its rather coy mock-Louis XIV rooms have vast mirrors, flowered sheets, brocaded walls and ceilings.*



Barcelona is second only to Paris for the quality, if not the quantity, of its romantic hotels. Exemplary is the Hotel Pedralbes. This castle-like villa on a promontory has a view east to the city's bustling harbor and, to the west and north, splendid vistas of the Catalonian coastal range; but (Continued on page 154)

SUPER NEW DECORATING PLAN—FURNITURE IS THE LEAST OF ITS WORRIES; SPACE, ART, PLANTS ARE IMPORTANT. CARRIED OUT BY ALEXANDRE AND ARIANE WAKHEVITCH IN THEIR 60' BY 80' LOFT IN NEW YORK'S SOHO

LA VIE DE BOHÈME 1973

HORST

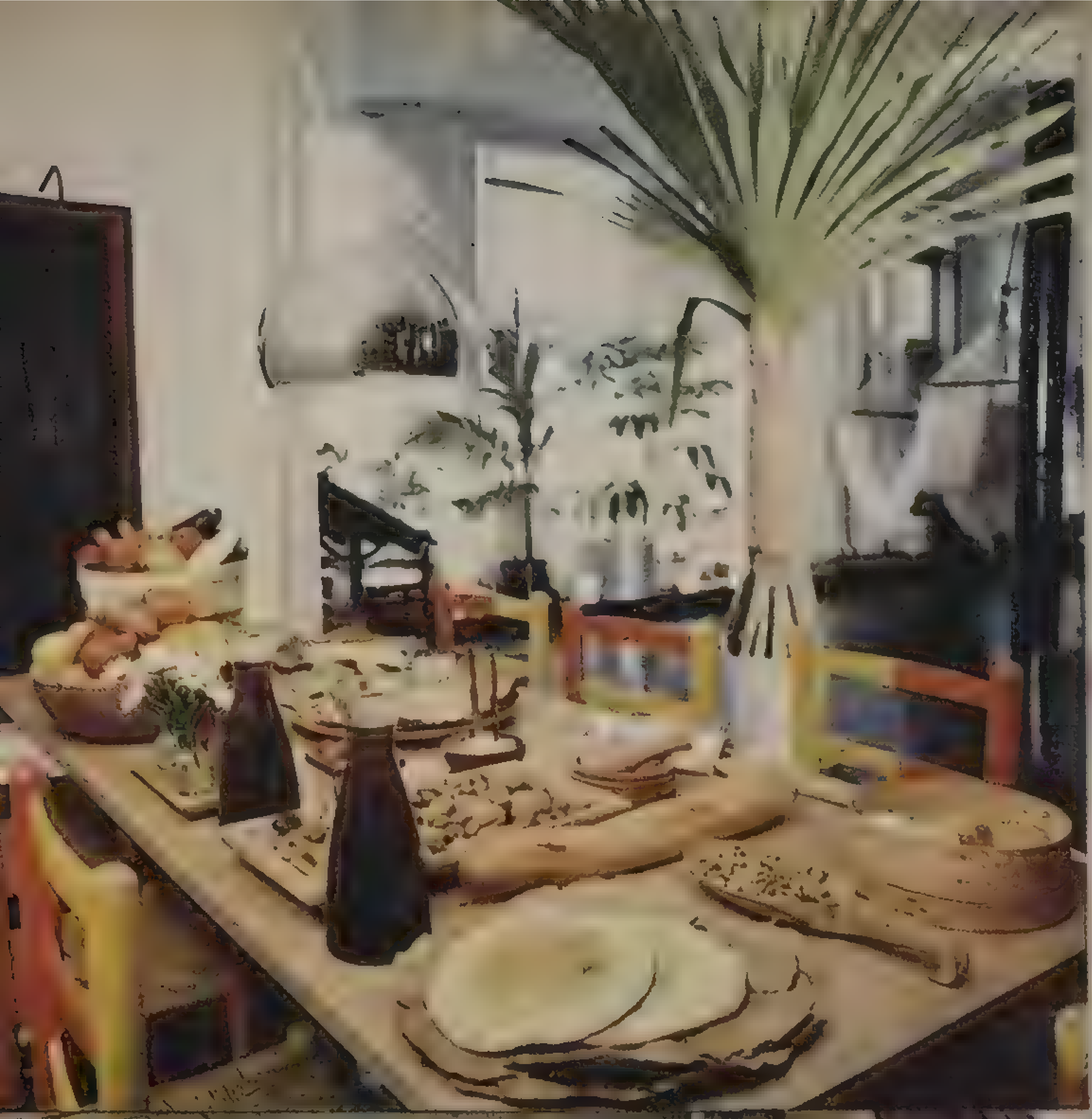
More art than furniture. More plants than furniture. More space than anything....This is the young, unhampered decorating plan of Alexandre and Ariane Wakhevitch, who have converted a cavernous loft in New York's SoHo art colony into an apartment of enormous charm. Alexandre—an intensely serious young painter and sculptor who could easily double as a darkly handsome French movie star—designed it for maximum openness, maximum enjoyment of its 4,800 square feet of space—keeping the furniture deliberately sparse, leaving the center free for sculptures, plants. "The middle is for the pleasure of the eyes," he said. "We live around the edges. At night, everything is in shadows—so calm, serene, *harmonique*."...What furniture there is is apt to be built in; or very inexpensive—and therefore expendable; or easily changeable if one gets tired of it. For example, the coffee table, *left*: a plate-glass top held by four metal legs—these, designed by François Arnal on the principle of a carpenter's C-clamp. Instead of the glass top, they could hold with equal ease a slab of marble, driftwood, whatever.... Under this plan, the art stays; the space stays; but the furniture can go in any direction—including out.

Left: In the vast, white-painted living room, the raised sitting area is black—black walls, bookcases; a black banquette, built by Alexandre, upholstered by Ariane. In the center—on the dark, gleaming expanse of floor—stand huge carbon-steel sculptures by Alexandre, and tall, leafy plants in tubs. At rear, paintings by (left to right) George McClancy; Alexandre; Tom Evans. Joky plastic sundaes, in foreground, from Azuma.

Above: Over the banquette, Mike Bakaty's semi-opaque polyester-resin piece, a pearly glow against the black wall. The decorative library ladders are Chinese.

Below: Alexandre and Ariane Wakhevitch; as Ariane Brener, she is president of Maplewalnut Studio, a young, avant-garde design firm. They moved here from Paris in 1971 because now, "New York is where an artist must be."

(More on the following page)



SPACE, ART, PLANTS… AND A FLOWER-BANKED BATHTUB IN THE BEDROOM

Top: In the dining area—buffet lunch spread on a French bistro table. Spanish chairs ($4 each), painted by the Wakhevitches. Italian wood trays; Chinese fruit basket; dried leaves from India on which Ariane serves cheese, fruit (the leaves are rinsable).

Above: Inland from the dining area is the kitchen, partitioned off on three sides—black-and-white, immaculate, decorated with Avedon's famous Beatle posters.

Near right: Ariane, in a fringed hammock from Nicaragua that adds to the garden-y feeling; her necklace, pre-Columbian.

Center right: In the bedroom—a bright-green papier-mâché sculpture by Jean Viguié; over the bed, a Tom Evans painting. The bed itself is simply a mattress on a low plywood box built by Alexandre. Since the loft (once a hat factory) had a washroom but no bathtub, he built that, too—a marvelous sauna-like tub, 9' by 9', of redwood and stainless steel. Around it runs a redwood bench for soap, shells, masses of green and flowering plants, lighted at night.

Far right: Close-up of tub, bench, plants.

HORST

HOW FAMOUS PEOPLE COOK

BY ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE

Group cooking: the invention of a celebrated American composer-critic whose witty talk-and-bake style matches his musical brio. Virgil Thomson in the kitchen attracts famous co-cooks; he shares their recipes here.

FOOD SURPRISES FROM VIRGIL THOMSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, a duo at the piano, cook à deux, too, not only in their New York apartment but at their Long Island country house at Water Mill, New York. This summer, they are concert-touring Europe; next fall, they'll explore the relationship of painting to music at a Metropolitan Museum of Art concert in New York, using slide illustrations as well as pianos. The following article is the first in a cozy series of Gold-Fizdale dissertations on their cooking and on that of their famous friends.*

When Virgil Thomson, that Parisian from Missouri, went to Europe as a music student in 1921, he chose to live in Paris because, as he said, "If I'm going to starve, I might as well do it where the food is good." It didn't take long for the young Virgil to become part of the exciting art world that was Paris in the 'twenties. In a short time he "knew everyone in town": Picasso, Joyce, Pound, Hemingway, Christian Dior, and Christian Bérard; his fellow composers, Poulenc, Stravinsky, and Prokofiev; many comfortable members of the *haut monde;* and, above all, Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas. "Gertrude and I, from the very first moment, hit it off," says Virgil, "like two Harvard men."

Returning to America some years later, he came armed with his opera *Four Saints in Three Acts* (one of our national treasures), a sharp tongue, a sharper pen, and an encyclopedic knowledge of French cuisine. He is also a mine of information about music, literature, wines and spirits, love and taxes, the French language, Americana, the artist's life, trees, human nature, prosody, legal procedures, the power structure, Picasso's character, Gertrude Stein's sex life—and what's wrong with electric stoves.

In 1941, Virgil T. became the music critic of the *New York Herald Tribune* and proceeded to make journalistic history. Wise, witty, and profane, he was read as much for his style as for his opinions. Irreverence replaced gentility and everyone, except the occasional victim of an attack, was delighted. His gift for creating royalty was commanding: Rubinstein became "the King of Pianists," the harpsichordist Landowska, "The Queen." A review of Heifetz was headed "Silk Underwear Music"; Horowitz was "the perfect marksman."

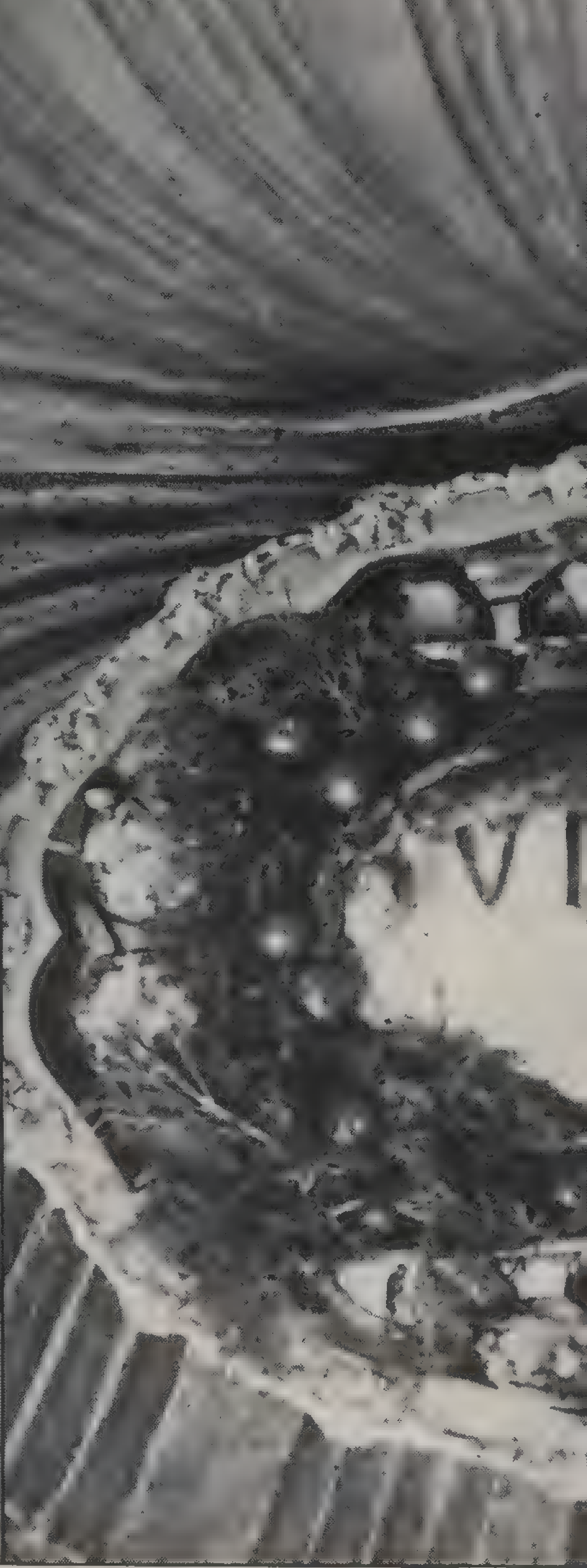
Certainly no one could possibly nod off when reading Virgil's three volumes of collected criticism, which are always stimulating and unalloyed delight. If this composer and critic could be induced to write a cookbook as well, it, too, would become a national treasure. When we suggested that he do so, he was appalled. However, when we proposed a country weekend of cooking at our house on Long Island, he accepted with enthusiasm, saying, "I love to be alone when composing, but cooking alone is a big bore. Let's all cook together. That's my idea of lots of fun."

In Virgil's considered opinion, Mrs. Robert Rushmore and the painter Maurice Grosser are "the best cooks I know in New York": and so, like the Swiss Family Robinson, they, he, and we set out for the country. Before leaving we invited them and a few other friends to lunch. Knowing that they would each do a good deal of cooking during the weekend, we fortified them by making one of our own favorite dishes, a Russian salmon pie. (Recipe inset in photograph, *above.*)

A combined Toscanini-Escoffier, Virgil T. conducted all kitchen activities in the country with brio, strict attention to detail, didactic fervor, and, since his palate has perfect pitch, unerring accuracy. The food he prepares has many of the qualities of the music he composes; although based on classical procedures, it is completely up to date. Deceptively simple with no frills, it is absolutely delicious and surprisingly substantial.

In the course of a long and happy weekend, Virgil cooked and conducted (or talked about) these (and other) dishes:

Below: The Gold-Fizdale luncheon to launch a group-cooking weekend [illegible] around the table, left to right: Arthur Gold, Betsy Carmichael, Virgil Thomson, Jean Vanderbilt, and Robert Fizdale; sitting out of camera range: Alfred Rushmore, Maurice Grosser. *Right:* [illegible] wreathed in dill and cherry tomatoes [illegible] far right [illegible]

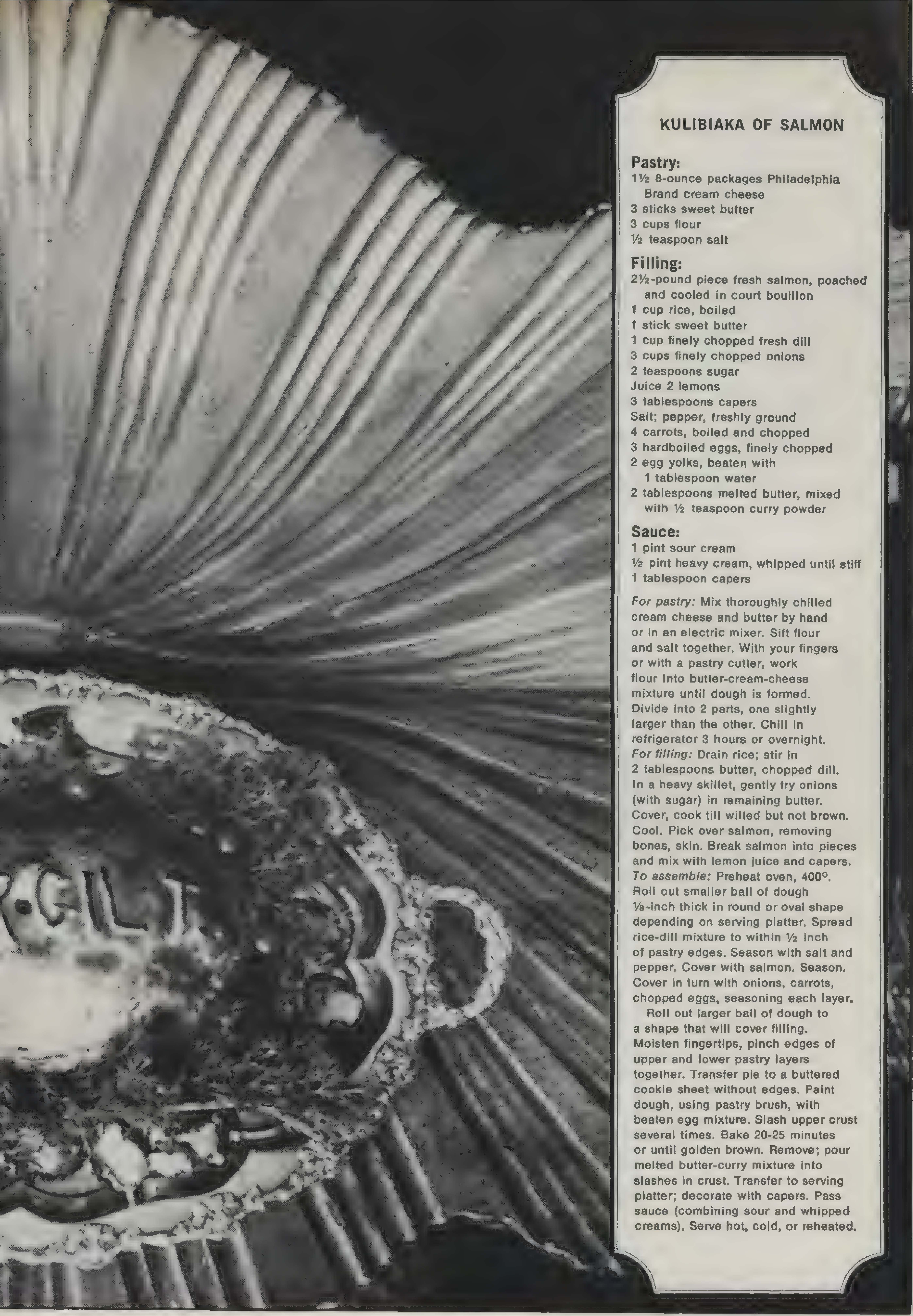


To serve with drinks:

CURRIED CASHEWS

2 tablespoons vegetable oil
3 tablespoons curry powder
1 cup cashew nuts
Salt

Heat oil in a heavy skillet. Stir in curry powder. Add nuts, stirring till well coated. Watch carefully, as they burn easily. Remove with slotted



KULIBIAKA OF SALMON

Pastry:
1½ 8-ounce packages Philadelphia Brand cream cheese
3 sticks sweet butter
3 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt

Filling:
2½-pound piece fresh salmon, poached and cooled in court bouillon
1 cup rice, boiled
1 stick sweet butter
1 cup finely chopped fresh dill
3 cups finely chopped onions
2 teaspoons sugar
Juice 2 lemons
3 tablespoons capers
Salt; pepper, freshly ground
4 carrots, boiled and chopped
3 hardboiled eggs, finely chopped
2 egg yolks, beaten with 1 tablespoon water
2 tablespoons melted butter, mixed with ½ teaspoon curry powder

Sauce:
1 pint sour cream
½ pint heavy cream, whipped until stiff
1 tablespoon capers

For pastry: Mix thoroughly chilled cream cheese and butter by hand or in an electric mixer. Sift flour and salt together. With your fingers or with a pastry cutter, work flour into butter-cream-cheese mixture until dough is formed. Divide into 2 parts, one slightly larger than the other. Chill in refrigerator 3 hours or overnight. *For filling:* Drain rice; stir in 2 tablespoons butter, chopped dill. In a heavy skillet, gently fry onions (with sugar) in remaining butter. Cover, cook till wilted but not brown. Cool. Pick over salmon, removing bones, skin. Break salmon into pieces and mix with lemon juice and capers. *To assemble:* Preheat oven, 400°. Roll out smaller ball of dough ⅛-inch thick in round or oval shape depending on serving platter. Spread rice-dill mixture to within ½ inch of pastry edges. Season with salt and pepper. Cover with salmon. Season. Cover in turn with onions, carrots, chopped eggs, seasoning each layer.

Roll out larger ball of dough to a shape that will cover filling. Moisten fingertips, pinch edges of upper and lower pastry layers together. Transfer pie to a buttered cookie sheet without edges. Paint dough, using pastry brush, with beaten egg mixture. Slash upper crust several times. Bake 20-25 minutes or until golden brown. Remove; pour melted butter-curry mixture into slashes in crust. Transfer to serving platter; decorate with capers. Pass sauce (combining sour and whipped creams). Serve hot, cold, or reheated.

spoon. Drain on paper towels. Sprinkle with salt. Serve warm.

Virgil T.'s Tip: "Wrap in paper towels. Paper keeps things hot."

GARLIC ALMONDS
1 cup blanched almonds
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
4 tablespoons salt
1 teaspoon garlic powder

Heat nuts as above. Drain. Put nuts and salt in a brown paper bag and shake till nuts are coated. Put on paper towels and sprinkle with garlic powder.

Pre-theater: Virgil T.: "Before a concert or a theater, I like to make people feel cheerful but not overfed."

TURKEY-FOIE GRAS SANDWICHES
A slice of foie gras between slices of turkey on thinly sliced white bread.

Equally extravagant and delicious are:

SMOKED STURGEON-CAVIAR SANDWICHES
On each round white bread, a slice of smoked sturgeon topped by a generous helping of black caviar and a squeeze of lemon.

Not as extravagant but just as delicious are: Hot beaten biscuits filled with Virginia ham and served with iced champagne.

More substantial is:

CRAB MEAT THOMSON
1½ cups heavy cream
2 teaspoons arrowroot (or flour)
1 pound fresh crab meat
Salt, white pepper, Cayenne pepper
3 tablespoons brandy

In a double boiler, heat cream and arrowroot, stirring until thick. Add crab meat, seasonings; heat through. Stir in brandy and serve on hot unbuttered white toast. Serves 6 to 8.

Virgil T.: "This is a period piece from prohibition days when everything was served on toast—chicken à la king, lobster Newburg, and other goodies."

Soup:

STAR ANISE INSTANT GAZPACHO
1 12-ounce can Italian-style tomatoes
1 teaspoon star anise (or 1 tablespoon Pernod)
3 small cloves garlic, peeled and put through garlic press
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 teaspoons vinegar
1 bunch celery, tops discarded and cut up
1 green pepper, seeded and cut up
1 cucumber, peeled and cut up
1 can double-strength chicken broth
3 Saltine crackers
1 teaspoon sugar
Salt and pepper
3 tablespoons chopped chives
3 tablespoons chopped fresh dill

Into blender put half the tomatoes with their juice, the anise (or Pernod), garlic, oil, and vinegar. Blend to a very smooth puree. Pour into a large serving bowl. Put all remaining ingredients, except chives and dill, into blender. Blend on lowest speed for a few seconds only, turning on and off to get a coarse texture. Add to bowl. Chill for several hours or overnight. Sprinkle with chives and dill. Serves 4 to 6.

Fish and seafood:

SHRIMP MAURICE GROSSER
1 pound shrimp, shelled and deveined
1 cup olive oil
½ cup red wine
1 cup chopped parsley
2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed

Make a marinade of the last four ingredients and marinate the shrimp in this mixture for 2 or 3 hours. Drain. Heat a little olive oil in a heavy skillet. Cook until just pink, turn, and cook till pink on other side. Two or three minutes in all. Serve with well-buttered rice. Serves 3.

Maurice G.'s Tip: This Italian marinade can be made Chinese by substituting peanut oil for the olive oil, soy sauce for the wine, and fresh ginger root for the garlic.

STRIPED BASS WITH STAR ANISE
1 striped bass, about 4 pounds, cleaned and boned
1 teaspoon each star anise and aniseed
Salt and pepper
Large-size heavy-duty aluminum foil

For hollandaise sauce:
1 stick sweet butter
3 egg yolks
Juice 1 lemon
Salt and Cayenne pepper

Wash fish and dry carefully. Sprinkle inner surfaces with powder made by pulverizing both kinds of anise together. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Reassemble fish, seal tightly in foil, and bake at 350° for 25 minutes or until fish is easily pierced through.

(Continued on page 154)

DUANE MICHALS

Sweaters to do your banking in—on—everything, *this page*—all from Missoni, none of it heavy, all of it rounding on the hips. Knitted wool herringbones, *above left*—green-and-white shirt, short fast pleats, and a purple-dotted shirt as a jacket. Shirt-jacket, about $120; shirt, about $75; skirt, about $95. At Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz.

Missoni's slim-skirted suit, *above right*—darkest-green wool knit, with a beautiful white silky knit shirt doing what the best makeup does. Jacket and skirt, of wool and acrylic, about $230; acetate shirt, about $65. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Dorothy Gray's Lip Duo in Riviera Sand.

He walks, she takes the easy way, *right*—Cacharel's wonderful little brown Donegal tweed cardigan faced in flannel; chopped sleeves with knitted cuffs. Over a lean Shetland pull, lean brown pants in wide-wale cotton corduroy. Wool jacket (about $125) and pants (about $48), Cacharel, Division of Mallory. Next month, at Henri Bendel; Balliet's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Crazy Horse sweater. Hair, Maury Hopson. Accessories, next to last page.

CASUAL COMES TO TOWN

As we all know, where fashion proves out is in the wearing. So...starting at the Chemical Bank on 51st and Lex, and working our way crosstown, an eight-page impression of how we see women looking this fall in New York—and everywhere: easy and trim, hair swinging...with that little extra fillip of attractiveness that comes of being in clothes that feel good to be in...

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

ORGE C. SCOTT
IE CHRISTIE
COL WILLIAMSON
ZABETH WILSON
HLEEN NESBITT
NARD HUGHES
NRAD BAIN
IAN GISH
E NICHOLS
TON CHEKOV'S
CLE VANYA

What do they have in common — the wrap coat, the classic trench, the hip-covering jacket? They're the nifty tops for pants — on the roomy side to make a point of leanness and length below... the line for fall!

About 45 seconds from Broadway, at the new Circle in the Square theater: The wrap coat, *near right*—grey fleece over straight-legged pants in a black-on-grey windowpane plaid. Woolmark coat (about $100) and pants (about $38), by Pendleton. At Wallachs; L. S. Ayres; Marshall Field.

The jeans-and-workshirt feeling, *center right*—that kind of ranginess and ease in navy cotton velveteen. Over-anything shirt-jacket, about $92; lean pants, about $44. By Judith Luscher for Schrader Sport. At Altman's; Halle's-Cleveland; Harzfeld's; Bullock's Wilshire.

Numero-uno rain look, *far right*—the natural poplin trenchcoat. Over rolled-up pants (it's raining!). Weatherbee coat of Dacron and cotton (Greenwood Mills fabric), finished with Zepel; wool lining. About $115, at Abercrombie & Fitch; Joseph Horne; L. S. Ayres. Coifs by Maury Hopson. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

CASUAL COMES TO TOWN

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

A dress is...
a sweater...an
oversized shirt.
A nice, all-of-a-piece
change from
tops and skirts or
pants, without
losing any of the
casual snap—
the line is there:
loose on top,
touching the hip,
tones of one color
throughout...

Out to lunch in sweaters at La Goulue, *above*—
the first one there wears a brown ribbed cardigan and sleeveless pullover dress to match. By Frances Henaghan, of wool knitted in America (Pacific Coast Knitting Mills); about $98. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Joseph Horne; Halle's-Cleveland; Hudson's.

Same place, same time—or later, *right*—
this dress swings either way: soft, sliding-on-the-body jersey in wine red, the top like an oversized shirt. Prettiest worn open at the neck . . . with a thin, tint-of-wine stocking; high-heeled suède slingback. Concept VII by Jack Bodi and Ronald Kolodzie, of Qiana nylon (Initial Trends fabric); about $90. Early September at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; B. Forman; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Garfinckel's, Washington D.C.; Lillie Rubin-South and West; Swanson's. Maury Hopson coif.
Accessories; next to last page.

CASUAL COMES TO TOWN

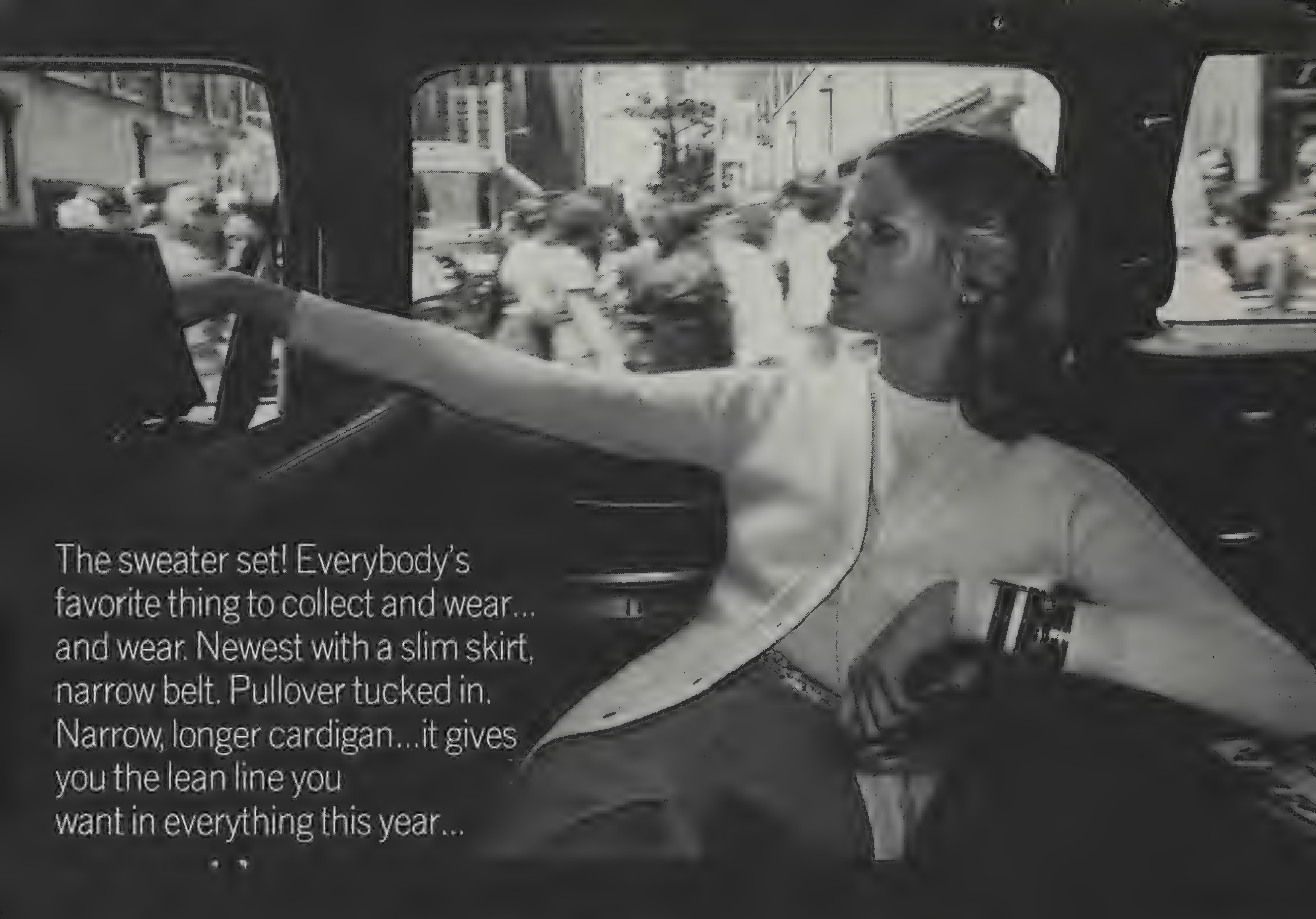
KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

V-neck cashmeres from Dalton, *above*, in one of those light, soft good-on-everyone greys: the cardigan, about $54; sleeveless pull, about $34. White Trevira shirt, about $22. Slim grey button-front skirt, by Stella Sloat for Dalton; Anglo Fabrics wool, loomed in America. About $48. Mid-August, Altman's; Jacobson's; I. Magnin.

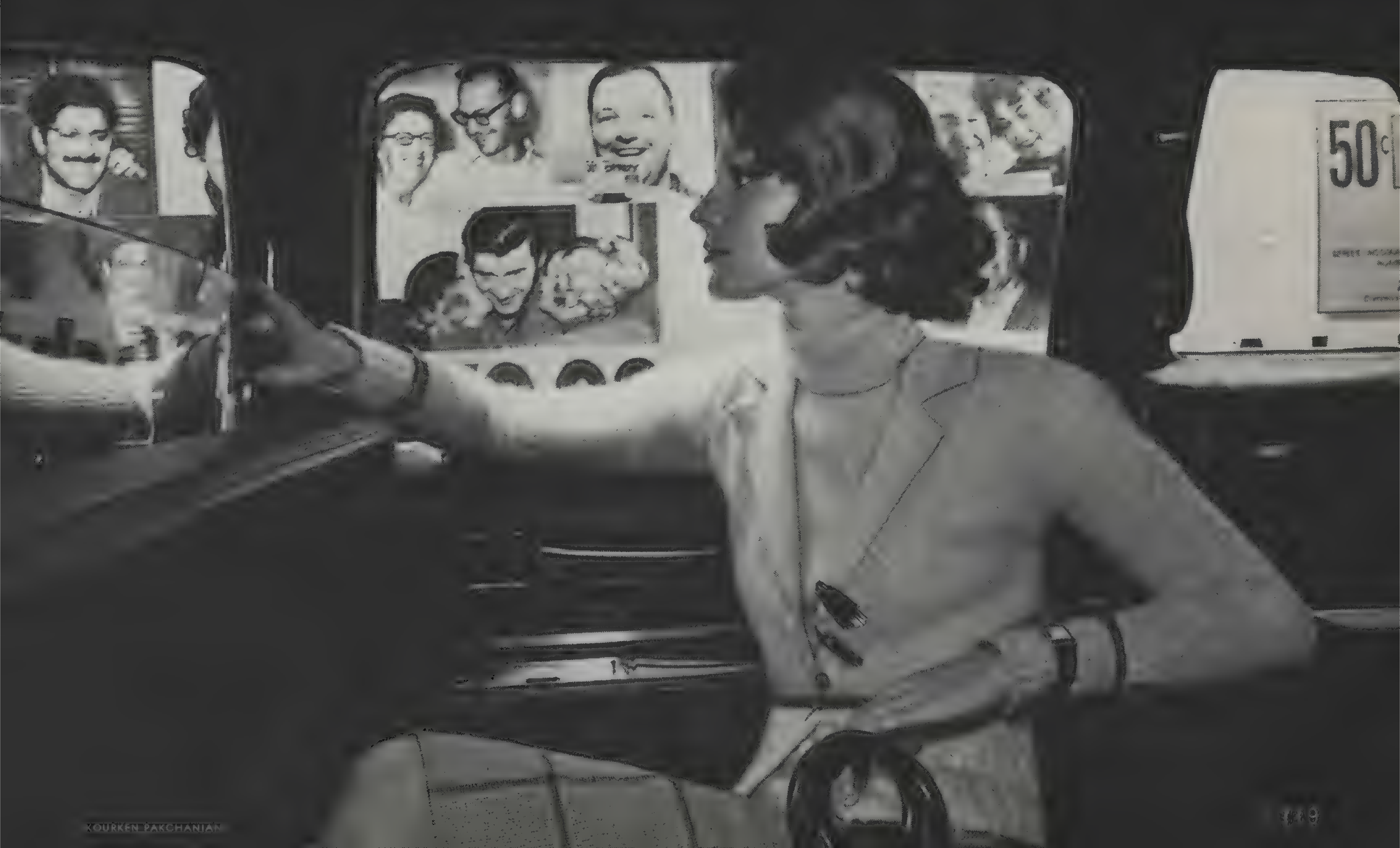
White wool sweater set, *opposite above*—short-sleeves underneath. By It's Pure Gould. Pullover, about $14; cardigan, about $18. Both Woolmark sweaters, at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne.

Fuzzy, heathery beige, *opposite below*—unsleeved turtleneck and notch-collar sweater-jacket by Jane Justin for Don Sports, of lamb's wool and angora. About $54, at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Battelstein's; May D & F. Coifs, François of Kenneth. Accessories, next to last page.

CASUAL COMES TO TOWN



The sweater set! Everybody's favorite thing to collect and wear... and wear. Newest with a slim skirt, narrow belt. Pullover tucked in. Narrow, longer cardigan...it gives you the lean line you want in everything this year...



KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

YOUR SEX LIFE AND HOW IT

By Ellen Switzer and George Langmyhr, M.D.

"Sleeping together" has been used as a euphemism for having a sexual encounter ever since the late Middle Ages, when English writers began to avoid more direct, honest, and robust references to sex. The two concepts are used interchangeably not only in English, but in almost every Western language. Some of the reasons for connecting these two activities are obvious: they usually take place at night, in privacy, and on a bed. However, many psychiatrists and psychologists now believe that there are deeper and more complicated reasons why sex and sleep are joined in our common consciousness.

Both involve a strong element of fantasy. Both require a general lowering of our defenses and an ability to relax and to let ourselves go. Chronic insomniacs frequently also have sexual problems, because the same personality factors that keep them from letting themselves drift off into sleep also inhibit their sexual responses.

Only in recent years have scientists attempted to establish clinical connections between sex and sleep, and to test in the laboratory, some of the popular assumptions that have been accepted in the past as medical facts. They have also tried to discover whether the physiological and psychological differences between men and women that affect sexuality also affect sleep patterns.

Some of this research has contradicted a few of our most firmly held beliefs. Some experiments, on the other hand, have confirmed scientifically several of the ideas and feelings that many of us have only intuitively believed to be true. Much of the research is still theoretical; other experiments have made it possible for marriage counselors, psychiatrists, and other mental-health professionals, to help couples and individuals with sex or sleep problems and, occasionally, with both. Often they have found that a person attributed his troubles specifically to sexual or sleep difficulties when actually there were some other, deeper, and more hidden causes.

For instance, one marriage counselor told us of a husband who insisted that his own periodic insomnia was directly related to his wife's occasional refusal of intercourse. "I need sex to go to sleep," he told the therapist. "Everybody does. When Susan turns me down, I lie awake all night from sheer sexual frustration." The counselor was able to point out, on good scientific evidence, that what kept this man awake was probably not sexual frustration, but anger and hurt feelings, and that he was using his insomnia as a weapon to make his wife feel guilty at her occasional lack of sexual responsiveness. "You don't need sex to go to sleep," he told the husband. "That's a popular myth . . . and your wife has every right to refuse to make love if she doesn't feel in the mood that night." He added that sex is not necessarily a sedative in any case. "Everybody doesn't drop off to sleep after making love," he said. "A great many people go back to work, or play golf, or drive their cars, which they certainly could not do if they were very sleepy."

> the idea that sexual activity especially in men induces drowsiness is false

The counselor's point of view is substantiated by much of the research done by Alfred C. Kinsey. In his book, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female,* he indicates that the period of relaxation after orgasm lasts only for a very short time—usually from four to five minutes. The false assumption that sexual activity, especially in the male, somehow induces drowsiness or depletes his energies has given rise to such archaic customs as barring women (including wives) from athletes' training camps.

Real sexual frustration can, of course, lead to insomnia, as any male who has been overstimulated by an erotic book or motion picture or teased by a potential sex partner who proves to be unavailable after all can testify. So, for that matter, can any woman who has engaged in lovemaking that did not climax in an orgasm.

Chronically impotent men and non-orgasmic women often have sleeping problems as well. "Regardless of the particular form of sexual inadequacy with which both members of the marital unit are contending, fears of sexual performance are major concerns of both partners in the marital bed," said Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson in their book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*. "Many men contending with fears of sexual dysfunction have distorted this basic natural response pattern to such an extent that they literally break out into a cold sweat as they approach a sexual opportunity." Women have similar fears about their sexual performance, and it is only logical that anyone so anxious and upset that he or she "breaks out into a cold sweat" is not apt to drift off into a sound sleep.

Masters and Johnson emphasize throughout their work that anxiety, "performance fears," and tension are the principal causes of sexual difficulties. Sleep experts indicated that the same factors may cause disturbed sleep patterns. It's impossible to *will* oneself into a successful sexual performance. As a matter of fact, straining consciously for an erection or an orgasm is almost always counter-productive. Lying in bed rigidly, trying to force oneself to go to sleep will probably result in insomnia. The fear of sexual dysfunction, just like the fear of sleeplessness, are self-fulfilling prophesies.

This similarity brings up another interesting point which has been noted both by sex and by sleep researchers independently. All of us go through a series of cycles during our sleep. During Stage I, when we have just dropped off, we may sleep so lightly that we don't even realize we are asleep at all. Brain-wave recording equipment used by researchers in sleep laboratories will show small pinched waves during this time span.

During Stage II, the machine will trace bursts of brain activity, with waves growing larger. Under our closed lids our eyes roll rapidly from side to side, which is why Stage II is called REM

AFFECTS THE WAY YOU SLEEP

(Rapid Eye Movement) sleep. During this period we are dreaming, whether we remember the dreams later or not. Some researchers have speculated that the eye movement indicates that the sleeper is scanning the dream scene. Stages III and IV, which often merge into each other, are the periods of deepest, dreamless sleep, with brain waves looking like "the profile of mountain ranges," as one sleep researcher put it.

During REM sleep all physically healthy males have erections part of the time, sometimes lasting as long as half an hour, and the vaginas of females lubricate. This occurs even if the remembered dreams seem to have no erotic content whatsoever, and researchers are not sure why this happens.

Dr. Harold Lief, professor of psychiatry and director of the Division of Family Study at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, says that one method he uses to discover whether a man is physiologically or psychologically impotent is to ask him whether he has ever awakened with an erection, even if he is not able to achieve one in attempting intercourse. If the patient has REM sleep erections, his impotence is usually not caused by a physical impairment. If he hasn't ever had an erection in his sleep, the physician should look for a physical cause, such as untreated diabetes or neurological damage. Dr. Lief says that even if the patient discovers that his impotency is caused by irreversible physiological damage, he and his wife frequently feel vastly relieved. "At least it's not that we basically don't care for each other, or that it's all in our heads," they may remark.

Dr. Lief reported another interesting fact discovered by the biological research laboratory at the University of Illinois. The researchers there examined the dream and sleep patterns of volunteers in a sleep laboratory. The first night these young men were allowed to go to sleep without any specific sexual stimulation. Then for five consecutive nights they were exposed in the evening to some highly erotic films. Depending upon personality factors, previous conditioning, etc., the men reacted to these stimuli in two ways: One group showed a direct, overt response. During the showing of the movie, they reported erections and their pulse rates rose. At night, they had highly erotic dreams. Another group apparently repressed erotic feelings, both during the showing of the films and in their dreams. The dreams contained sexually highly charged material which was "coded" and which they themselves did not recognize as having erotic content. The first group had significantly fewer sleep difficulties than the second, apparently indicating that those who are able to recognize sexual feelings have fewer sleeping problems than those who find it necessary to repress these impulses.

> there are couples who love each other but cannot sleep in the same bed

Incidentally, Dr. Lief also reported that when a very attractive woman receptionist was employed by the laboratory (by accident, not as part of the research design) most of the men reported dreaming very graphically about *her*, and forgetting, at least in their dreams, about those erotic films. The conclusion that one might draw from this extracurricular experiment is that a real-life sex object influences thoughts and dreams more than any written or photographed material.

Also interested in sleep and dream research is Dr. Joe Kamiya at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco. Dr. Kamiya, a psychologist, has been using a biofeedback instrument as a teaching tool. According to him, many people can be taught to put themselves into a very special state of relaxation, a state of wakefulness just on the threshold of drowsiness. When in this state, a person produces a special brain-wave pattern known as alpha-waves. Dr. Kamiya says that he has taught volunteers to produce these waves at will, in a sleep laboratory. The researcher could watch in the brain-wave machine, as the volunteer switched from one level of consciousness to another. Eventually, at the ringing of a bell, the subjects were able to guess with a high degree of accuracy whether or not they were in the alpha state or not, and Dr. Kamiya believes that they were able to induce this state almost at will.

He feels that this is a promising area of sleep research which has undergone an unfortunate period of commercial exploitation. "We hear about alpha-wave machines with taped instructions being sold to help insomniacs," he said. "I think this is totally premature." In his opinion, some insomniacs may well be able to achieve a state of relaxation that induces sleep with alpha-wave training. He also feels that similar training in relaxation techniques might be used to help exceedingly repressed, up-tight people with sexual problems. However, he emphasizes that much of this research is still in the experimental stage, and further development is needed before it can be applied routinely in clinical practice, and certainly before commercial alpha-wave machine merchants should be allowed to persuade a sleepless public that such training will solve insomnia problems, sexual difficulties, or any specific or non-specific trouble for which medical and/or psychiatric consultation is indicated.

Another very promising area of research concerns itself with the use of certain sex hormones as sleep-inducing drugs. Almost any woman who has ever been pregnant has noticed that in the early stages of pregnancy, she frequently tends to become very drowsy. As a matter of fact, this drowsiness is often regarded as one of the symptoms that pregnancy has indeed occurred. The hormone that a woman begins to excrete in more than usual amounts during early pregnancy is progesterone, which helps to develop the mammary glands and form the placenta. At the brain research institute at the University of California in Los Angeles, re-

(Continued on page 148)

CHRISTIAN PIPER (ILLUSTRATION)

Perfect bag for day: Yves Saint Laurent's saddle-tan "secretary"—opens up flat, with a zippered compartment on one side, pockets on the other. About $145, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche; Joseph Horne. Yves Gonnet muffler. Gloves by Hansen Knits, $6; Gimbels, N.Y.

All-of-a-tone—beige suede sheepskin-lined gloves keyed in with sweater and pants in shades of beige. Gloves by Bonnie Cashin for Crescendoe-Superb, about $14 at Gimbels; Marshall Field. Sunglasses by Christian Dior for Optyl, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

Long un-bulky deep-red knitted gloves, a man's silk foulard scarf tied at the neck. Ralph Lauren scarf, about $30; Bloomingdale's. Saks Fifth Avenue gloves, $10. Bausch & Lomb sunglasses: Bonwit Teller; Marshall Field. Gregory shirt, about $16; Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

Naturals! Cinnamon suede whipstitched gloves, tortoise-y sunglasses, nifty new wood-cased watch. Fashion Time watch, about $32 at Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila. Bonnie Cashin for Crescendoe-Superb gloves. A. A. Sutain glasses, about $10 at Bloomingdale's; Nordstrom.

Great narrow belt; pewter-y links held with a flat disk. . . . Red-Baron muffler in fringed claret cashmere—good with tones of beige. Belt by Yves Saint Laurent, about $14 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Cisco muffler, about $16. Available at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.

With soft dark-green knits: the softest, flattest russet kid envelope—with more room inside than you'd think. Bag at Bottega Veneta, $65. Marbley red bangles by Red Cobra at Bonwit Teller. Fashion details and other accessories for both pages, next to last page of this issue.

What you wear with what

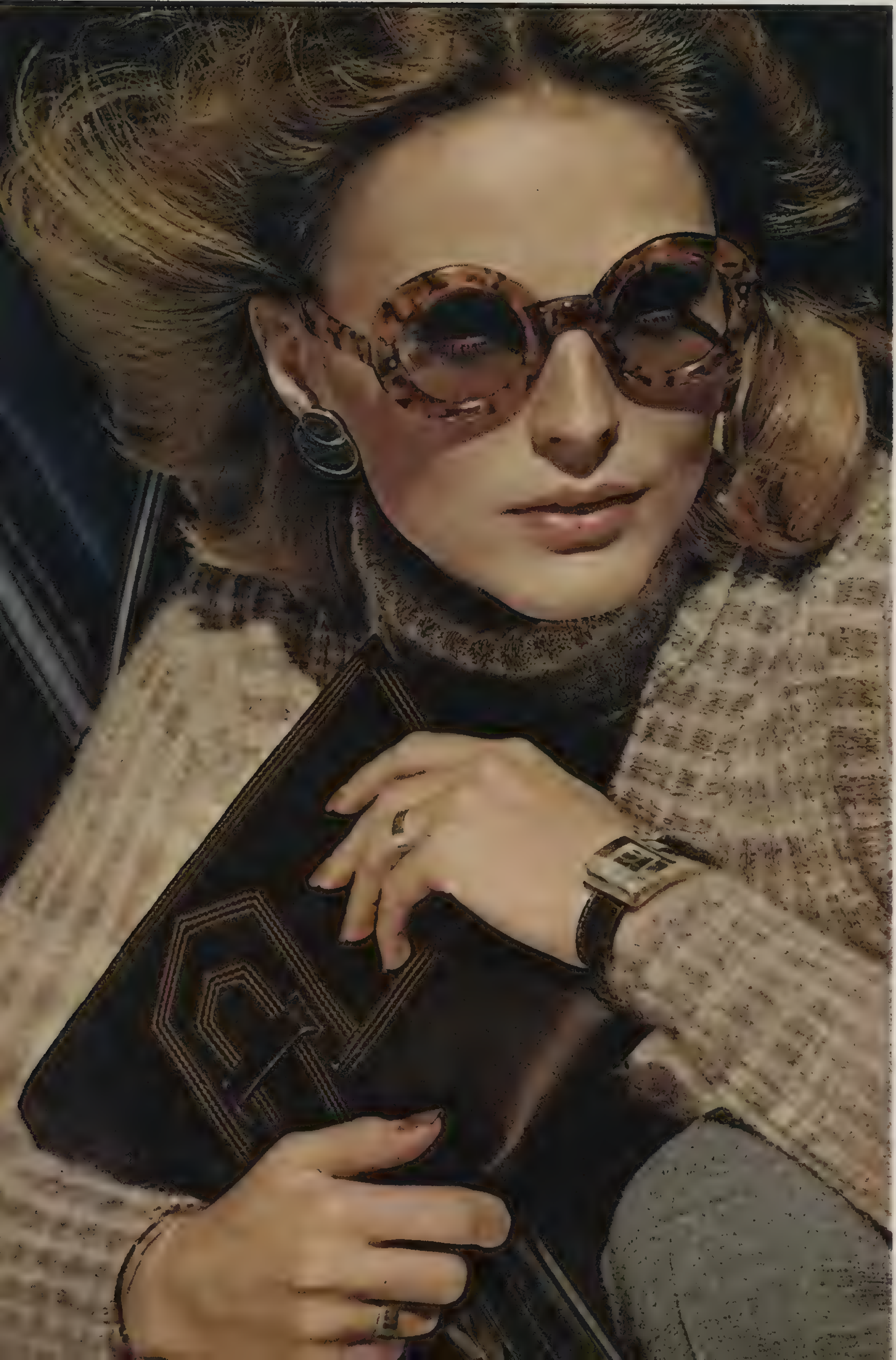
On these eight pages, the key to fashion today—the right jewelry, the bag, belt, the body basics, the perfect shoe and stocking—everything that makes everything else work. The best accessories in years...beginning with the sweater for day. And what to wear with it.

In a year of great sweaters, one of the best, left: the small, pretty fisherman's knit with the most becoming neckline in the world. Here, with a soft muffler, fuzzy knit cap and gloves, thin gold chains, narrow snakeskin belt, easy skirt—a great look for casual days in town. Wool sweater, Margaret Godfrey for Bagatelle. About $28. (Sweater in hand, also Bagatelle.) Outlook; O'Neil's. Hat and gloves by Crescendoe-Superb; together, $11: Saks Fifth Avenue. Saks Fifth Avenue men's muffler, about $20. Long chain, red bangles by Trifari: Saks Fifth Avenue; Hudson's. Short chain by Vendome, J.W. Robinson. Winston Haynes checkerboard bangle: Henri Bendel. Alexis Kirk belt, about $40; Saks Fifth Avenue.

BOB STONE

FASHION ESSENTIALS

With everything: a lighter, prettier, more feminine shoe; stockings toned-in and sheer (exceptions: with pants and/or in the country)... always, a really terrific leather bag...



Smoothest line for pants: a slim black leather ankleboot with a narrow strap in back. Boot by Givenchy; about $85. Available at the Delman Shoe Salon at Bergdorf Goodman and at Marshall Field.

The spectator—black and taupe, kiltie tongue, small stacked heel. By Julianelli, about $55. At Bonwit Teller; Bullock's Wilshire. Black ribbed tights by Roman Stripe, $2. Available at Bergdorf Goodman.

What to wear with what

With everything every day: Super brown envelope bag with stitching, from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche . . . one of the best watches we've seen—like a belt for the wrist (the silver case "buckles" the strap), by Longines, from the Serge Manzon Silver Collection . . . and good sunglasses with simple tortoise-y frames. These, by A.A. Sutain, at Bloomingdale's; Gus Mayer. Hair by Pascal for Le Salon. Moon-showing manicure by Moi of the Davian Salon; Sandalwood Creme Nail Polish—and Cherry Pink Lipstick—by Shiseido. Other accessories and fashion details, next to last page.

Good country-casual look: crepe-soled monkstrap shoe in beige suède, tights in brown-and-beige checks. Givenchy shoe, about $52; Delman Shoe Salon at Bergdorf Goodman; Bullock's Wilshire. Hanes tights, $3; Bloomingdale's.

Great bag—soft, supple black leather, with russet shoulder strap, russet binding. At Bottega Veneta, $100. Black dyed fox jacket trimmed in leather, by Pierre Cardin for Michael Forrest. At Henri Bendel. Other accessories, next to last page of this issue.

A classic—the little black satin dancing master's pump with cocardes . . . clear-black shimmery stockings. David Evins shoes, $56. At I. Miller. Christian Dior tights, $2.50. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin.

Loose and low: this-year way to tie a muffler . . . wine-red cashmere, with Beged 'Or's black leather shirt-jacket. Men's muffler, $20 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Jacket, by Leslie Fulop for Beged 'Or. Other accessories, on the next to last page of this issue.

Beautiful shoe for pants—flat shiny alligator-printed black calf with grosgrain ties. David Evins shoes, $60. I. Miller; I. Magnin. Belle-Sharmeer black ribbed tights of texturized Monsanto nylon, $4. Lord & Taylor; Halle's-Cleveland.

For dresses, suits: the all-around shoe—slim, high-heeled green suede pumps . . . sheer, same-tone stockings. Palizzio shoes, about $38. At Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. Schiaparelli tights. $2.50. At Lord & Taylor.

The highest, thinnest heel, flirtiest leg—Yves Saint Laurent's black patent pump . . . dotted black stockings. Shoes, $48. September, Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. Belle-Sharmeer tights, $3.50. Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Marshall Field.

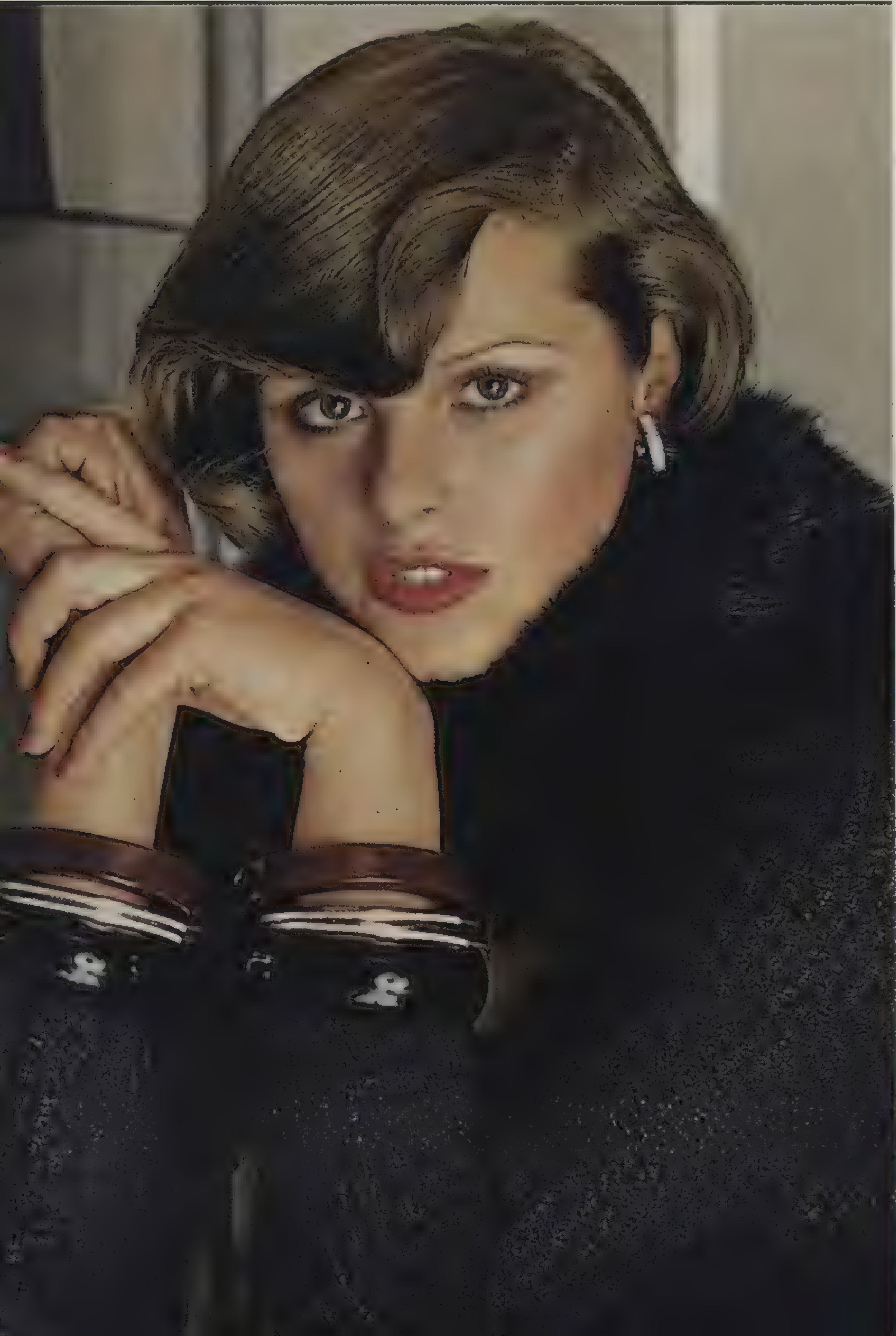
Bronze at night—flat-heeled python slingbacks. For pants . . . for a short brown velvet skirt, with glittery stockings. Shoes: Beth's Bootery, Saks Fifth Avenue. $65. Tights: Cantrece II nylon, $3.50. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

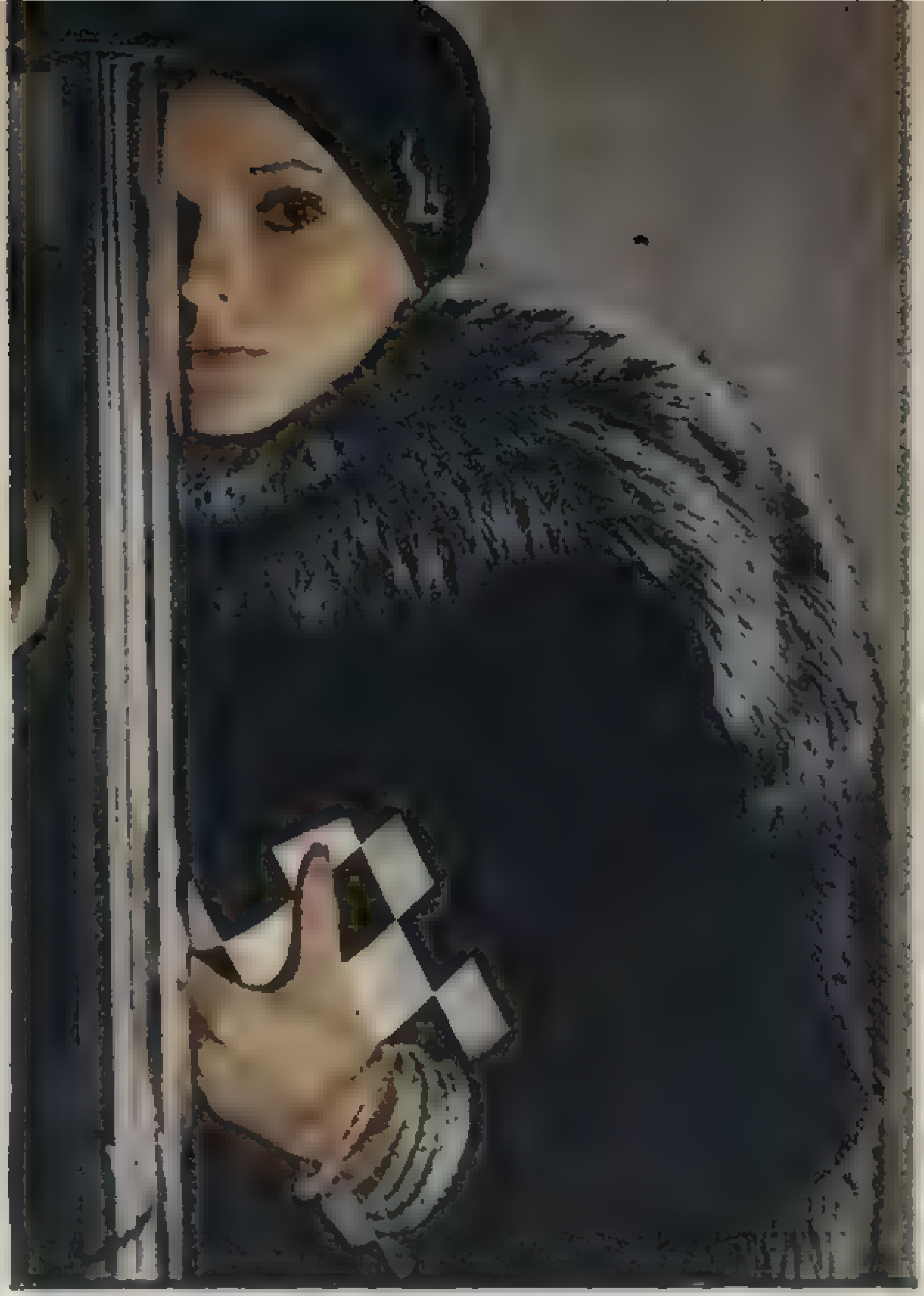
Perfect evening sandal—bare black silk, high heeled, with thin rhinestone-buckled straps. David Evins shoes, $60. Bonwit Teller. Sheer off-black Burlington tights, of Cantrece II nylon, $2.50. Kaufmann's; L.S. Ayres.

BOB STONE

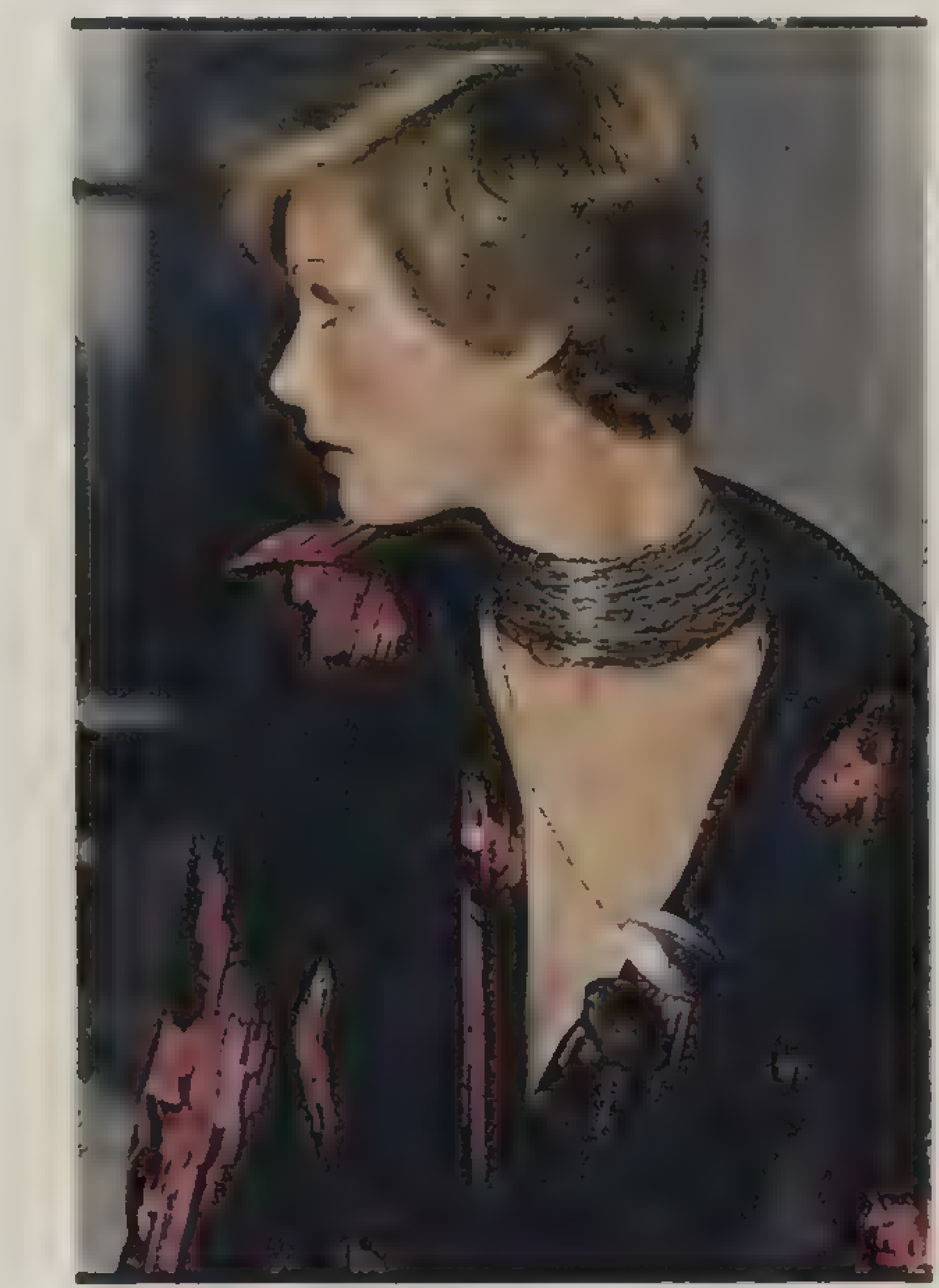
What goes on at night . . .

How to light up black sweaters at night, below—with rhinestone, black, and rouge-y red bracelets, rhinestone earrings, a gleaming black fox boa, soft glamour-girl hair, and marvelous makeup—near reds on ivory . . . absolutely the very, very best things you can do for your face at night. . . . K.J.L. earrings, $17.50 at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Alexis Kirk dark-red bangles, each $5 at Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. Rhinestone bangles by Michael Danyon, $20 each: Henri Bendel. Cara Croninger black bangles, about $60 each at Jacques Bellini. All makeup by Estée Lauder: White Light and Ripe Plum new Eye Color Sticks; Re-Nutriv Rich Rich Lipstick and Lustrous Nail Lacquer, both in Red Cent. Both pages photographed in the Knoll International showroom. Francois of Kenneth coifs. Fashion details, next to last page of this issue.





With black matte jersey, a sensational evening bag of black-and-white checkerboard satin. . . . Judith Leiber bag, about $170: Saks Fifth Avenue. Black satin turban by Don Kline, $75: I. Magnin. Judith Leiber pin, about $22: Saks Fifth Avenue. Michael Danyon bangles, $6 each: Henri Bendel.



With a shirt at night: clips to hold it open . . . and thousands of shimmering pewter-y bugle beads around the neck—light as tinsel. Bugle bead necklaces by Jules van Rouge for Hattie Carnegie, $10 at Lord & Taylor. Both clips by Robert Originals, $5 each at Franklin Simon.

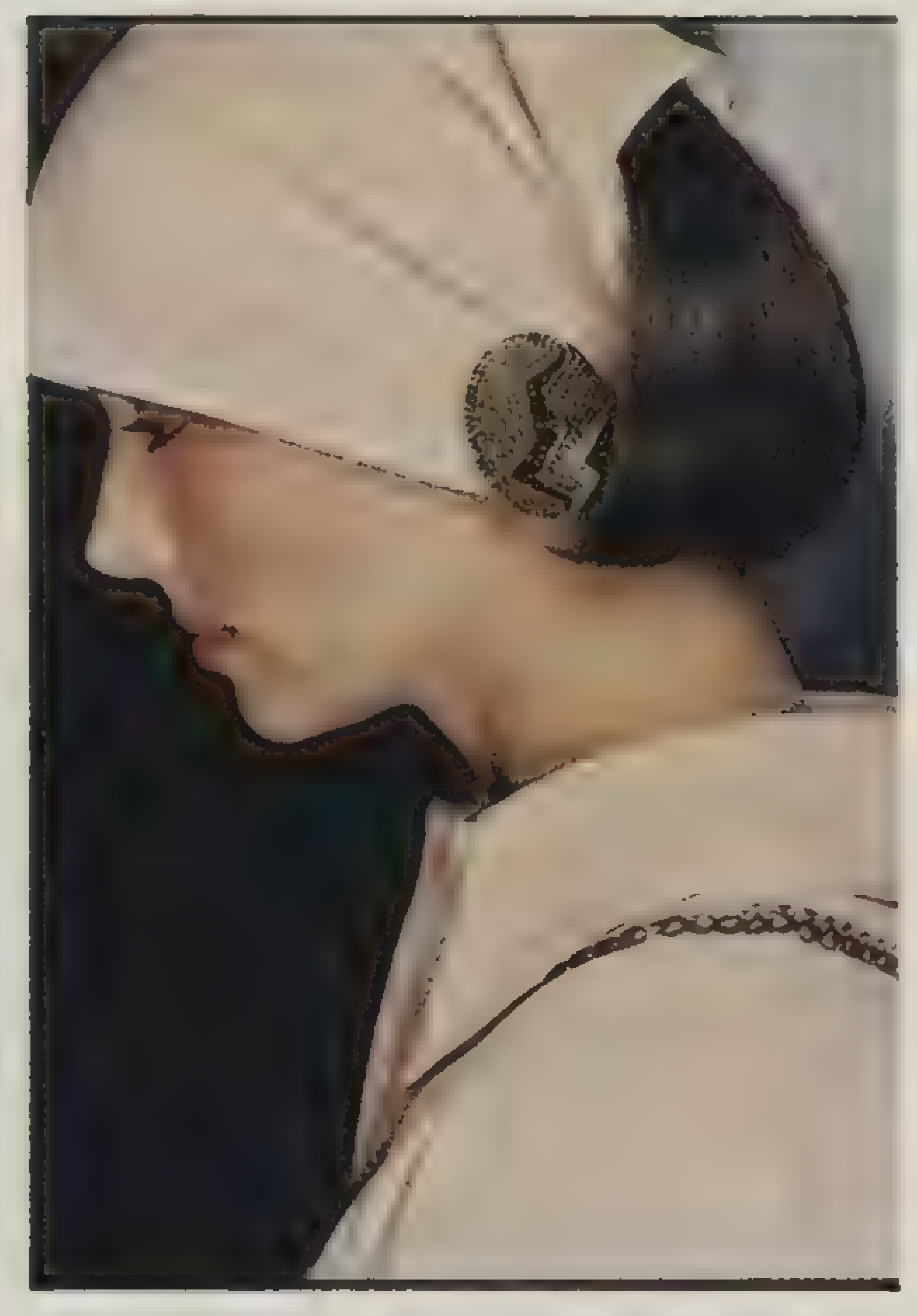
BOB STONE

The blouse at night, held open with a clip . . . soft-tied scarf . . . thin chains of rhinestones and copper beads inside. Sibley Coffee peach crepe blouse, scarf. K.J.L. rhinestone chain, $70: Bonwit Teller. Copper one, Jules van Rouge for Hattie Carnegie, $10: Lord & Taylor. Judith Leiber clip.

The perfect go-with-everything bag for small evenings—soft, thin python leather on a silvery shoulderchain. Evening bag by Judith Leiber, about $270 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dyed brown Russian broadtail coat by Bill Blass for Revillon, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

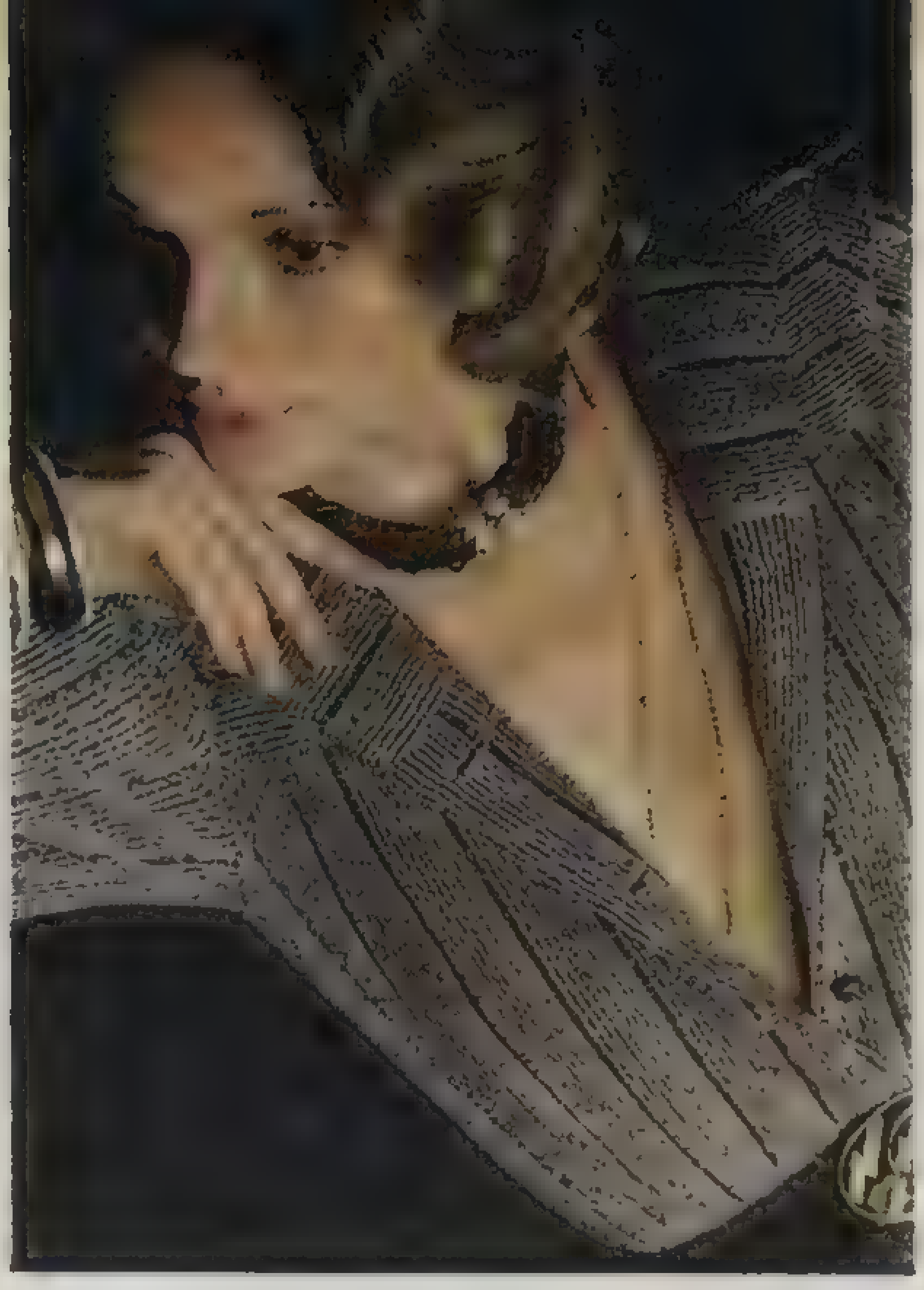
. . . earrings, clips, thin chains of glitter—
light and shimmery on the skin . . .
and the best evening bags in years

Glitter with black—big sparkly clusters of rhinestones in the hair, on the wrist, lighting black silk at night. Pin in hair by R.F. Clark for William de Lillo, about $35 at Bonwit Teller. Rhinestone bangles by K.J.L., each about $25 at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus.

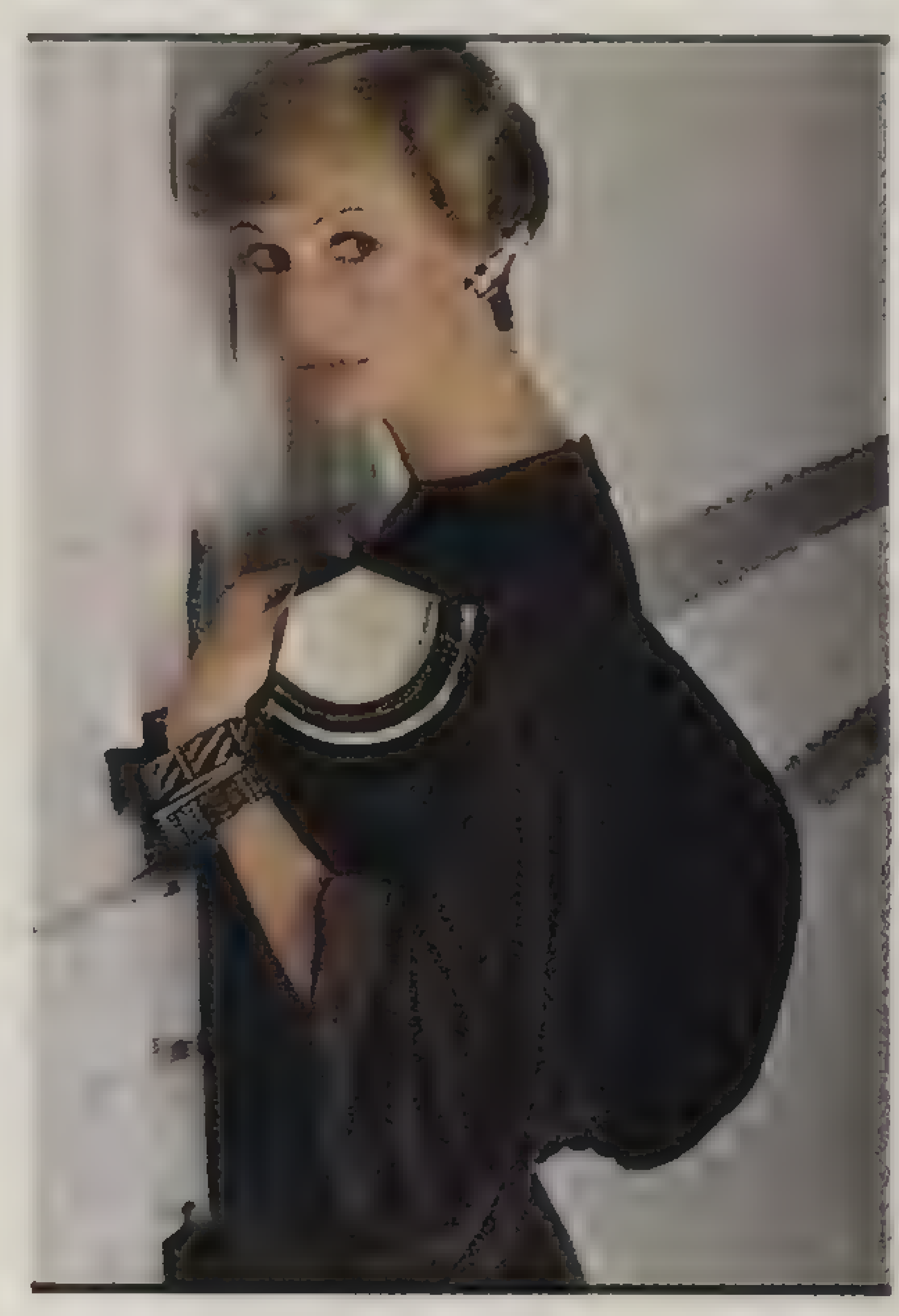


Clips everywhere! Here, on a head scarf—an Art Deco pattern of bronze, black, and sparkly stones. Clip by Judith Leiber, about $22, available at Saks Fifth Avenue. Soft pale peach crepe blouse and matching scarf, by Sibley Coffee. $100. At Henri Bendel.

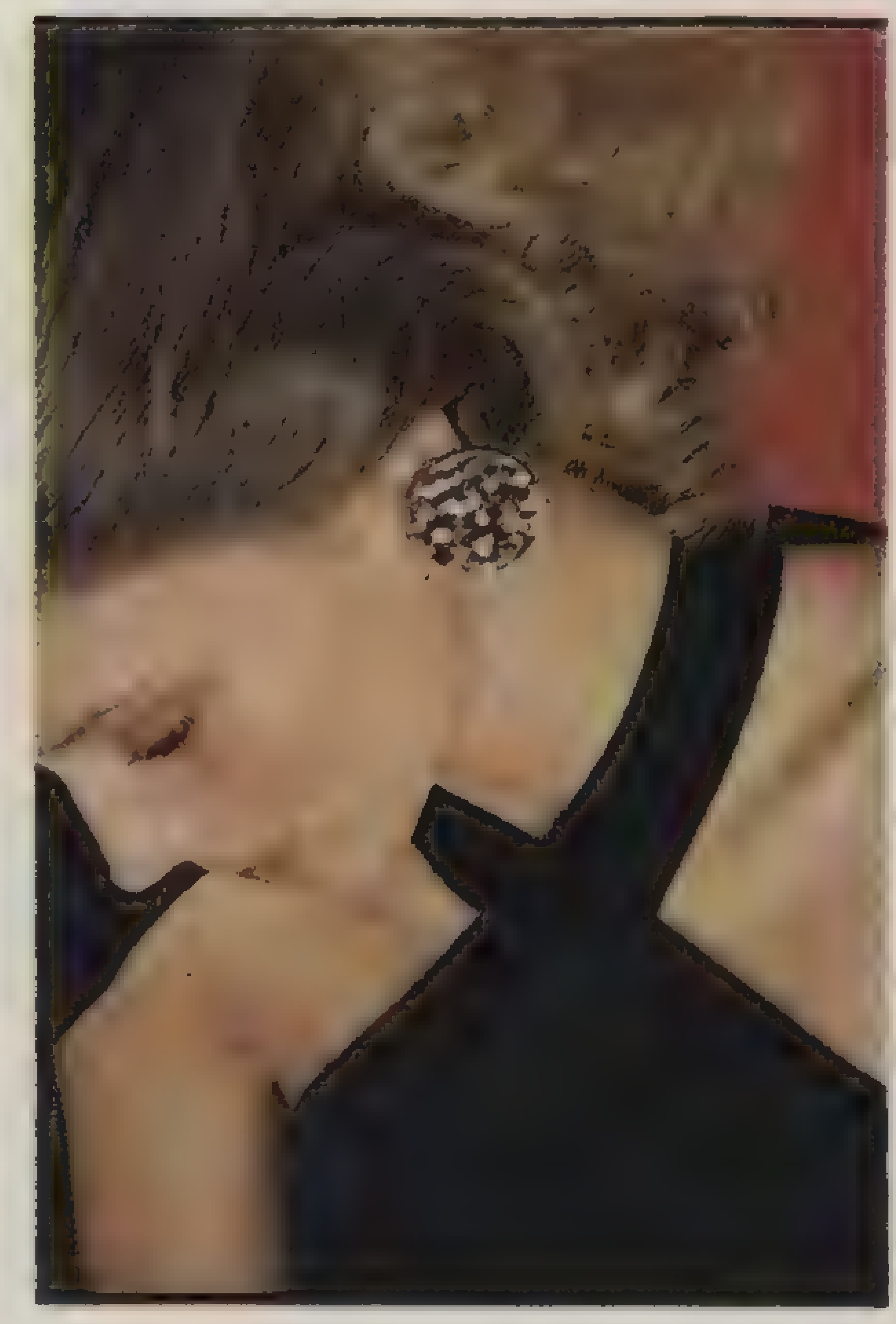
Glitter with bronze! Rhinestone clip, bangles, a glimpse of narrow belt on a bronze sweater-dress. Judith Leiber clip, $35: Bonwit Teller. Michael Danyon rhinestone bangles, each $20 at Henri Bendel. Dress by Jack Bodi and Ronald Kolodzie for Concept VII.



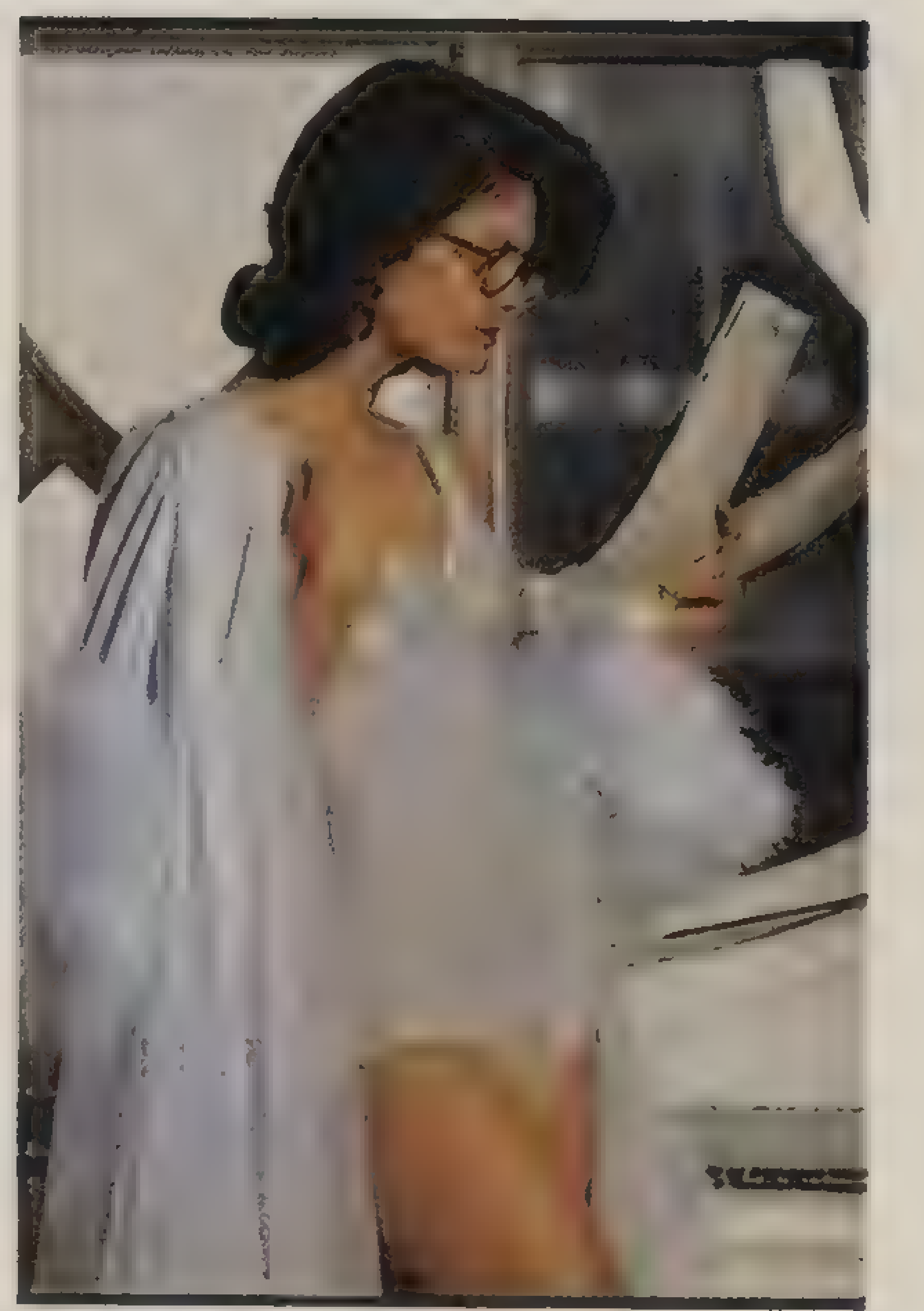
Glitter with glitter: rhinestone-clasped bronze bugle beads and thin rhinestone chains, slipped inside a soft Lurex shirtdress. Necklace, Jules van Rouge for Hattie Carnegie, $35: Lord & Taylor. Donald Stannard chains, each $30: Saks Fifth Avenue. Rona dress, designed by Mario Forte.



Brown—beautiful new night color in a long, flat silk envelope with silver lamé at one corner . . . tortoise-y brown earrings and bracelets, studded with rhinestones. Judith Leiber bag, $160: Saks Fifth Avenue. Michael Danyon earrings, $8, bracelets, $10: Henri Bendel. Albert Nipon top, skirt.



Super earring—multicolored bits of metallic confetti in a circle of clear plastic . . . color, sparkle, light on bare skin, black knit. Earrings by Gladiola, $6 at Henri Bendel. Other fashion and accessory details for both these pages, on the next to last page of this issue.

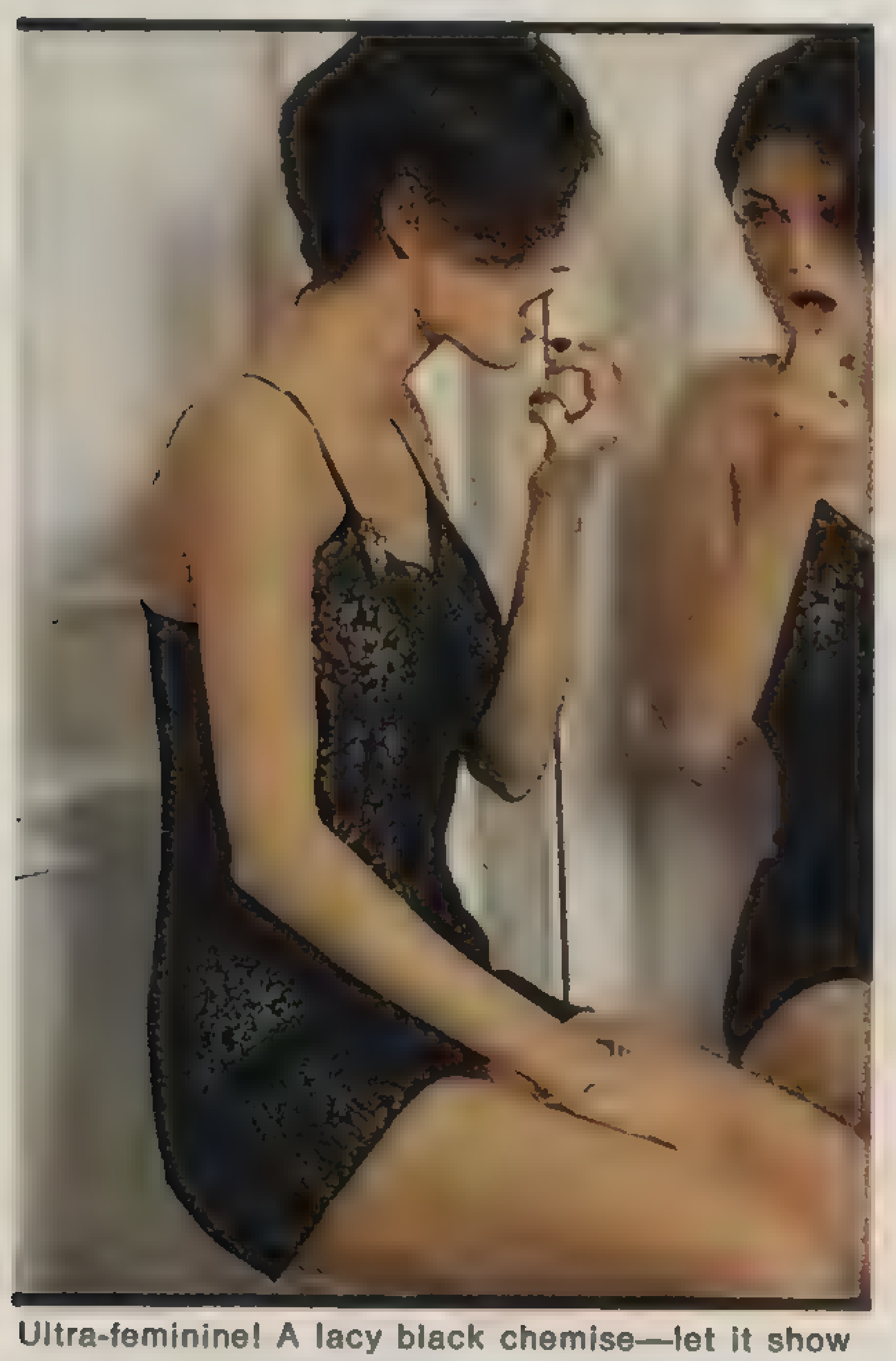


The sheerest body stocking in palest blue. By John Kloss for Lily of France; Antron nylon and Lycra (J.P. Stevens-United Elastic fabric). $14. At Bloomingdale's; Burdine's; I. Magnin.

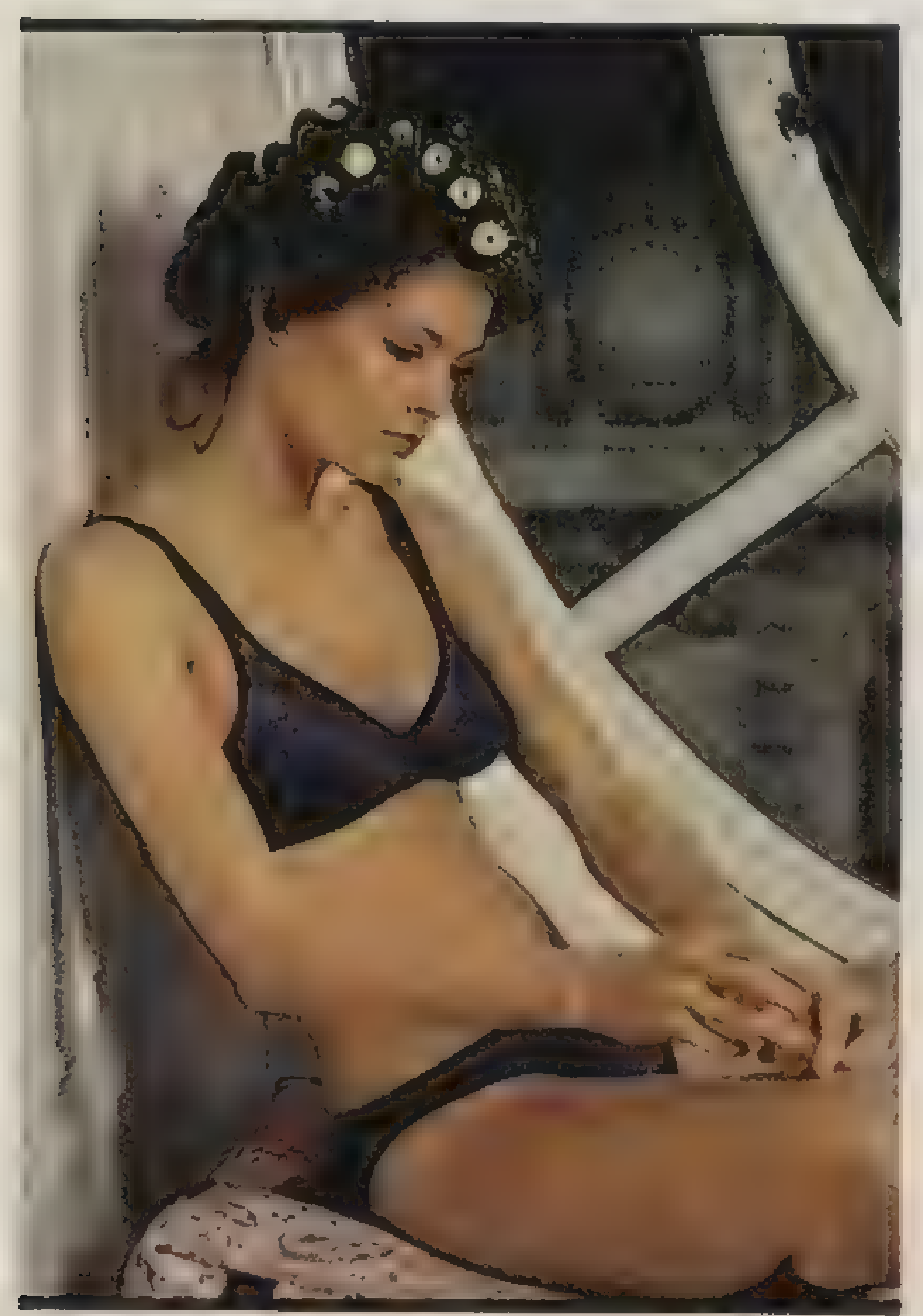
What goes on underneath

Black—the sexiest! Plunging lace bra, matching pantie girdle . . . and a long slinky black peignoir. Olga power net bra (Du Pont nylon and Lycra, with Dacron lace cups) and pantie girdle (Antron III nylon and Lycra). Each, $7.50. At Lord & Taylor; Jacobson's; Carson Pirie Scott; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. . . . Both pages photographed in the Cecil Beaton Suite of the St. Regis Hotel, N.Y. All hair by Pascal for Le Salon. Fashion and accessory details, both pages, next to last page of this issue.

The body under the new body-touching clothes: smooth, lean, rounded... Have as much control as you need. But lightly—you want to feel free in your clothes. And you want to feel pretty.

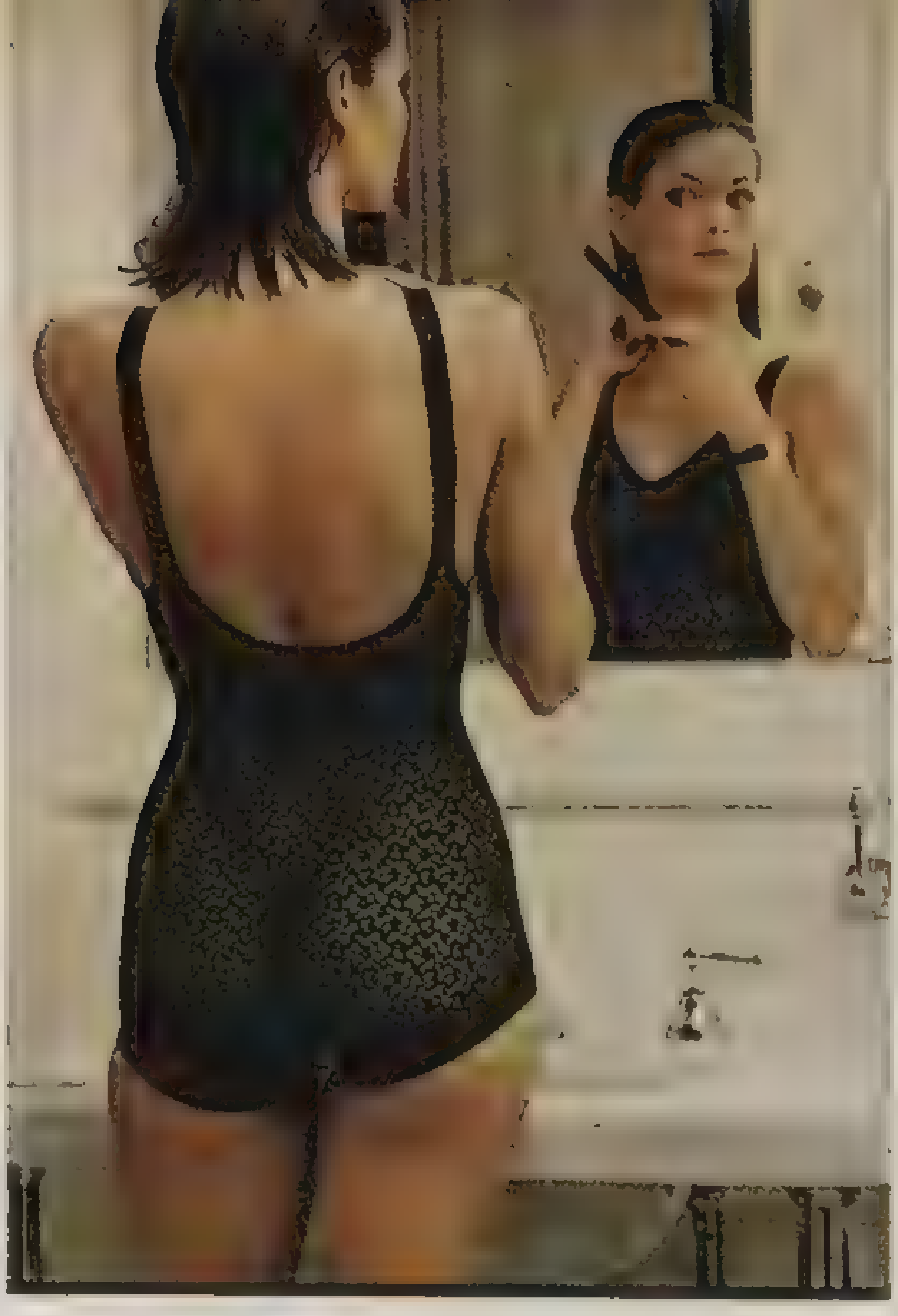


Ultra-feminine! A lacy black chemise—let it show at night under the jacket of a tailored suit. . . . By Vassarette, of Du Pont nylon (Liberty Fabric). $8. Mid-August; Macy's, N.Y.; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

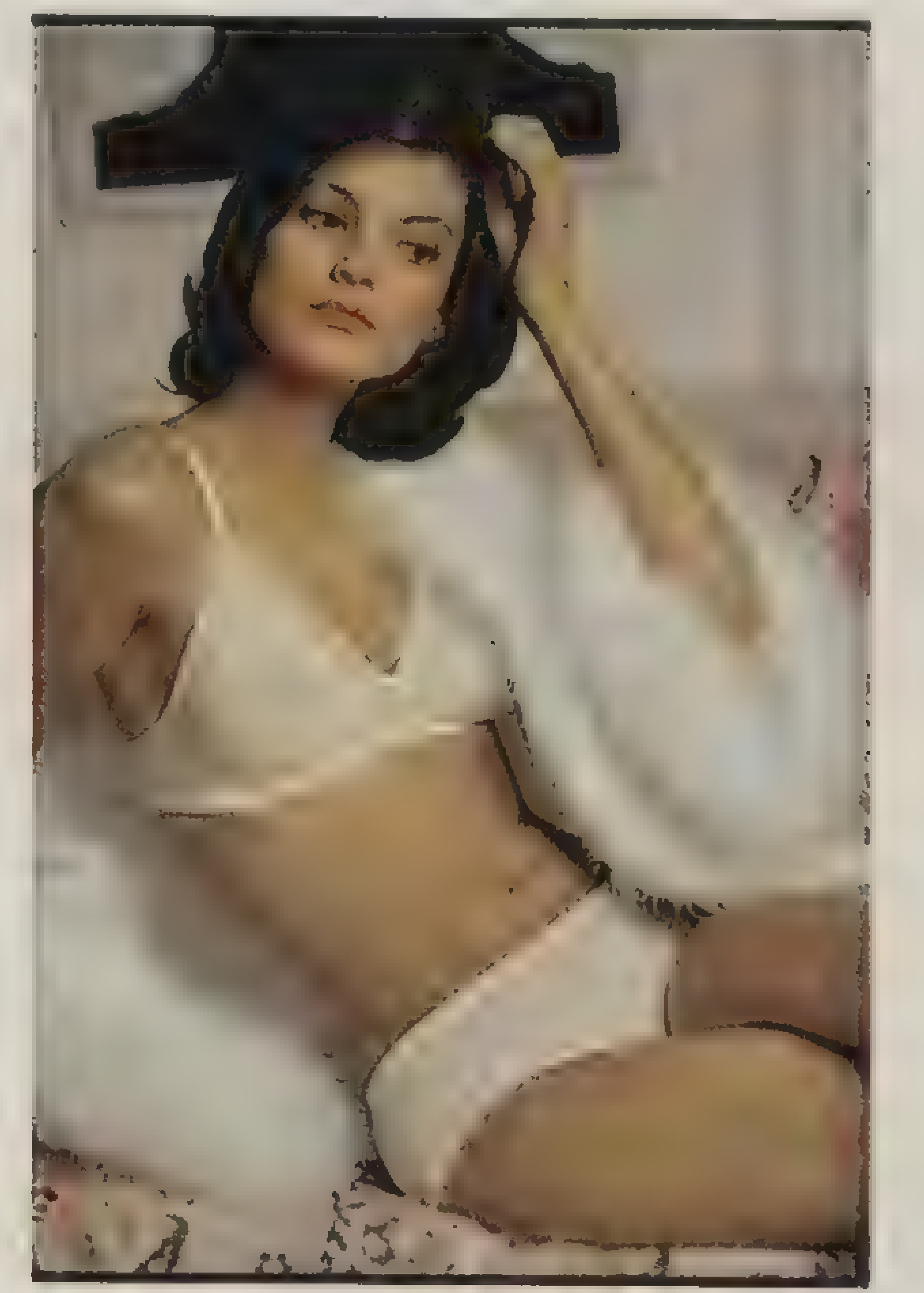


For deep, wide necklines: navy stretch lace bra. Tiny matching bikini. By Warner's, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. Bra, $5, and bikini, $3, both available at Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

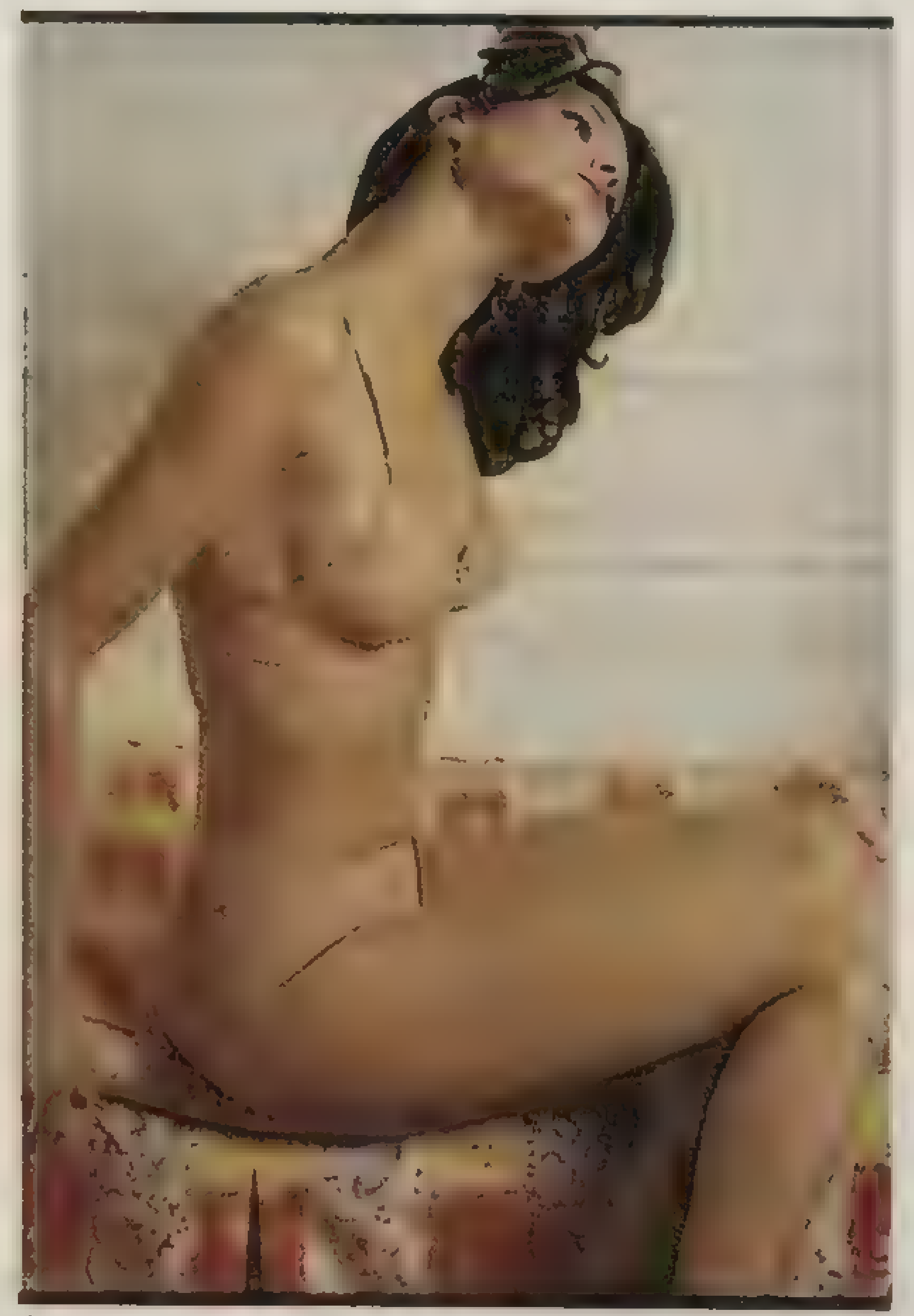
BOB STONE



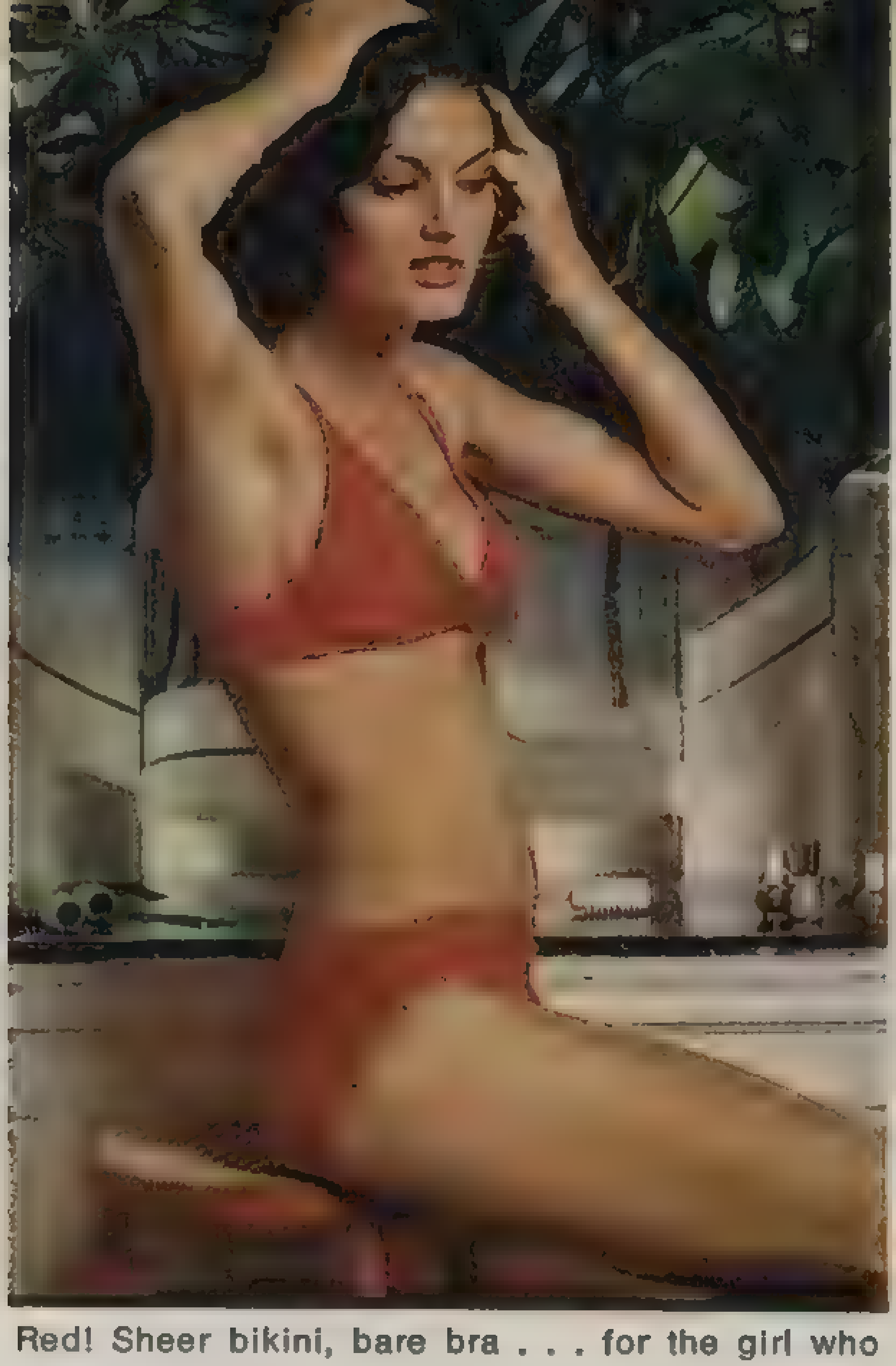
For bare backs: black stretch lace all-in-one . . . with a surprising amount of control. Body stocking by Phantoms, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. $7.50. Available at Bloomingdale's.



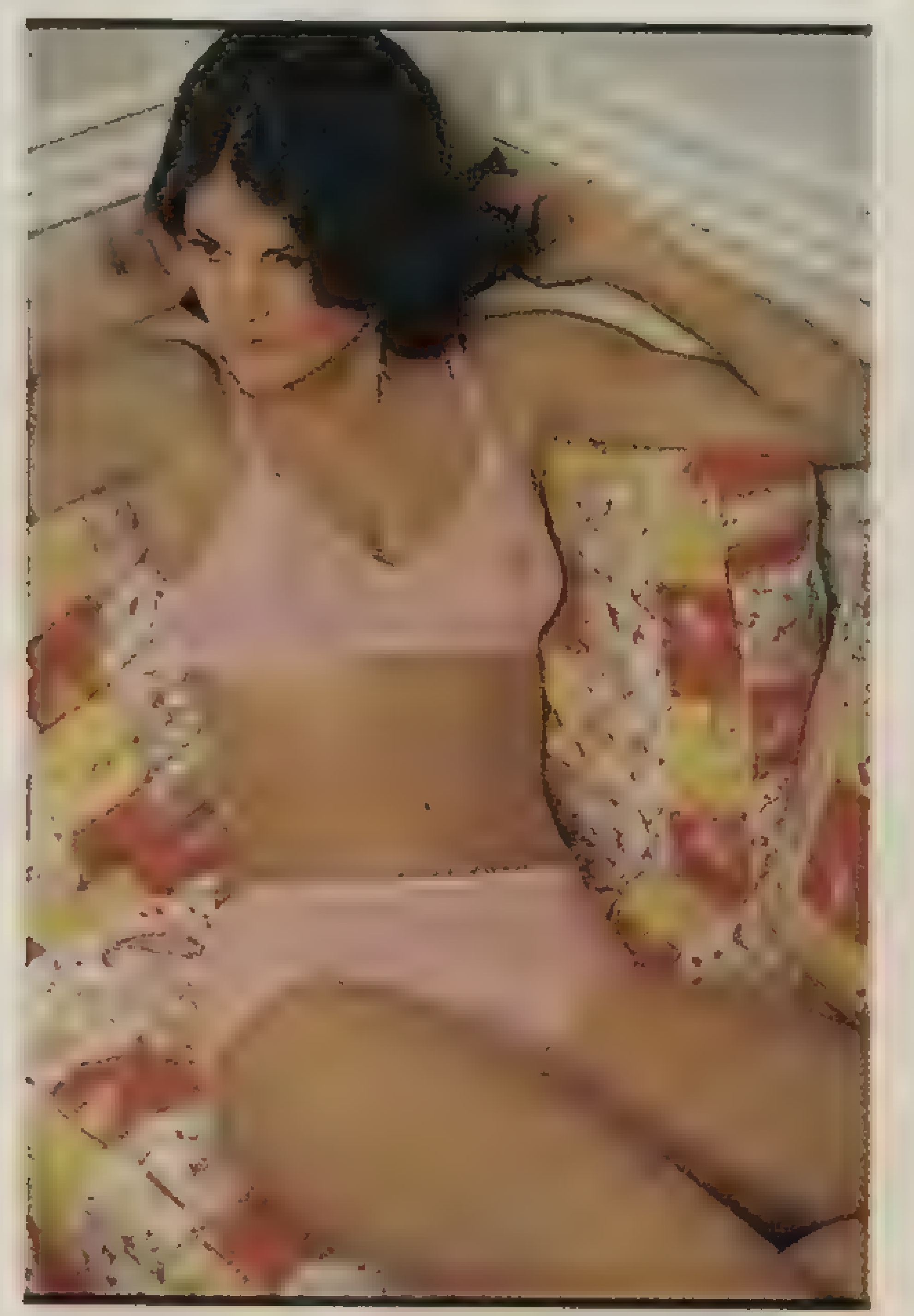
Smooth, simple, classic white: seamless stretch bra and matching bikini. Both by Kayser, of polyester and spandex. Sheer mesh bra, $5, and bikini, $3.50, both available at Bonwit Teller.



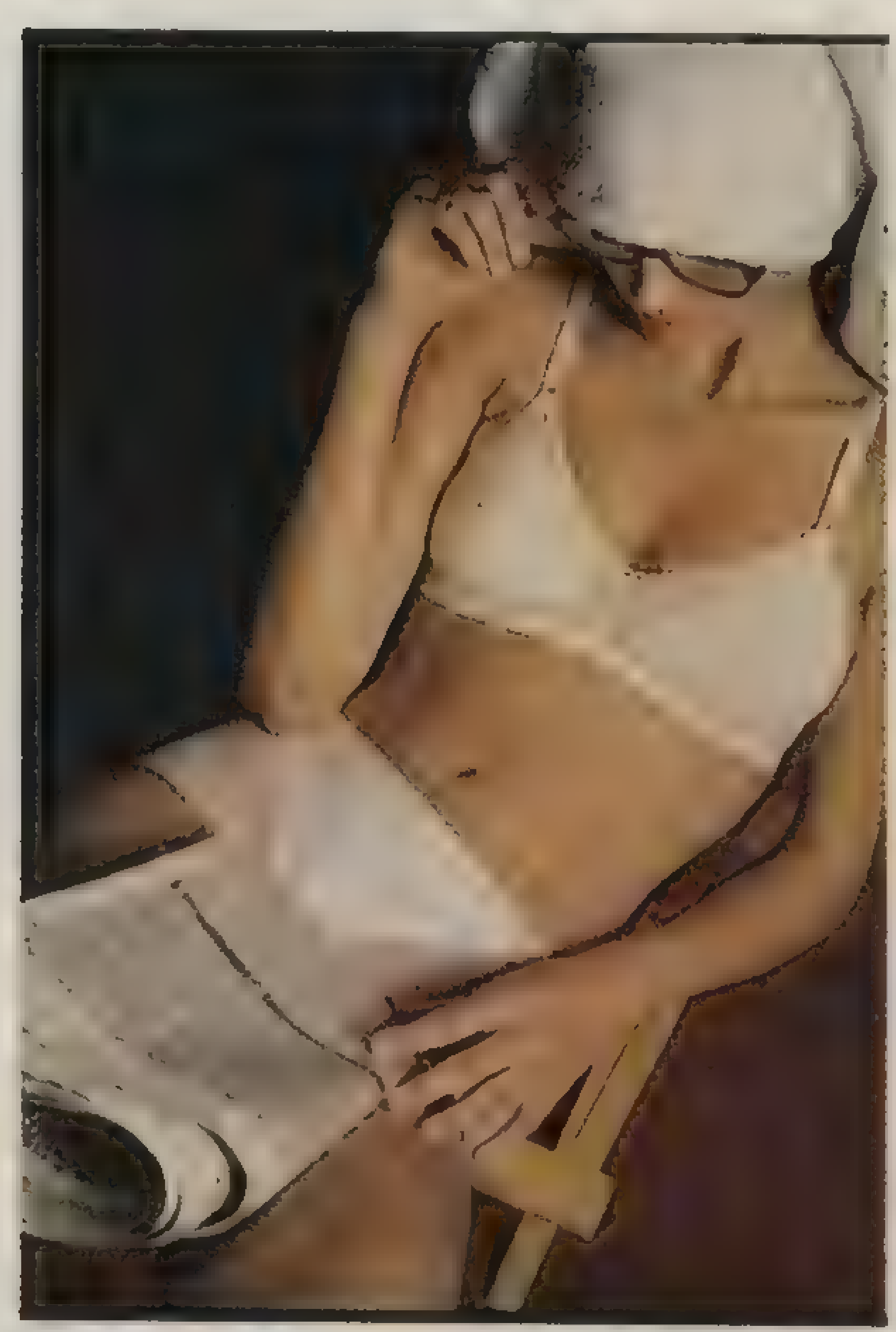
Basic body-dressing: stretch bra, bikini in nude . . . nothing shows through—no color, no seams. Maidenform bra, $5, and bikini, $3; Antron nylon and Lycra. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hudson's.



Red! Sheer bikini, bare bra . . . for the girl who needs nothing but a little color in her life. Gossard; Du Pont nylon tricot (Collins & Aikman). Bra, $4; bikini, $2.25. Bloomingdale's; The Denver.

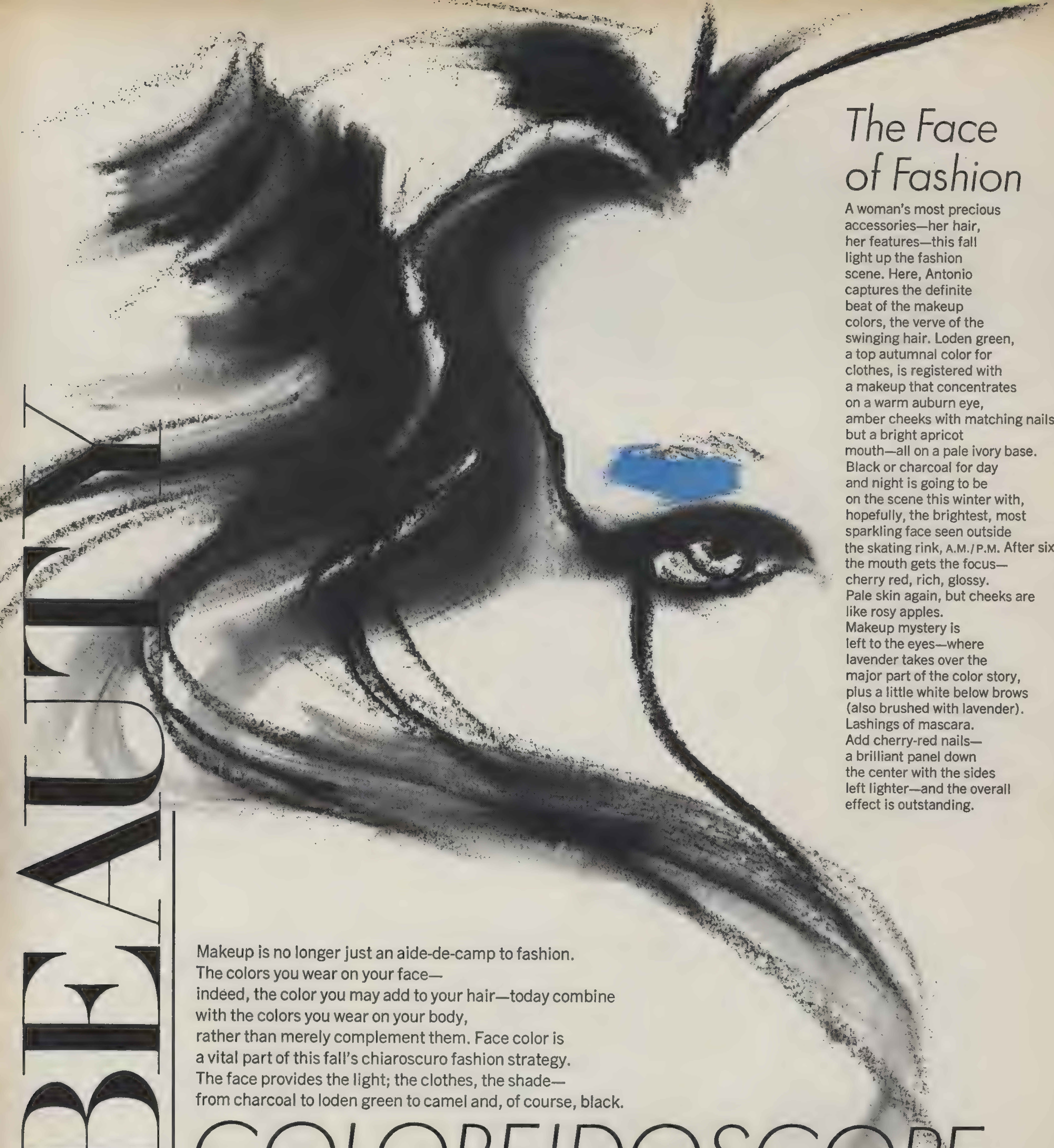


Smooth, sheer seamless pink bra and matching hig-hugger bikini in stretchy no-cling crepe. Both by Van Raalte, of nylon and Lycra. Bra, $4, and bikini, $3, available at Altman's.



Tummy power: white mesh bikini with a V-shaped control panel. Sheer matching bra. Both by Vanity Fair, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. Bra, $4, and bikini, $3.50, at Bloomingdale's.

BEAUTY NOW



Makeup is no longer just an aide-de-camp to fashion.
The colors you wear on your face—
indeed, the color you may add to your hair—today combine
with the colors you wear on your body,
rather than merely complement them. Face color is
a vital part of this fall's chiaroscuro fashion strategy.
The face provides the light; the clothes, the shade—
from charcoal to loden green to camel and, of course, black.

COLOREIDOSCOPE

by Shirley Lord

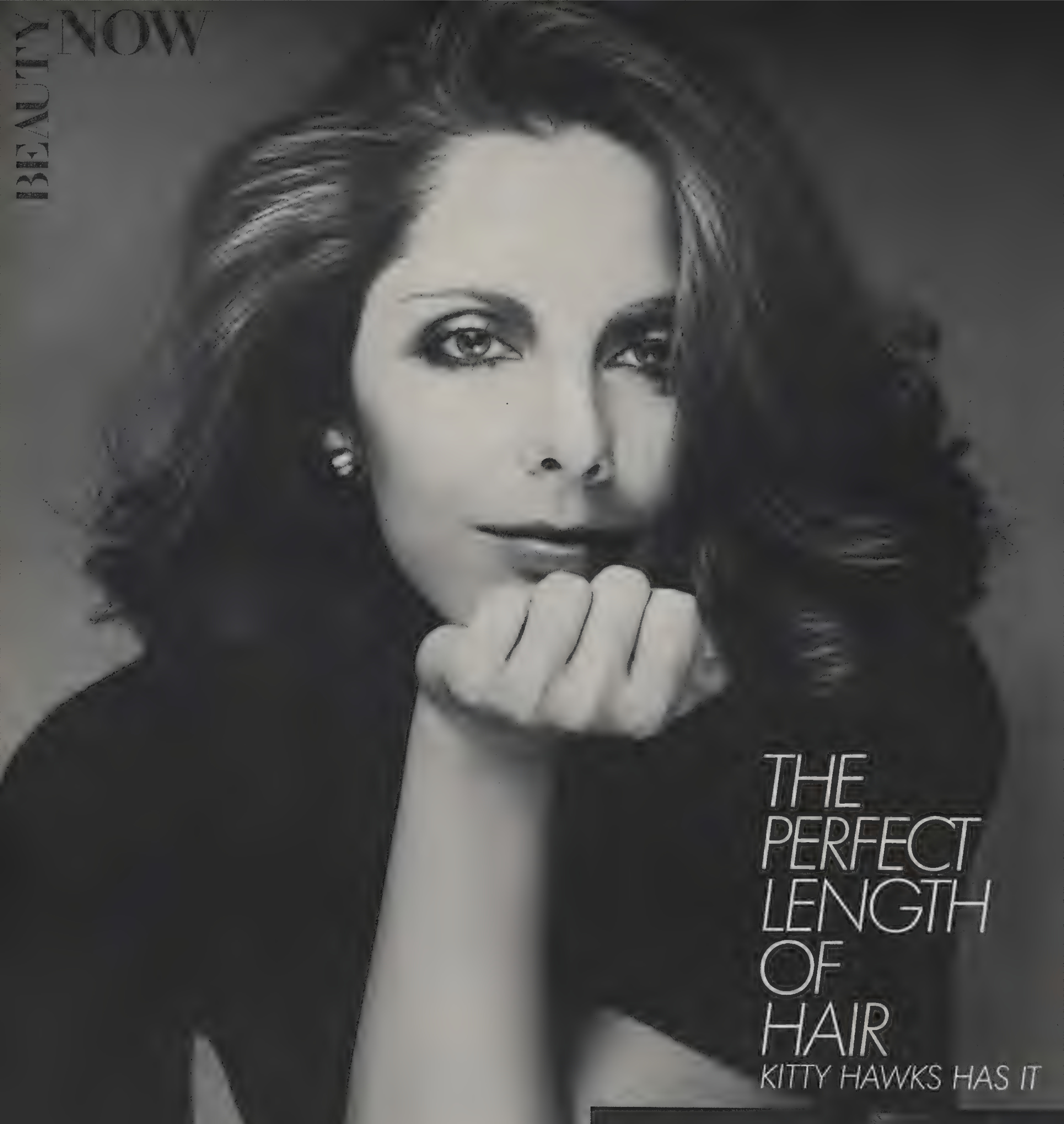
The Face of Fashion

A woman's most precious accessories—her hair, her features—this fall light up the fashion scene. Here, Antonio captures the definite beat of the makeup colors, the verve of the swinging hair. Loden green, a top autumnal color for clothes, is registered with a makeup that concentrates on a warm auburn eye, amber cheeks with matching nails, but a bright apricot mouth—all on a pale ivory base. Black or charcoal for day and night is going to be on the scene this winter with, hopefully, the brightest, most sparkling face seen outside the skating rink, A.M./P.M. After six, the mouth gets the focus—cherry red, rich, glossy. Pale skin again, but cheeks are like rosy apples. Makeup mystery is left to the eyes—where lavender takes over the major part of the color story, plus a little white below brows (also brushed with lavender). Lashings of mascara. Add cherry-red nails—a brilliant panel down the center with the sides left lighter—and the overall effect is outstanding.

SKETCHES BY ANTONIO

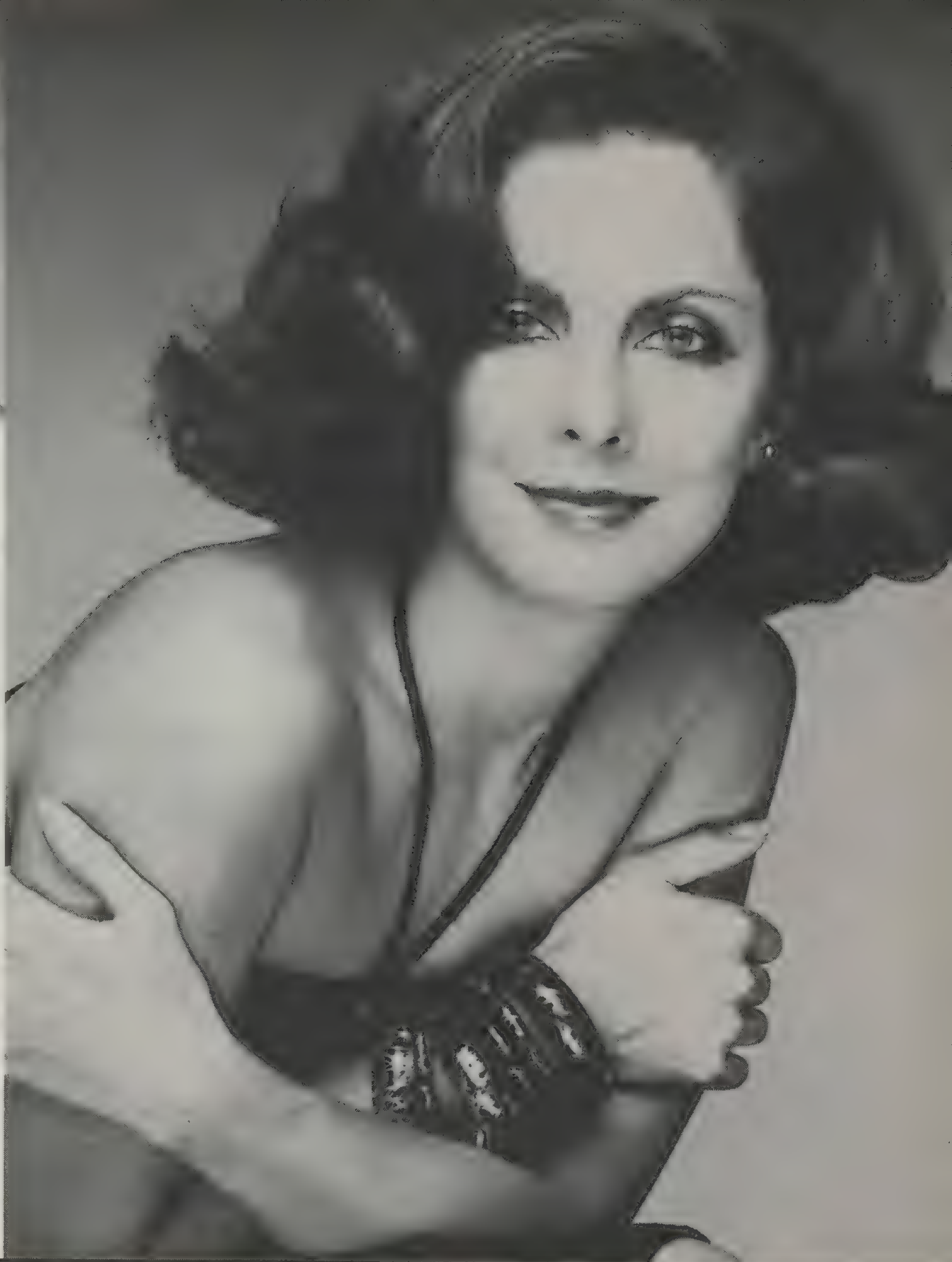
Where Do Makeup Colors Begin?

Once upon a time, fashion affected makeup shades and fabric colors affected fashion. The fabric designers looked to the leather people to set the pace—and the tanners themselves said they were influenced by world events. Now, makeup has become more a part of fashion—however, world events, weather, even the balance of payments can still make an important impression when color alchemists are at work. This season's crop of "just right" colors includes Spungold Copper Eye Shadow, Super Luscious Lipstick in Baked Orange, and the new Perfect Nail Makeup Creme de Chine in Saffron Orange—all by Ultima II for Charles Revson. The Aziza Soft Touch Shadow Duos provide dark shade in eye crease, light shade directly under brow—Iced Mint and Iced Cocoa Duo. A double eye message comes from Estée Lauder with new two-tone Eye Color Sticks, 3″ of color at each end, including Copper and Curry (looks like auburn) and Mint and Meadow Green. Estée Lauder also introduces Painted Desert colors for nails this month, such as Apricot Sun and Pink Sand. Helena Rubinstein's new set of Dazzlers for eyes add frost to autumnal colors; Smoky Plum Dazzle and Pewter Dazzle are especially right for evening eyes. For the cheeks, Orlane provides the necessary roses with their new Radiant Faces Cream Blushers (Rose, of course, plus other "of the moment" shades like Abricot and Vermillon in stores next month), while Evelyn Marshall introduces a blush effect for the mouth, with a range of earth-toned shines.



THE PERFECT LENGTH OF HAIR

KITTY HAWKS HAS IT



MARC SINCLAIRE

At the Elizabeth Arden salon in New York, Marc Sinclaire is considered to be one of the fastest workers on the comb-out scene, transforming even lackadaisical hair in a matter of minutes, never losing sight of the fact that the style mustn't hide the hair—he doesn't even like to use hair spray, unless somebody insists upon it. When it came to Kitty's hair, he was compelled to say, "How can you go wrong?" In his opinion Kitty's thick, naturally wavy, mahogany-color hair has "star quality—she can get away with any style and not lose a fraction of allure." Kitty came into the salon with semi-wet hair having washed it an hour before. She generally washes her hair twice a week with Johnson's Baby Shampoo, followed up with a Wella Balsam conditioner. Marc dried it completely with a hand dryer, then curled it with hot rollers, which is exactly what Kitty herself usually does. "If I let it dry by itself, it gets ultra-curly," she explained. When thoroughly dry, it took exactly five minutes for Marc to accomplish the look seen here above and on the right. Using an English Mason Pearson hairbrush, he swept the hair full and wide around the face with long vigorous strokes. "I want the hair to move as she moves—this is always very sexy—but still I believe in a feeling of curls, reminiscent of the 'thirties. The final verdict has to come from the woman herself. The moment she is happy with her hair, she is better looking—because she exudes more confidence."

Right, Kitty's short black wool-and-silk knit tube dress by Adolfo. Trifari earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue. Golden-speckled black bangles by Stanley Hagler.

Here 4 top stylists show just why it works so well

As more and more women have less and less time, the two to three hour sojourn at the hair salon is becoming as defunct as the leisurely afternoon tea. Often replacing the shampoo and set as a way of life for hair is the quick comb-out—a sure test of a good hairdresser. Here and on the next two pages Kitty Hawks (who goes to a salon only about three times a year "for a trim") put her perfect length of hair into the hands of four top stylists, all of whom chose to show their ideas via the comb-out. Fast, but never careless.

JEAN LOUIS

The Cinandre Salon, New York, is particularly known for producing looks of great naturalness, whether the length is long or short. The thinking there right now is that length should be just above the shoulder line . . . which is where Kitty's is at. For the look seen on the left Jean Louis worked on Kitty's hair bone dry—nevertheless used the blow dryer to "brush" a lot of her natural curl out, all to give a smoother surface. The word "set" is almost anathema to him—as it is to the majority of stylists at the salon where blow-drying has almost taken over as the modus operandi. It's estimated the number of actual "sets" carried out during a week might not even add up to ten, although there are 36 hairdressers in residence. After extracting all that curl, Jean Louis then put some back with a curling iron—where he thought it ought to go—at the ends of Kitty's hair only. Because Kitty has a widow's peak off-center—actually adding extra piquancy to her special looks, Jean Louis brushed her hair right off her face, using his own favorite natural-bristle, round brush and brushing from right to left, which in his words "is the way Kitty's hair wants to go—the only way to brush any hair." Kitty loved the spirit of this style, and carefully watched the way Jean Louis worked to get the effect in only ten minutes. "When my hair was short I used to go to Vidal Sassoon," she said. "He taught me how to cope with the length—how to use the dryer, curl it, and so on. Because of its length, I still had to go to the salon to get the right cut, but between cuts I did my own hair. Every time I go to a salon I learn something—like today."

Left, mocha-brown shawl-collared V-neck pull of cashmere by Valerie Louthan. About $66. Late August at Lord & Taylor, N.Y. Trifari earrings and chains at Saks Fifth Avenue.

BOB STONE

THE PERFECT LENGTH OF HAIR

Today's woman spends less time in the salon, devotes more time to looking after the basic condition of her hair at home . . . which practically speaking often means dispelling the myth that you shouldn't wash your hair too often! Now that hair health is such an integral part of the style, hair designers are on their mettle, know they have better material to work with —and the simpler the style the more decisive work has to be: many sins have been hidden in curlicues and curly chignons.

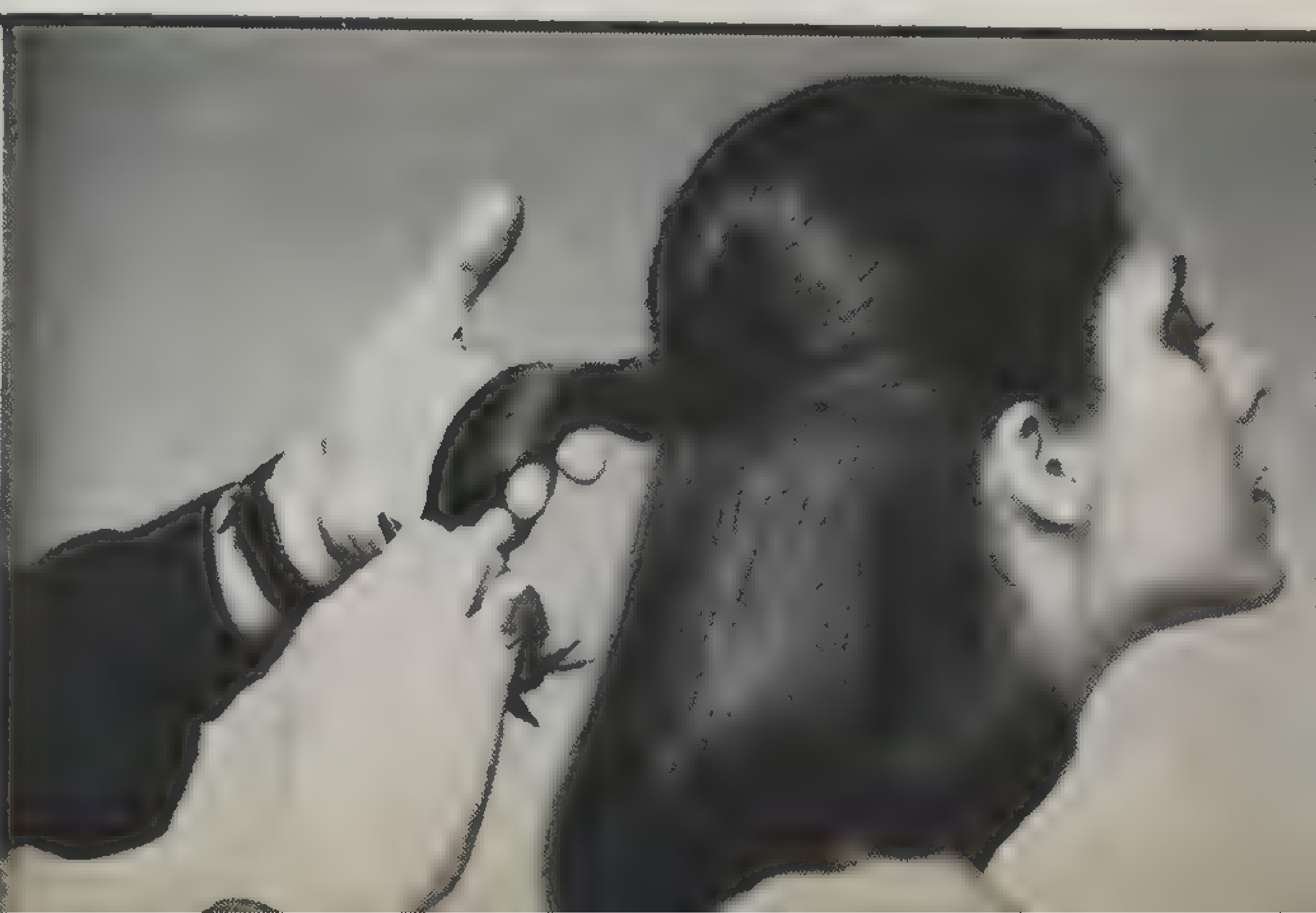
SANDRO

Sandro at the Charles of the Ritz salon in New York is Spanish, learned early on in his native Valencia to create and coil elaborate flamenco-style coiffures. With this artistry still at his fingertips, he has now learned here—first with Kenneth, now at Ritz—to "uncoil," to present an uncluttered head, and almost to his own amazement, he realizes it takes just as much talent to do this as to do his other more spectacular styles. With usual concentration, Sandro first looked at the shape of Kitty's head, then combed her hair to watch how it fell into its natural pattern. He then curled it on hot rollers, arranging them all around the head, purposely leaving the crown free so that all wave would be on the sides and at the ends, leaving the top to show off head shape. After ten minutes of hot curling, he gently used a brush and comb, pushing in large soft waves with his hands, following this with a surprise move, parting the whole look from a center part, then brushing everything forward with Kitty's head down. The finale was dramatic. The simple expedient of asking Kitty to throw her head back and again let the hair settle into its own arrangement. Another touch of his hands to tidy straying ends and Kitty was ready with a new look of allure . . . which she thought was worth keeping for awhile Camel-and-navy diagonally striped sweater by Blassport of wool, about $36, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's. Trifari golden chain, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Black ribbed cashmere sleeveless pull, right, with V-plunge neckline by Valerie Louthan. About $66. End of August, at Bloomingdale's. Golden-and-rhinestone earrings by K.J.L. at Bonwit Teller. Scott Barrie rhinestone bangles at Henri Bendel.

FRANCOIS

Nonstop at Kenneth's New York Salon, François always manages to convey an air of calm. He makes good hairdressing—which his certainly is—look simple, getting on with each job with the minimum fuss. For Kitty's "extra-special face," he immediately felt the hair style should be in the background—"the hair shouldn't interfere or intrude." He bypassed the blow dryer for his own boar bristle-and-nylon brush to eradicate any surplus curl, saying the blower should only be used when strictly necessary. "Over-blowing takes natural shape out, forcing an artificial shape to take hold, which isn't necessarily pretty." Devising the most straightforward shape, with a large comb he divided Kitty's hair into three parts, checking first to see which direction the root sat in the scalp, and so in which direction each hair naturally grew. Again with the big comb he drew two large sections of hair back to the crown to make almost a little cap, catching it together with a tiny knot of hair, leaving the back section to fall gracefully almost to the shoulder (see right).



BOB STONE

BEAUTY NOW

THE YEAR OF THE BODY

smooth, lean, supple; rounded in all the right places...

...this is the look of the body that gives fashion its line this year—a long, taut curve under knitted clothes that touch on the bosom, the hip, the thigh... legs in see-through stockings, skin-baring necklines. In fact or in outline, the whole body is revealed; there's no place to hide even five extra pounds... Diet if you need to—but do it sensibly: See your doctor. Set goals and go after them (but don't go overboard: the drawn, thin-skinned look of over-dieting is as unattractive—and unhealthy—as extra pounds.)... Exercise—every body needs it to stay taut and limber. Work out a program that works for you. Walk: it's one of the best natural exercises for your body... Moisturize. Everywhere—don't forget your neck and bosom—you want silky smooth-all-over skin. (Two good names to register: Orlane's Body Treatment Lotion and Alyssa Ashley's new Vitamin E Body Moisturizer.) ...Then get dressed: a body cared for like this is ready for anything... including the nightdresses on these pages.

on-the-body nightdresses...

...the most glamorous in years, long and bias-y, in fabrics that cling and flow over the body. To slip into something like this at the end of a day—delicious! ...The three sketched here, by John Kloss for Cira. *Opposite page:* Two views, one sensational nightdress—barely-on-the-shoulder cocoa brown with a ruffle around the top, sunburst gathering on an open ring that pulls it around the body. Of Caprolan nylon. About $16. At Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. *Left:* The clingiest—thin, thin panne velvet in silvery grey, with a deep round neckline gathered on a shoestring. Cotton-backed acetate. About $60. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. *Right:* A nightdress you could almost go out in...shimmery bronze-y brown with the prettiest neckline in the world—the skirt's like liquid on the body. Of rayon and metallic threads. About $50. Saks Fifth Avenue; I Magnin

SKETCHES BY ANTONIO

LOIS CHILES

A good figure, a marvelous head of hair, a sweater—all the glamour-girl symbols, just as we've always known them. Or have we?—is this small, trim, meager little Shetland pullover the Shetland pullover of the 'forties? Is this the way hair was—hair that looks like hair, feels like hair, moves like hair—in the pincurled 'forties? in the teased-and-lacquered 'fifties? No way... the only thing on these four pages that has to do with *The Way We Were* is Lois Chiles's new movie of the same name—Lois, Barbra Streisand, and Robert Redford doing the whole 'forties number for Columbia in glorious, wide-screen 'seventies color... *vive la différence!*...: The wool Shetland crew-neck sweater, in heathered teal blue, about $30; Woolmark slim skirt in a paler teal-blue wool (J.P. Stevens fabric), about $40. Both, by Blassport. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Bullock's, Pasadena and Westwood. Lois's hair, these pages, by Ara Gallant. All accessories, next to last page.

GLAMOUR!
THE WAY IT IS TODAY

AVEDON

GLAMOUR TODAY

AVEDON

LOIS CHILES

Glamour in a grey flannel suit, *left*—the soft-tie at the throat . . . hair easy and loose under the hat . . . great-looking legs through the slit straight skirt. Frank Smith for Evan-Picone, of J.P. Stevens wool. Jacket, about $60; skirt, about $30. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Hudson's; Dayton's; Bullock's, Pasadena and Westwood.
A coat to feel glamorous in, *this page:* slightly oversized camel wrap with a big collar to turn up around your face, a sash to pull good and tight . . . over narrow pants. The lean and racy line! Woolmark coat by Philippe Venet for Laird Knox, of J.P. Stevens wool. About $315. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's, Pasadena and Westwood. Hair by Ara Gallant. Accessories, next to last page.

Here, with French movie star Zouzou, a Vogue tour of discoveries—the off-beat addresses for fashion, food, wine—in the clean white light of...

GREECE

Zouzou, with composer Michaelis Maniatis, above, in a yachting cap from Nikos and Takis of Athens. Opposite, a pink-and-black bikini by Yannis Tseklenis. Gold Minoan bull's head on a chain, matching bracelet by Zolotas. Rounded platform AstroSol beach shoes by Pan Com.

Zouzou knows . . . to enjoy yourself wherever you go: pack light, fill-in there. So . . . she put her jeans in her suitcase and took off for an idyllic weekend on the Aegean. . . .

A movie star who has no telephone; a slim, narrow-boned girl who claims to live on pasta and potatoes; a beauty who says, "I look like Brando"—Zouzou. In 1963, she was "Zouzou la twisteuse," the all-night, every-night queen of the twist at Castel's and Régine's. Last year she surfaced again, brilliantly, as the taut-tender heroine of Eric Rohmer's film *Chloë in the Afternoon*. In the years between, she was a designer and model for Daniel Hechter in Paris (where she still lives, in an unfashionable *faubourg* in a flat without a telephone). She says she thrives on the noise, cars, and pollution of Paris but relishes the occasional jaunt to the sea (she takes care not to tan, uses sun block to stay white "so that I stand out in summer"). On these four pages, the sea is the Aegean, the scene is Athens, and the man is the young Greek composer Michaelis Maniatis. . . .

ATHENS, THE CITY: After a hot morning on the Acropolis, the pool at the Hilton is very refreshing. Good things to eat there: shrimp kebabs, Greek salads, big pots of yogurt with rich, deep-brown Greek honey. . . . Shopping in the Plaka, the old city, where the flea market is located (even taxi drivers who know no English respond to the direction "Flea Market") . . . fruit salads and people-watching late at night in outdoor cafés on the steps of the Plaka. . . . Shadowy museums and the perfume of gardenias worn by men and women, who buy them from little old ladies in black with trays of waxy blossoms. . . .

ATHENS, SHOPPING: Ilias Lalaounis's boutiques for splendid, massive 24-karat-gold jewelry inspired by ancient Greek and Byzantine designs. The parent shop, a block away from the American Express, is at 6 Panepistimiou Street. Branches in the Hilton and Grande Bretagne hotels, and the new Athens Tower. . . . Zolotas Boutique for fabulous gold and silver jewelry for men and women, with exclusive designs by Claude Lalanne and Paloma Picasso. New at Zolotas: ancient fertility symbols made up as charms to wear on leather thongs or gold-and-silver chains. 10 Panepistimiou Street, near the Grande Bretagne. . . . Yannis Tseklenis, the Pucci of Greece, has bright, busy boutiques selling everything from bikinis and men's neckties to long evening dresses. Also a group of dresses and pants outfits by his girl (Continued)

HELMUT NEWTON

GREEK DISCOVERIES

Zouzou…a few of her Greek finds—and two of the pleasure places to wear them on an Athenian holiday…

On the Acropolis, above, in a $4 Flea Market find: blue-and-white striped cotton crêpe shirt. With it: gold fertility charms of chains and leather thongs from Zolotas; belt with antique buckle from Yannis Travassaros.…In the Aegean, opposite, a sculptured silver butterfly with articulated wings, modeled after a child's drawing, set with semi-precious stones and hung from a plexiglass collar. By Ilias Lalaounis.

HELMUT NEWTON

Zouzou proves: a good shirt is good fashion anywhere—can be worn with jeans, precious jewels, anything, even if it costs only a few dollars. . . . .

(Continued) friend, Efi Melas. Many prints here are based on old Greek woodcuts, and modern prints include a cartoon likeness of Aristotle Onassis. At 18 Voulis Street and in the Athens Tower. . . . Nikos and Takis at 10 Lisiou Street, is a shopping magnet in the heart of the Plaka. Two floors of jewelry, scarves, hats, cotton caftans, sheer over-bikini skirts, hand-embroidered and made-to-measure dresses. Cool lemonade or hot Greek coffee on the house. . . . In the Flea Market—every imaginable variation on the Greek bag, worry beads, sandals, and charms. Best buys: soft white pleated cotton shirts at about $4 . . . hand-crocheted, oversized white wool fishermen's sweaters, similar to but half the price of the Irish ones. . . . Near the Plaka, Pandona Boutique, 3 Kolokotroni Street, for blue-and-white striped cotton crêpe caftany shirts at about $4; necklaces of brass bolts soldered together and strung on a leather thong. . . . Belts with great antique buckles from Egypt at Yannis Travassoro's boutique in the Hilton.

ATHENS, WINE AND FOOD:
The famous retsina wine is an acquired taste. If you haven't acquired it: red or white "Domestica" with ice . . . "Cellar," a good red . . . "Cimarosa," the local rosé . . .and, of course, "Ouzo," the anise-flavored apéritif. . . . Peasant salad of ripe red tomatoes, soft sweet cucumbers, black olives, and chunks of white feta cheese doused in olive oil. Almost a meal in itself, found all over Greece and always a sure thing—even in doubtful circumstances . . . Yuvetsi, a lamb-and-macaroni dish . . . grape leaves with tart avgolemono sauce . . . cooked slivers of celery and pork. All excellent at the excellent taverna Xenos, in the Plaka, with guitarists and tables crowded together in a courtyard with a view of the Acropolis.

NEARBY:
Swimming in the sea near Athens at Vouliagmeni. . . . The yacht port of Tourkolimano for a fish dinner at one of the restaurants there. Choose your own fish or lobster, have it outdoors on the quay and watch the scene. . . . Half-an-hour's drive from Athens: the Vari section, untouristed, the road lined with restaurants filled with Greek families singing, clapping, dancing to bouzouki music. Glass-enclosed outdoor kitchens with shish kebabs and spit-roasting lamb. Have a glass of wine with the waiters, taste a bit of crusty lamb, order your piece of meat, and have it at the tables outside where diners fling carnations at the singers on the little makeshift stage. As the night goes on, all this becomes very "Zorba." One enchanting restaurant in Vari: the Tricorfia. . . .

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"She shut the door and sat down at a tiny writing table, placing me close to her"

ANNA AKHMATOVA

(Continued from page 99)

another part of the apartment. Akhmatova and I sat down alone, rather stiffly, in the Ardovs' deserted sitting room. She occupied a Victorian couch upholstered in dark red velvet which stood near the window; I sat facing her across an oval table on which was a telephone. It was very warm in the apartment. Maple branches, lightly dusted with green, swayed outside the window; its removable pane was wide open. The maple tree and the gusts of fresh air which came in seemed to ask us why we were indoors on such a beautiful day. Unable to recall any of the questions I had planned I would ask her if I ever met her, I was silent as Akhmatova spoke at length about Acmeism, the poetic creed of her and Mandelstam's youth. She elucidated for me some of the Acmeists' complex relationships with the other poetic groups of that era. Her desire to share her knowledge, to preserve the past, were deeply moving, but, on that day, Acmeism, which Mandelstam had once defined as "a nostalgia for world culture" seemed very remote.

Then Akhmatova mentioned her own recent work and the fact that she was experiencing a new surge of creativity. Because of the terrible, artificial isolation in which Russian writers had been maintained for decades, she feared that Western readers had taken on face value the Soviet critics' allegations that she and Mandelstam—a poet whom she considered as the greatest of that age—had lost their poetic voices early in the 'twenties. What had happened of course was that they, and many other first-rate writers, had continued to write in increasingly difficult circumstances. They were prevented from publishing, or even circulating, their works, under pain of instant arrest. Now, in a more tolerant age, Akhmatova was published again in her own country. She was honored even by those in the world of official Soviet letters who had called her "half nun, half whore" fifteen years before, during the "Zhdanovschina" (one of Stalin's most vicious campaigns of repression against writers, thus called for its main enforcer, Leningrad's party boss Zhdanov).

Deep sadness was reflected in Akhmatova's face as she spoke of that period. I was able to reassure her as to the Western readers' growing understanding of these years. By 1962, following the explosive publication of *Doctor Zhivago*, there was an awareness in the West that a whole treasure of unpublished contemporary Russian writing was about to be revealed to the world. And, indeed, soon afterwards, Akhmatova's own *The Requiem*, published in Munich in 1963, demonstrated that Akhmatova had not been silent in the 'thirties and 'forties, that she had outgrown even the marvelous, melodic but intensely feminine love poems of her youth. *(The Requiem*, dedicated to the victims of the purges of the late 'thirties and to their families, is one of the important poems in the Russian language. It is available in English in a translation by Robert Lowell—*Poets on Street Corners*, Random House, Inc. Some stanzas of *The Requiem* appear on page 99.)

My shyness was beginning to fade away as Akhmatova invited me to follow her into a back room of the apartment: she wanted to read some poems aloud to me and found that room more tranquil than the sitting room, with its telephone which rang occasionally. She shut the door and sat down at a tiny writing table, placing me across it, very close to her. Her eyes half shut, her head bent to one side, she read magnificently in that musical, yet monotonous manner which is a tradition with Russian poets. Reciting from memory, she seemed to listen to her own voice with her whole being. To hear her "Muse" in her own interpretation was overwhelming. Clearly, the Muse was an essential presence in Akhmatova's life, the one whose

"Gumilev called him a 'drunken monster,' or something of the sort"

MODIGLIANI

(Continued from page 22)

but people usually said: "Picasso *and* Braque." Ida Rubinstein danced *Salomé*, and Diaghilev's Ballets Russes were becoming something of an elegant tradition, with Stravinsky, Nijinsky, Pavlova, Karsavina, and Bakst.

We know now that Stravinsky's destiny was not welded to the first decade of the century, that he was to give the soul of the twentieth century its highest musical expression. We did not realize this at the time. On June 25, 1910, *The Firebird* opened. Fokine presented his *Petrouchka* on June 13, 1911.

The cutting of the new boulevards through the live body of Paris, described by Zola, had not been quite completed around Boulevard Raspail. Werner, a friend of Edison's, showed me two tables at the Taverne du Panthéon and said: "Here are your Social Democrats; the Bolsheviks sit here; the Mensheviks over there." With varying success, women were trying to wear trousers, known as *jupes-culottes*, or else they almost entirely swaddled their legs in *jupes-entravées*. French poetry was in a state of decline, and collections of verse were bought solely because of their illustrations by more or less famous artists. I had already understood that Parisian painting had devoured French poetry.

Modigliani expressed regret at not being able to understand my poems—he was convinced that they contained all sorts of wonders. In fact they were my first timid poetic attempts, like those published in 1911 in the review *Apollo*. As for the paintings of the World of Art school, reproduced in that review, Modigliani openly laughed at them.

I was struck by the fact that Modigliani found a certain man handsome who was generally considered ugly and that he was very insistent about his conviction. I thought then: "Surely, he sees things differently from everyone else." In any event, everything that was then called fashion in Paris (with a variety of sumptuous adjectives), Modigliani failed to notice altogether.

He did not draw me from life, but at home in his studio. He then gave the drawings to me, sixteen altogether. He asked me to have them matted and to hang them in my room in Tzarskoe Selo. They were destroyed in the house there in the first years of the Revolution. One was saved, which was less suggestive than the others of his forthcoming nudes.

More than any other subject, we discussed poetry. We both knew a number of French poets assiduous visits had made this gifted, beautiful woman into a major poet. I was transported and found at last a few inadequate words to express my reverence for Akhmatova and for her work.

After awhile, Nadezhda Yakovlevna, who had returned, tapped lightly at the door. We moved back to the sitting room. The conversation became bright and animated. The two ladies discussed the literary news of the day and Akhmatova's forthcoming recording session. For the first time the poetess had been asked officially to make a record of some of her poems. It was lovely to see the two friends together. In addition to affection, sparkling humor marked their exchanges. Each shone for the other; carefree amusement prevailed. In difficult times Akhmatova and Nadezhda Yakovlevna had looked after each other with devotion. After Mandelstam's death, his widow and his intimate friend and fellow Acmeist had shared many dark hours. Now more hopeful days had come to Russia and they were savoring them together. As they conversed, Nadezhda Yakovlevna's impulsiveness, her biting wit, complemented perfectly Akhmatova's dry intelligence and her serenity. Even their looks were a happy contrast: Akhmatova the celebrated beauty renowned throughout her life for her stately carriage and her elegant, Bourbon profile; and Nadezhda Yakovlevna, petite, vivacious, blue-eyed, described in her youth as *laide mais délicieuse*.

As far as my acquaintance with Akhmatova was concerned, Nadezhda Yakovlevna's bit of magic had operated. From that day on, Akhmatova treated me as a friend. She declared to Nadezhda Yakovlevna that, despite my foreign birth, I was a true Russian, and nicknamed me *Sheyka*, for neck, in Russian. Whenever I called on her alone, she bestowed on me the greatest honor and the greatest pleasure I could hope for: she read aloud to me a few poems out of her various cycles of poems. In addition, I saw her occasionally with Nadezhda Yakovlevna. These joint visits, full of gaiety, were primarily social: we participated for awhile in what Pasternak had once called an "Akhmatovka." Sounding like the name of a railroad station, evoking noise and confusion, it referred to the stream of telephone calls and friendly visits which engulfed Akhmatova whenever she stayed in Moscow.

When June came, it was hard for me to leave Moscow. But I had to go home, the spring was ending. My friends were sad, too. No one wanted that particular season to end. Perhaps we all obscurely knew that, in the USSR, too many obstacles and vested interests stood in the way of a lasting political springtime. And indeed, hopes for a genuine liberalization of Russia were fading when I saw Akhmatova again, in 1965. The pattern of my visits with her remained the same as in 1962. A rather distant, thoughtful exchange on literary topics, in which I was primarily the listener, was followed by Akhmatova's reciting a few carefully chosen poems.

After these visits, I remember trying hard to understand what it was, beyond literary genius, which gave Anna Akhmatova her unique powers as a writer and as a person. It seems to me now that it was her total, absolute self-respect which made her different from any other woman writer I can think of. This self-respect enabled her to experience her feelings, to analyze them, and then to describe them with extraordinary objectivity. It gave her true inner freedom—and everyone's right to inner freedom was a deep conviction with her. Thus I remember a conversation we had about Freudian psychology. Akhmatova had said: "What was true for Vienna in the nineteenth century need not be true elsewhere, in another time. . . . Why do people assume that they are determined to such an extreme degree by social and biological patterns? How *can* they abdicate their responsibility to themselves so readily, and thus lose their sense of personal freedom?"

Many gifted women are emotionally splintered by their own talent and by outside pressures. But Akhmatova had known how to resist all pressures, even political intimidation. With total seriousness and absorption, never losing touch with *what* she felt, she had devoted her life to recreating her feelings through literature. A beautiful body of poetry was the result. A part of it is made available to us in English for the first time by poet Stanley Kunitz. ■

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well—Verlaine, Laforgue, Mallarmé, Baudelaire. Modigliani never recited Dante to me, perhaps because I did not know Italian then. One day he said, *"J'ai oublié de vous dire que je suis juif."* He had told me that he had been born in Livorno and that he was twenty-four, although he was really twenty-six then.

He told me that he was interested in aviators (we call them pilots now); but when he met one, he had been disappointed. They were ordinary sportsmen. (What had he expected?) In those years, light planes, resembling fancy étagères, flew around my rusty and slightly crooked contemporary, the Eiffel Tower (b. 1889). To me she looked like a huge candlestick, forgotten by some giant among dwarfs, something out of *Gulliver's Travels.*

All around raged the recently triumphant Cubism, which left Modigliani indifferent. Marc Chagall had already brought to Paris his enchanted Vitebsk. A future star, then an unknown young man, Charlie Chaplin, walked the Boulevards. "The Great Mute," as the cinema was then called, was still eloquent in its silence.

Far away to the North, in Russia, Leo Tolstoy had just died. And Vrubel and Vera Komissarzhevskaya. Symbolism had declared itself in a state of crisis, and Alexander Blok was prophesying:

Children, if only you knew,
The cold and darkness of
the days to come . . .

And the three whales on which the twentieth century now rests —Proust, Joyce, and Kafka—did not yet exist as myths, though they were alive as people.

In the years that followed, convinced that a man such as Modigliani would shine, I repeatedly asked those who were returning from Paris about him. The answer was always the same: "I don't know. I've never heard of him."

Only once, when in May of 1918, for the last time, N. S. Gumilev and I went together to see our son in Bezhetzk and I mentioned Modigliani's name, Gumilev called him 'a drunken monster,' or something of the sort. He said that in Paris he had had an altercation with him. Gumilev had spoken Russian in a company of friends, and Modigliani had objected. At the time, each of them had about three more years to live. . . .

For a long while I thought that I would never hear anything more about Modigliani. But I was to hear—a great deal.

At the beginning of the NEP, when I was a member of the board of the Soviet Writers' Union, we usually met in the office of the poet A. N. Tikhonov, at the University Publishing House on Mohovaya 36. Postal relations with foreign countries had been reestablished, and Tikhonov received a number of books and magazines from abroad. During a session, someone passed to me a French art magazine. I opened it and I saw a photo of Modigliani, a cross, a long obituary. From it I learned that Amedeo Modigliani was a great twentieth-century artist. I remember that the obituary compared him to Botticelli. ■

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SEX AND SLEEP

(Continued from page 121)

searchers have been using injections of this hormone to induce sleep in cats. Unlike most chemical sedatives, tranquilizers, and other soporifics, the hormone seems to produce a natural sleep, not the disturbed sleep that seems to be unavoidable with barbiturates. However, while one dose of the hormone may cause a sound healthy sleep, a higher dose can produce anesthesia and convulsions. Besides progesterone, about a dozen other sex hormones have been shown in animal research to induce sedation and drowsiness.

Researchers emphasize, however, that this kind of experiment is still in a very early stage of development, and that no one should attempt to take birth-control pills which contain progesterone in an attempt to overcome insomnia. There might be all kinds of unforeseen results. For instance, although some women who take birth-control pills with progesterone have complained of drowsiness. others have been afflicted with insomnia. So it seems that different hormones have different effects on different women.

While biochemists have been looking at the connection between sex hormones and sleep, behavioral scientists have been observing the sleep habits of females, males, and couples.

In one experiment conducted at the University of Illinois College of Medicine in Chicago, couples who were used to sleeping together in the same bed were separated for one or two nights. The department worked with fourteen couples who had been married for more than one year and who had used a double bed throughout their marriage. Specific sexual activity was not involved in the particular test. The volunteers were simply asked to come to the sleep laboratory for three consecutive nights. They were divided into two groups with half the couples separated for the first night and the other half assigned to sleep, as usual in a double bed. On the second night, the arrangement was reversed. On the third night the procedure was reversed again. Even the investigators were startled by the results. Almost all of the couples who had been separated reported sleep difficulties, and brain-wave tests showed a noticeable absence of REM sleep. However, those couples who had remained together had very little trouble going to sleep and staying asleep, even during the first night in the laboratory where unfamiliar surroundings (plus electrodes and other equipment attached to them to monitor their reactions) might have disturbed sleep. Single volunteers, spending their first night in a sleep laboratory, almost always report some problems with insomnia.

Since no sexual activity was involved in these tests, the investigators concluded that two people who are used to each other and who derive a feeling of comfort and security from each other will become anxious enough to show disturbed sleep patterns when they are separated. On the other hand, even in a situation that might normally provoke considerable anxiety and tension (such as being confined to a sleep laboratory), these couples find enough reassurance in each other's presence to be able to relax into normal healthy sleep.

There are, of course, other couples who dearly love each other and who have an excellent sexual relationship, but who just cannot get to sleep in the same bed, or even in the same room. Most frequently it seems to be the woman who has problems getting used to sleeping in the same bed with a man, even a man she loves. Scientists suspect that women awake more easily, are more disturbed by random noises than men, and more aware of movement in the bed.

The wife who stays awake all night when her husband who usually shares her bed is away and the wife who simply cannot sleep in a double bed with her husband, both seem to have plenty of psychological company.

Sex research and sleep research both are relatively new areas of scientific study. Often experiments pose new questions instead of providing definite answers, especially when the two areas of research are combined. However, every investigator interviewed for this article was fascinated with the relationship between sex and sleep. Most sex researchers indicated that they also were involved in sleep studies; and most sleep researchers were interested in sex research. The first person who used the phrase "sleeping together" as an equivalent of "making love" hit upon a deep, intuitive psychological truth—probably without even realizing what he or she had discovered. ■

THE HORSE

(Continued from page 102)

going equine lives the Puritan life. He breakfasts at dawn, brunches at 9 A.M., and has his dinner at 4. He consumes nearly sixteen quarts of oats, bran, and carrots in mash a day (an inordinate amount for a proper Thoroughbred), and all the hay he can find. His tendency to overweight keeps him forever on a diet.

Edward Sweat, Secretariat's groom, regularly searches the horse's straw for thistles. Otherwise, Secretariat would eat them, too, and upset his stomach. No day passes without bath, massage, haircomb, manicure.

"We never wash inside Secretariat's ears or drip water over his face," Mrs. Tweedy said, obviously the master of the most minute details of her Big Colt's life. "He would not like soap in his eyes."

Big Colt exercises regularly, too, never running with another horse except at the track. He couldn't make friends with horses if he wanted to, because the walls of his stall are too high. As a result, his best friends are people—his groom, his trainer, his jockey, and Mrs. Tweedy. "I think this solitude may be why horses accept human domination," she said. "They adjust to it."

Unlike the true Sybarites, Secretariat has never tasted hot-fudge sundaes as it was rumored that Kelso did, nor been rubbed down with Elizabeth Arden's own body cream for people, a treat the late Miss Arden ordered for her better horses. His only treat is carrots. But he is a great one for fashion. When he races, he wears the bright blue-and-white silks of The Meadow, the stables that the late Mr. Chenery, a utilities magnate, acquired during the Depression. His principal owner, a majestic blonde devoted to classic shirtdresses, is hardly shabby either.

"For awhile, I went to the track in nothing but blue-and-white dresses," Mrs. Tweedy said. "All of us did. So did our friends. To look at us you'd think we were some kind of vaudeville troupe, so we gave them up." ■

WATERGATE STORY

(Continued from page 97)

the Cuban-Americans. Worn down, he threw a file of a Watergater at Carl, who found there a copy of a cashier's check for $25,000 signed by Kenneth Dahlberg of Minnesota (a political friend of Senator Hubert Humphrey) that Dahlberg had handed over to Maurice Stans, the President's chief money-raiser. That check definitely linked Watergate to the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President.

The biggest break then came not from Bob and Carl but from *The Post's* Eugene Bachinski who flipped through two address books the police took from one of the arrested Watermen in Washington. One book had the notation "Howard Hunt, WH"; the other, "Howard Hunt, W. House." With that information, Woodward telephoned the White House, asking the switchboard operator for Howard Hunt. She rang him and then said that he was not in his office. The White House Connection! (This month, G. P. Putnam's Sons plans to publish Hunt's espionage novel, *The Berlin Ending*, his sixth spy book, a dingy salad of Soviet manipulations with long references to the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. which are usually called "the Bureau" and "the Agency." The book is miserably written with knowing details about Washington, Stockholm, New York, Rome, Paris, Berlin, other spy-clustering places. It takes willpower to finish reading it. I did.)

In the beginning of their police work, the Rover Boys had to find their own informers—people in the government, the Administration so disgusted with miscellaneous secrecy that they were ready to spill. *The Post* insisted that all Watergate stories have at least one reliable source and often two and that the stories must be confirmed as true. No flabby rumors. Woodward and Bernstein won't sweet-talk and they can't be sweet-talked. They snuffled out their stories with the hardest kind of digging. They played a card at a time, slowly. No grand slam, but some of their cards may land some people in the slammer.

At the start, not everyone admired their factual stories—many people in Washington preferred to hear President Nixon "keynote." That diagnostician of Presidents Edward G. Lowry, back in 1921, defined keynoting as "the ability to make melodic noises and give the impression of passionately and torrentially moving onward and upward while warily standing still." To explain keynoting, he told this story about a girl in Georgia whose fellow kept coming over every night, but nothing happened, and time was getting on. At last, "under the influence of a soft moon and a mockingbird, the boy began to silver tongue." She put her hand on his arm. "Claude," she said softly, "if that's a proposal, I'm your huckleberry; but if it's not, look out for the dog." The Administration forgot to look out for the dog. ■

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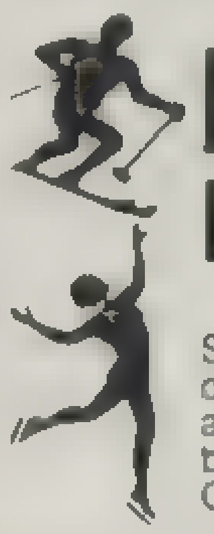

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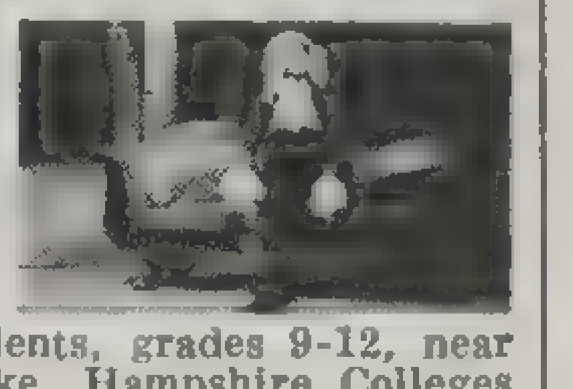

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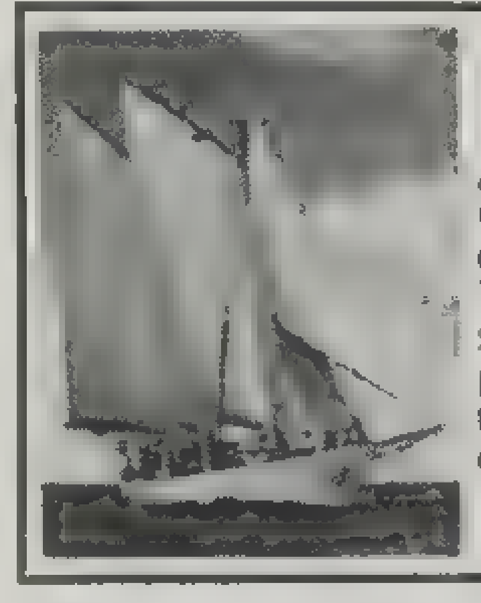

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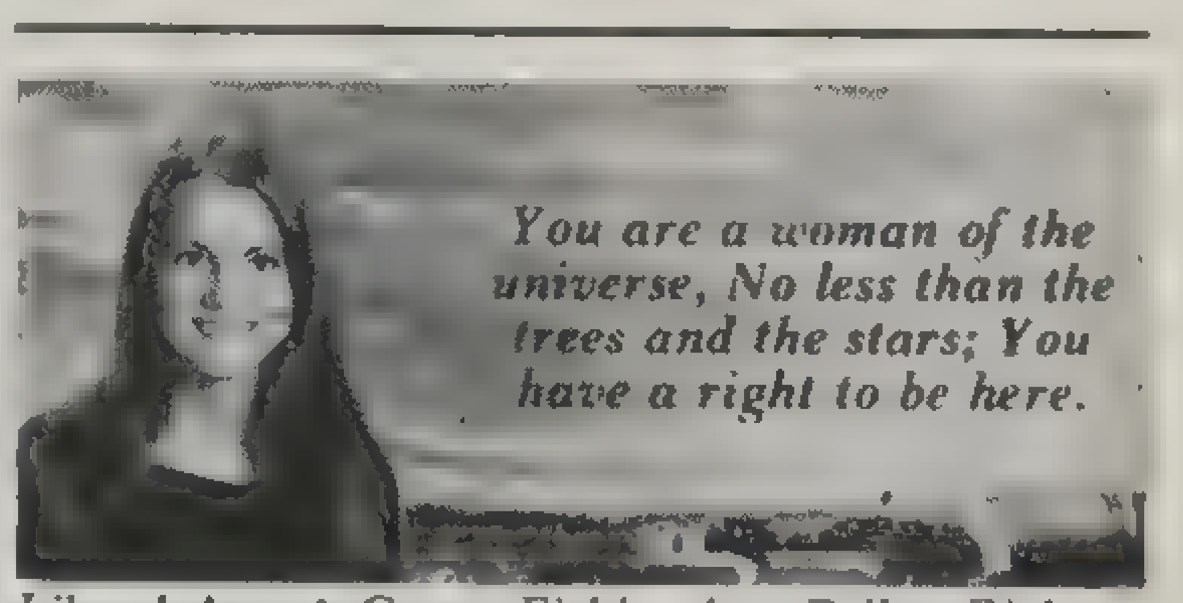

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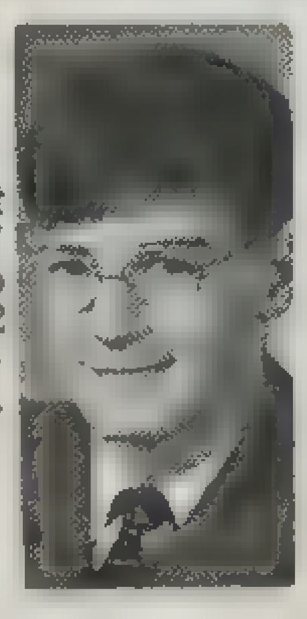

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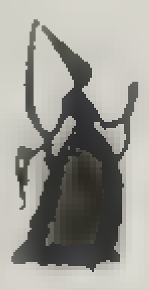

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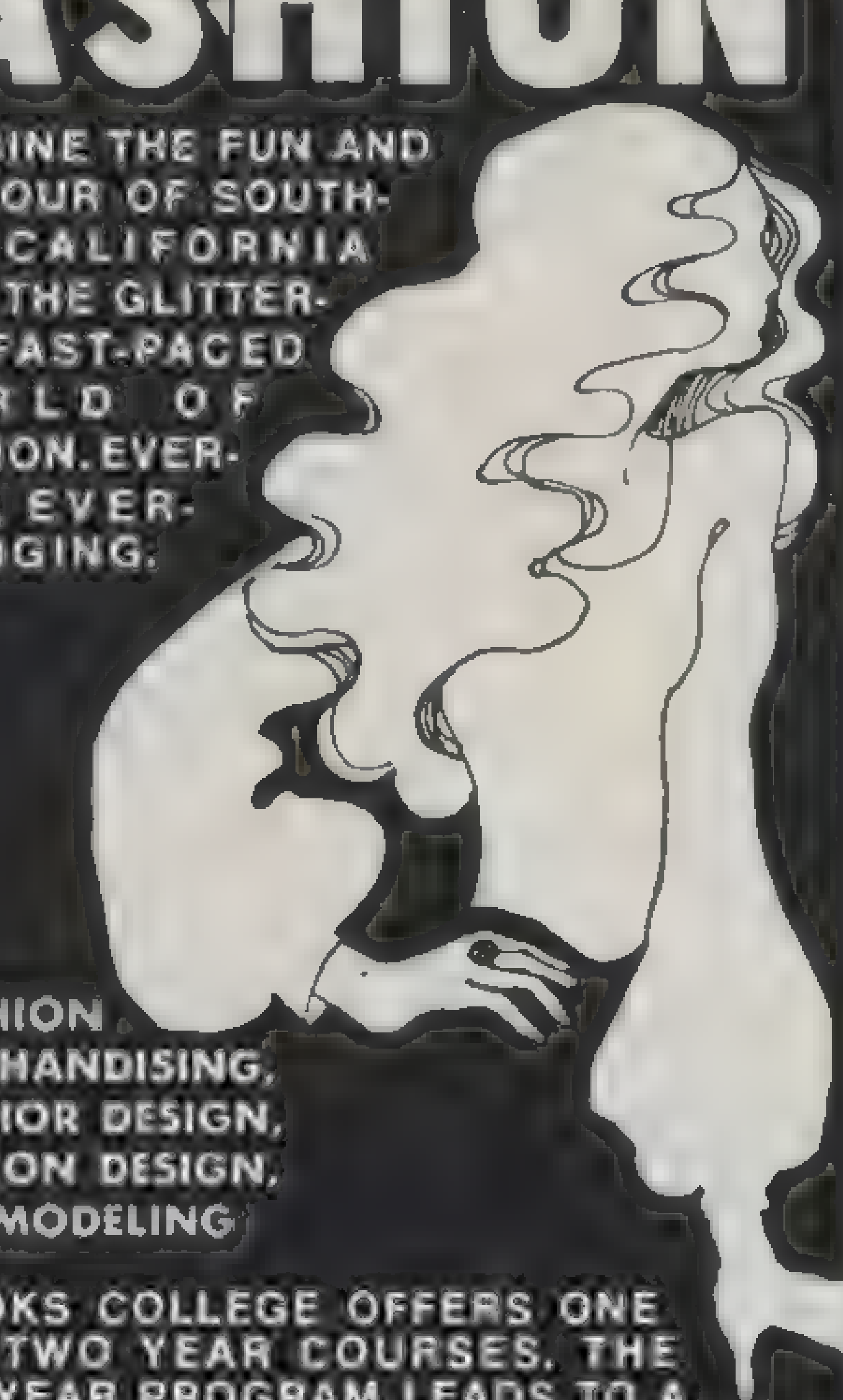

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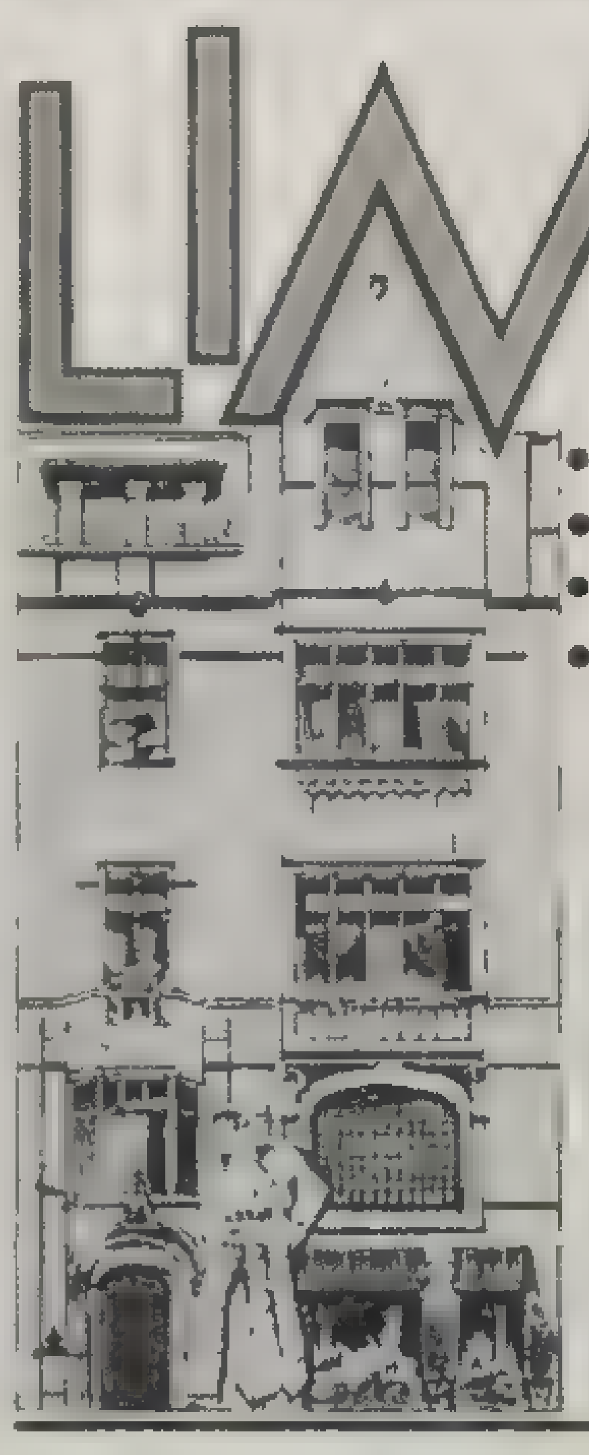

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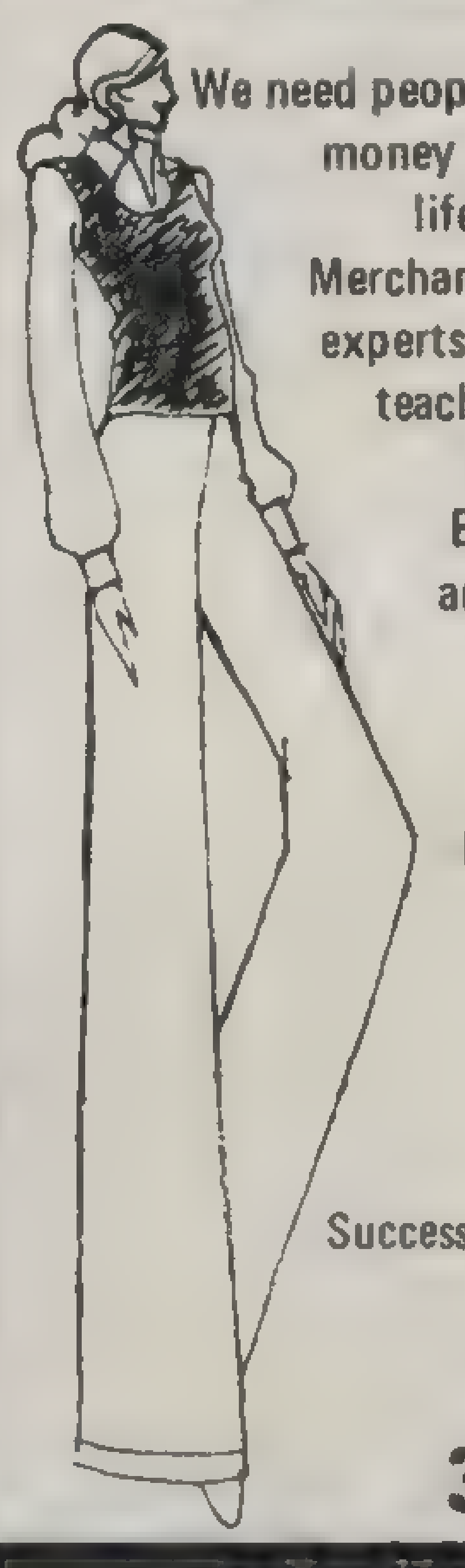

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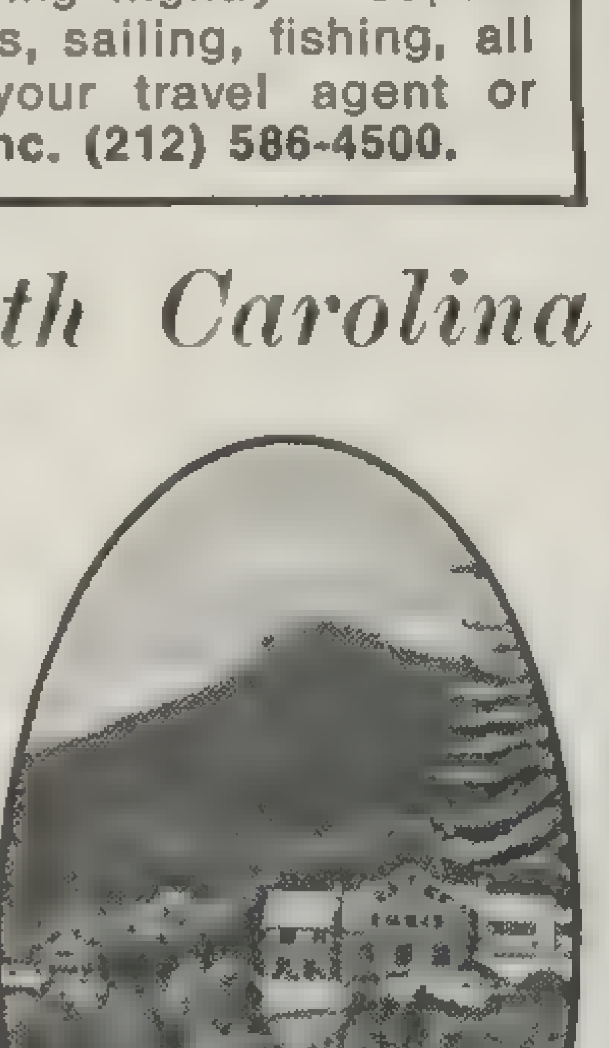

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"One does not 'check out'; there is no front desk. Simply press the buzzer at bedside"

PLACE FOR A LADY

(Continued from page 105)

none of the guests complains that windows are always tightly shuttered.

A car containing a couple moves along Carretera de Esplugas seeking number 90. A sharp turn east, then a quick right sees it through the Pedralbes' arched gate into a large courtyard flanked by garage doors. An attendant in white jacket and black tie rushes forward and directs the car to one of the garages. Inside, a canvas rolls down to conceal the auto's license plate as another attendant meets the couple even before the overhead door swings shut. He leads the pair through an inner door that opens onto a long corridor down which they tiptoe past several rooms until they reach their own. Should other couples arrive during this interval, they must wait in their garages for the "all-clear."

The bedroom is good-sized, perhaps fifteen by twenty-five feet. Directly above the bed hangs a contraption of mirrors and fluorescent lighting. The walls and headboards are mirrored as well. Left night table has four switches that control various lighting effects. An attendant reports that the management hopes to install a sound system that will provide taped sounds of the sea, sounds of rain on the roof, and soothing flamenco guitar music. The concierge moves through the heavily carpeted hallways in soft slippers or on stockinged feet in order not to disturb the guests. Rooms range from $4 to $10 whether one tarries one hour or five. Mediocre Spanish champagne is about $5; it's fifty cents to have the car washed.

One does not "check out"; there is no front desk. Simply press the buzzer at bedside; an attendant arrives, takes payment, assures that the halls do not contain your father-in-law (in case he's still following you), then leads you back down the corridor to your canvas-shrouded car.

Even if you find the Pedralbes "closed for repairs," the city has many more such hideaways. Virtually all have entrance directly from the garage and plenty of hanging canvas. Rosaleda (Calle Ballester 77-79) and Nido D'Oro ("The Golden Nest," Calle San Erasmo 19) are two of the best.

Speaking of automobiles and garages, no doubt some lovers may leap to the defense of the American motel, particularly those innovative ones that recently have enlivened Los Angeles and Dallas, among other western cities. To be sure, North Hollywood's Hollywoodland, El Royal, and Charles motels (located at 10730, 11117, and 11119 Ventura Boulevard) all boast naughty films "in the privacy of your own room via closed-circuit television; full color, sound; waterbeds and mirrors, too," according to their advertisements. But none offers hourly rates. None has facilities that properly conceal your car and its license plates. The attendants are not discreet little old ladies, nor do they wear slippers (not even tennis shoes). I therefore submit to this country's municipal officials, architects, construction firms, and whomever else are proper authorities in these matters that, compared with Europe, America has virtually no place to take a lady. ■

"Three simple ingredients produce a sauce that is subtle, sauve, and sophisticated"

VIRGIL THOMSON

(Continued from page 111)

foil with a sharp knife.

Just before fish is ready, make a heavy hollandaise sauce, using your favorite method. When fish is done, remove from oven, open one end of foil and drain fish juice into cup. Very gradually stir 3 to 4 tablespoons fish juice into hollandaise. Serve fish, opening foil at table, with boiled potatoes; pass sauce separately. Serves 4 to 6.

Virgil T.'s Tip: "Any fish baked in foil should be brought to the table unopened. Foil is pretty. It's less messy to transfer the fish to a platter in its foil; and when the foil is opened at table, the aroma is delightful."

During the course of the weekend, we reminisced about the delightful Claude Alphand who, during the Second World War, supported herself by singing in New York nightclubs while her husband, later the French ambassador to the United States, was in London working with De Gaulle and the Free French. We remembered her at parties at Virgil's flat in the Chelsea Hotel sitting on the piano singing her inimitable *chansons* and accompanying herself on the guitar. Virgil said of her, "Women at once so courageous and so beautiful are a sort of masterpiece." A masterpiece, too, is this recipe she gave Virgil:

MUSTARD CHICKEN

1 3½-pound chicken, cut in 4
1 3½-ounce jar Dijon mustard
1½ cups chicken broth
1 cup sour cream
1 cup orzo (Italian pasta that
looks like barley or rice)
Salt and pepper

Coat chicken pieces on all sides with mustard and let stand for several hours. Sprinkle with pepper only, put in heavy casserole with tight-fitting lid, add ½ cup broth. Bake, covered, at 350° for 45 minutes or till done With bulb baster use broth at bottom to wash any bits of mustard clinging to chicken pieces back down into broth. When ready, stir in sour cream. Reheat for just a minute or two. Prepare orzo by cooking for 5 minutes in boiling salted water, draining, and finishing the cooking in remaining chicken broth. Drain and serve with chicken pieces covered with sauce.

Nothing could be simpler and yet the marriage, or rather the *menage à trois*, of 3 simple ingredients—broth, mustard, and cream—produces a sauce that is subtle, suave, and sophisticated.

Virgil T.'s Tip: "To make the extravagance of a standing rib roast of beef less painful, have your butcher give you the rib ends that normally disappear behind the counter and as many beef bones as possible. In this way you will have two delicious meals for the price of one."

STANDING RIB ROAST

Ask the butcher for the exact cooking weight after the beef is trimmed. Preheat oven to 550°. Put roast into open pan, no rack. Surround it loosely with any vegetables or vegetable scraps you have on hand—onions, carrots, cabbage, cauliflower, etc. Add a little water at bottom of pan. Roast at high heat for about 20 minutes or until nicely seared. Reduce heat to 300° and bake for exactly 8½ minutes per pound. Turn off oven, open oven door, and let roast stand on opened door for 20 minutes before carving.

Virgil T.'s Tip: "Never salt a beef before roasting: it toughens the meat. Instead, when the roast begins to produce its own juice, add salt to the juice and baste occasionally.

"Hot roast beef should be sliced thin; cold roast beef (delicious for next day's lunch) should be sliced thick."

RIB ENDS OF BEEF

Whittle off as much fat as you can from the rib ends of your beef roast. Brown rib ends in a heavy iron pot quickly on all sides in

(Continued on page 156)

FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS

Page 74: Bottega Veneta bag. Hansen Knits gloves. Beauty Mist tights. Shoes, Charles Jourdan Salon.

Page 75: Gucci umbrella. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Shoes, Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 76: Gelot hat. Eisenberg Ice earrings. Liberty umbrella. Gucci belt. Hansen Knits gloves. Margaret Jerrold shoes, Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel.

Page 77: Ralph Lauren scarf. Bag by Bob Lee for Hunting World. Belle-Sharmeer tights, of texturized Monsanto nylon.

Page 78: Eisenberg Ice earrings. Cisco scarf. Bottega Veneta bag. Belt by Elegant. A.A. Sutain sunglasses. Belle-Sharmeer tights, Lord & Taylor. Customcraft shoes.

Page 79: Leather jacket, Ralph Lauren. Gucci bag. Shoes, Charles Jourdan Salon, N.Y.

Page 80: Ricky Post for Crazy Horse sweater: Bigi at Bergdorf Goodman. Ralph Lauren scarf. Bag by Bob Lee for Hunting World. Grandoe gloves. Gucci belt and umbrella. Tights by Belle-Sharmeer: Lord & Taylor. Shoes, Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 81: Coat and skirt by Ralph Lauren. Cisco scarf. Barry Kieselstein's gold-and-silver bangle, at Marshall Field. Hansen Knits gloves. Glasses by A.A. Sutain.

Pages 82 and 83: All accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.

Page 84: Hat by Gelot. Boots by Tilbury.

Page 85: Tilbury boots.

Pages 86 and 87: Tilbury shoes.

Page 88: Hat by Gelot.

Page 89: Hat by Jean-Charles Brosseau for Don Marshall. Shoes, Charles Jourdan.

Page 90: Gelot hat. Belt by Dorothée Bis, Henri Bendel. Shoes by Tilbury.

Page 91: All accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.

Page 92 (top left): Charvet scarf. Bag and belt by Emmanuelle Khanh.

Page 92 (top right): All accessories by Valentino.

Page 92 (bottom left): Ungaro scarf and shoes.

Page 92 (bottom right): Gelot hat. Charles Jourdan shoes.

Page 93: Valentino accessories.

Page 112 (left): Optyl Designs glasses. Necklace and bracelets, Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Missoni belt. Burlington tights, of Cantrece II nylon: Bloomingdale's, N. Y. David Evins shoes.

Page 112 (right): Willie Woo earrings. Necklace by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Bottega Veneta bag. Alexis Kirk bracelet. Bob Schwinger belt. Round-the-Clock tights. David Evins shoes.

Page 113: Necklace, Michael Sklar for Childstar. Bracelets on right arm, K.J.L.; on left, Paul Iwao. Belt by Elegant. David Evins shoes.

Page 114: Sunglasses by Ultimate Spectacle. Robert Zentall earrings. Gloves, Kay Fuchs for Shalimar. Shoes, Isabel of Madrid for Pankin International.

Page 115 (left): Scarf, Givenchy for Robinson & Gulluber. Trifari earrings, chains, bangles. Gloves, Kay Fuchs for Shalimar. David Evins shoes.

Page 115 (right): Trifari earrings. Bottega Veneta bag. Ralph Lauren sweater. Wide bangle, Arlene Seitchik; narrow bangle, Trifari. Mespo umbrella. Ralph Lauren pants. Hanes tights. Shoes, David Luis for Pankin International.

Page 116: Hat, Don Anderson for Scheer Brothers. Clip on hat, Ruza Creations. Trifari earrings, bracelets. Bottega Veneta bag. Belt, Morris Moskowitz: Saks Fifth Avenue. Belle-Sharmeer tights, of texturized Monsanto nylon. Shoes, Herbert Levine, at Bonwit Teller.

Page 117: Trifari earrings, chains, bangles; all, Altman's. Morris Moskowitz bag. Burlington tights. Shoes, Delman Shoe Salon.

Page 118: Trifari earrings. Narrow bracelets, Pierre Cardin for Castlecliff; wide ones, M & J Savitt. Longines watch, from the Serge Manzon Silver Collection. Belt: French Belt Corporation.

Page 119 (top): Napier earrings. Pat McCrary bracelets. Optyl Designs sunglasses. Belt by Elegant. Skirt, Mary Ann Restivo of Genre.

Page 119 (bottom): Yves Saint Laurent bracelet. Cartier watch, Bonwit Teller. Bangles, Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Ruza Creations clips. Belt by Elegant. Bag, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Skirt, Mary Ann Restivo of Genre.

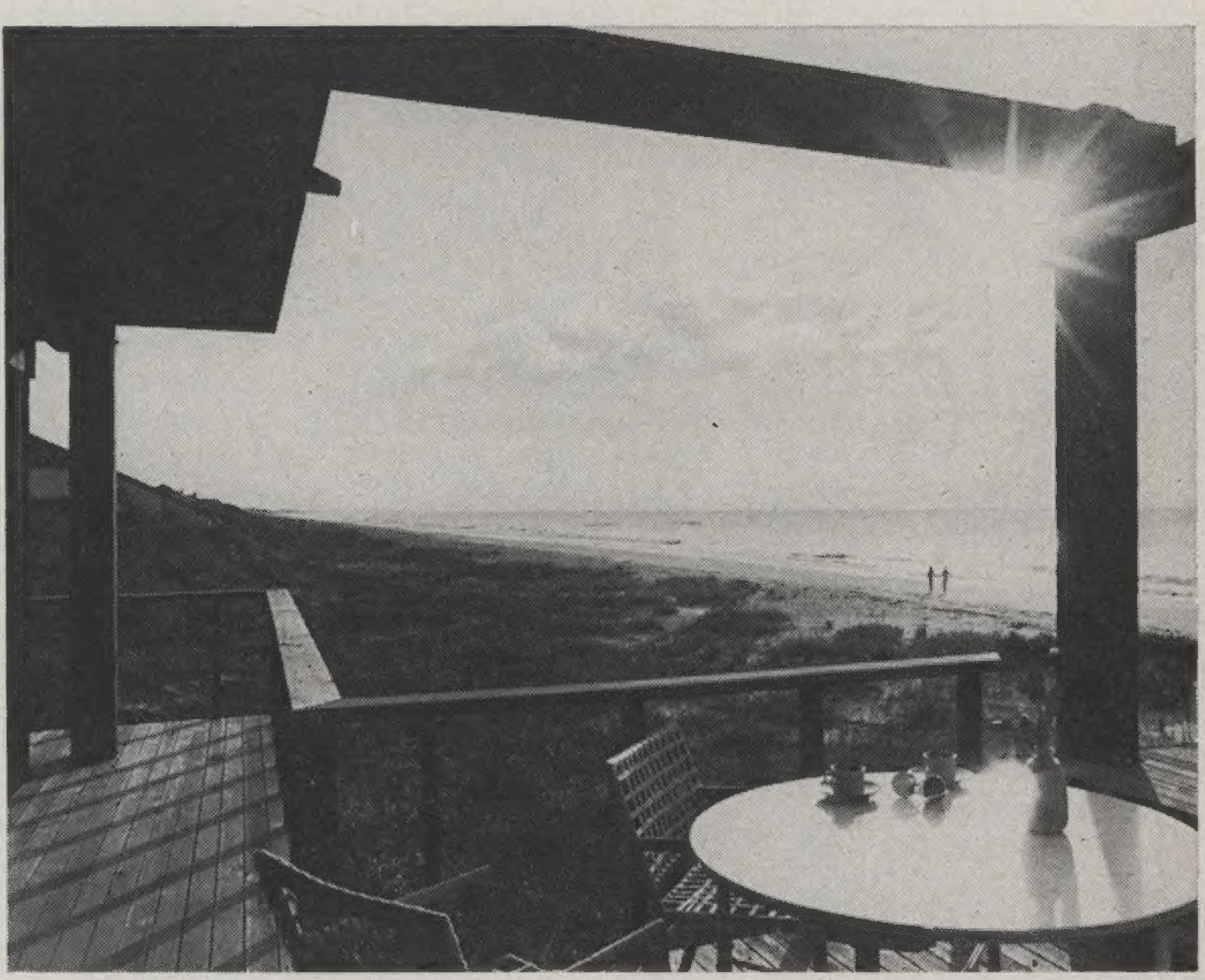
Page 123, top row (left): sweater and cap by Chester Now; **(center)** sweater by Bonnie Cashin for the Knittery; **(right)** hat by Jean-Charles Brosseau for Don Marshall; Nutria coat with Canadian lynx collar by Givenchy for Alixandre; Hadley sweater, at Lord & Taylor; skirt, Kenzo America.

Page 123, bottom row (left) Bonnie Cashin for the Knittery sweater; **(center)** Nutria coat with Canadian lynx collar by Givenchy for Alixandre; Hadley sweater, Lord & Taylor; skirt, Kenzo America; **(right)** hat, cardigan, and two-piece dress by Missoni.

Page 124 (big picture): Alexis Kirk earrings. Missoni sweaters: turtleneck, about $65; vest, about $55;

(Continued on next page)

You could spend a lifetime looking for a place like this, and arrive a day late.



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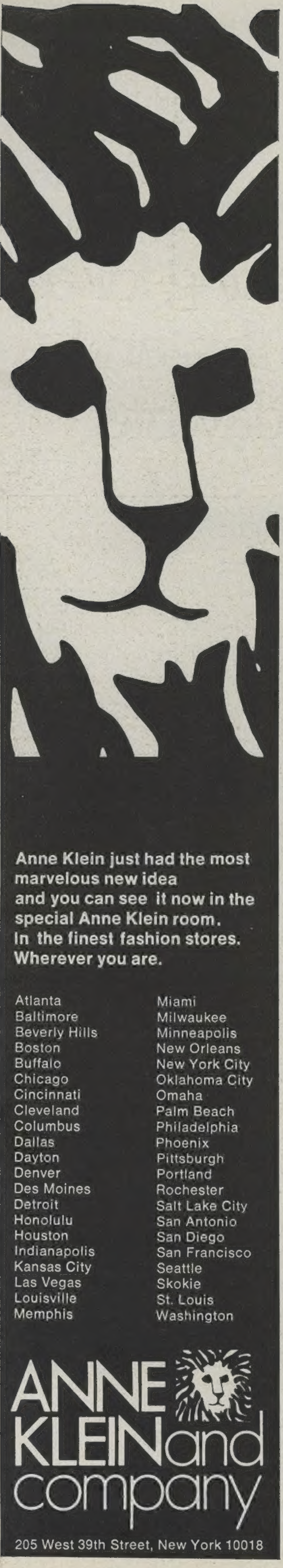
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"The best Bibb lettuce, like the best champagne, should have practically no taste"

VIRGIL THOMSON

(Continued from page 154)

bacon fat. Pour off all fat. Add some beef consommé mixed with a little tomato paste. Cover with whole small onions, sliced carrots and celery, and a bit of garlic. Put in a bouquet of bay leaf, thyme, parsley, and summer savory. Season with salt and pepper. Cover and cook over medium heat for about 1 hour or until meat and vegetables are tender. The ribs can be flamed in brandy before adding the other ingredients.

Virgil T.'s Tip: "When using canned broth or consommé, the jellied variety is best as it has less fat in it."

In the early 1900's when Virgil visited his country cousins on their farms in Missouri, midday dinner consisted of large platters of ham and fried chicken served with at least twelve different fresh vegetables. Cakes were baked on Saturdays and all the children helped to make ice cream on Sundays. Corn on the cob was a great favorite with the family; but when there was company it was considered more elegant to serve:

CORN OFF THE COB

Melt lots of sweet butter in an iron skillet. At the last minute, shuck the corn and cut the kernels off into the melted butter. Salt and pepper. Stir to coat kernels with butter. Cover and cook for 2 or 3 minutes at most and it's ready.

Another Missouri specialty was:

FRIED TOMATOES

4 large tomatoes, green or firm
4 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon cornmeal
Salt, pepper, and sugar
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons oil

Wash, core, and thinly slice tomatoes. Coat them with a mixture of flour, cornmeal, and a bit of salt. Brown in hot oil and butter in a heavy skillet. Sprinkle with sugar and pepper, turn, and brown on other side. Sprinkle other side with pepper and sugar. Cook until crisp but not falling apart. Serve with finely chopped basil, tarragon, or chives sprinkled over them. Serves 4 to 6.

When Virgil T. was made a Kentucky colonel for his services to music, the unofficial perquisite that pleased him most was a monthly shipment of Bibb lettuce at a time when it was still a novelty. "The best Bibb lettuce," he said, "like the best champagne, should have practically no taste at all, neither sweet nor acid but very, very delicate. Because of its delicacy it requires a light dressing. I use only the best French olive oil, a little vinegar, salt, and freshly ground pepper. The coarser salads, like escarole and endive, can use a stronger dressing with either mustard or Roquefort cheese added. Such spicy salad greens as watercress or rocket (rugola) should be dressed with oil and salt only, no vinegar or pepper."

Virgil T.'s Tip: "For a lighter salad dressing (and a lighter mayonnaise), substitute French peanut oil for half of the olive oil.

"Another delicious dressing can be made using heavy sweet cream in place of the oil and lemon, grapefruit or orange juice in place of the vinegar."

To the simple childhood pleasures of making ice cream and licking the dasher, Virgil has added the European touch, combining liqueurs and alcohols with ice creams and sherbets. His formula is: Let a pint ice cream or sherbet soften. Stir in 3 tablespoons liqueur. Mix well. Refreeze in ice tray. Serve in glasses topped with whipped cream and pass additional liqueur if desired. Serves 4. Serve with *crêpes dentelles*, obtainable in specialty shops. Virgil T. likes:

Strawberry ice cream mixed with kirsch
Raspberry ice cream with *framboise*
Peach ice cream with Noyau de Poissy
Chocolate ice cream with Cointreau

Most spectacular of all is Virgil's transformation of Irish Coffee into a glorious and heady dessert called:

IRISH COFFEE ICE CREAM

1 pint coffee ice cream
3 tablespoons instant espresso coffee
3 tablespoons Irish whiskey (or bourbon)
1 cup whipped cream

Let ice cream soften. Dissolve instant coffee in whiskey and stir into ice cream. Refreeze in ice tray. Serve in glasses topped with whipped cream.

Virgil T.'s taste in ices runs to such unusual flavors as mango or tea ice cream and avocado, asparagus, and garlic sherbets; the last three, of course, are *sorbets* to be eaten between the courses of a lengthy dinner to chill the stomach, enabling the *gourmand* to continue overeating in the Edwardian manner.

Driving back to the city, the conversation turned from food to sex and Virgil made a remark which seemed to us equally appropriate to both subjects.

"You have to try everything twice; once to find out how it's done, the next time to see if you like it." ■

FASHION AND ACCESSORY DETAILS

(Continued from page 155)

both, Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. Pierre Cardin for Castelcliff bracelet.

Page 125, top row. (center) hat, Don Anderson for Scheer Brothers; Trop-ic-Cal glasses; earrings, Michael Sklar for Childstar; Crescendoe-Superb gloves.

Page 125, center row: (left) Annette Karr Designs necklace; Winston Haynes bangles; Bottega Veneta bag.

Page 126 (big picture): Dress by Howard Lawrence for Maisonette.

Page 126 (bottom right): Shirt, Saint-Clair for Crissa, $32. At Lord & Taylor.

Page 127, top row (center) Sibley Coffee silk shirt (and wool jersey pants, not shown), about $225, Saks Fifth Avenue; **(right)** Michael Danyon rhinestone bangles, Henri Bendel; brown bangle by Willie Woo, Franklin Simon; Judith Leiber belt, Bonwit Teller; Rona dress, designed by Mario Forte, $85 at Altman's.

Page 127, center row: (left) earrings by Peter & Peggy for P.C. Designs, Lord & Taylor; gloves, Kay Fuchs for Shalimar; **(right)** top and skirt by Albert Nipon, $158 at Bonwit Teller.

Page 127, bottom row: (left) Dress by Jack Bodi and Ronald Kolodzie for Concept VII, $130 at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; **(right)** dress by Bonnie Cashin for the Knittery.

Page 128 (left): Donald Stannard clips.

Page 128 (right): Robe at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 129, top row: (center) Cartier watch, Bonwit Teller; **(right)** wrist chain by Laguna.

Page 129, center row: (left) Trifari earrings; Donald Stannard clip; Michael Danyon bangles; **(center)** Eisenberg Ice earrings; robe, Bonwit Teller.

Page 129, bottom row: (left) Jules van Rouge for Hattie Carnegie earrings; **(center)** Napier earrings; Aurea Jewelry Creations chain.

Pages 138 and 139: Willie Woo bracelet. Robert Originals clip. Bob Schwinger belt. Roman Stripe sheer support tights by Monvelle body yarns by Monsanto. Shoes, Charles Jourdan Shoe Salon.

Page 140: Don Kline hat. Willie Woo earrings, bangles. Yves Gonnet scarf. Gucci watch. Round-the-Clock tights. David Evins shoes.

Page 141: Ruza Creations earrings. Michael Sklar for Childstar necklace. Grandoe gloves. Anne Klein pants.

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